

ket became semi-paupers, and declines in from 5 to 15 points were made in various stocks on enormous liquidation. Impelled by the conservatism of the banks in refusing accommodation to borrowers on industrial collateral, except at what were considered by some as exorbitant rates. The seven fall in prices were but a part of speculation, combinations, and the elimination of pyramidal accounts was pretty thorough. Some interests considered the financial atmosphere much clarified by the slump, but the shock to public confidence was too great to be overlooked. Outside speculation was pretty well loaded up with the shares on many new industrial combinations, and the shrinkage in quoted values or securities rendered the speculators cautious of reentering the market when the recovery came.

Meantime, in rapid succession, occurred monetary the usual crop scare rumors, apprehension over the monetary situation, and a host of other unfavorable influences affecting individual properties. The stability of the public markets were promoted, and the market narrowed down to a contest between professionals. The conditions of affairs removed powerful opposition to the bears, and as matters stood today they had only to contend with professional speculators on the board, who the unexceptional stocks, which the Flower party have had with the securities they are allied with, has caused an immense following over the country. Nevertheless, the public operators proved to be the most easily beaten when a violent assault was made on the Flower holdings, and they liquidated heavily, leaving the big men of the crowd who had confidence in the merit of the stock to check the break and start a rally. The death of the central figure in this company had had a decided consternation in financial circles, as it was realized that, owing to the Flower diversifed interests, a sentimental alarm would necessarily follow, and the market prove unable to absorb the deluge of long stock.

A number of excited people thronged the galleries at the opening today. In the brokers' offices pretty much the same scenes were enacted, and the ticker relentlessly ground out quotations which perhaps meant absolute ruin to some of the speculators, facing bankruptcy and a long and unprofitable despair settled on some of the venturesome traders. On the floor of the Stock Exchange there were but few abwentes. Around the various trading posts, where the Flower specialists were doing in every throat of men thirty days awaiting the drop of the gavel to commence operations.

When the signal was given there was an indescribable tumult, hoarse cries and wild gesticulations making the scene the most tumultuous in over two years. When the tickers recorded the opening transaction, there was a block of 25,000 shares of Brooklyn Rapid Transit at from 110 down to 100, the low point reflecting a break of 13% per cent. Wide openings were made in all the other Flower specialists. In the other Flower specialists, losses running from 3 to 12 points, with many of the prime securities affected. After the opening slump the market turned upward at a lively rate under the influence of enormous buying, creating substantial interests in the street.

Dealing throughout the session were on an enormous scale, transactions for the first hour exceeding 500,000 shares. Confident assertions by the Flower firm as to their ability to protect their securities, and favorable reports from other leading financial interests, caused a better feeling as the morning progressed, and prices recovered violently all around. The rise, however, culminated after the appearance of the bank statement, which was construed as some unfavorable, and a vigorous selling movement set in, which continued to the close.

LONDON MARKETS.

Considerable Activity, but Flower's Death Caused a Collapse.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, May 13.—The Commercial Advertiser's London cablegram says:

"There was considerable activity in the markets here today for Saturday, mainly in the Americans and West Australians. Americans opened strong, half above parity, expecting a good bank statement. The news of Mr. Flower's death caused a sudden collapse, the closing being at the worst. The apprehension now is that Mr. Keen will control the market and raid it severely. Berlin bought Canadian Pacific, but it joined in the relapse. Anacondas were similarly affected, falling to 11%. Tintos were 49%. Money was slack and inclined to be easier. Fewer parcels are arriving from the States."

FLOWER'S FUNERAL.

Will Probably Take Place in New York Tomorrow—His Estate.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, May 13.—The body of Roswell P. Flower was brought to this city from Eastport, L. I., early this morning on a special train. It was accompanied by Mrs. Flower, her daughter, Miss Taylor, the former Governor's nephew, Frederick Flower, Thomas and P. S. Flower, and the family physicians. The funeral will probably take place next Monday in this city. The interment will be at Watertown, N. Y., in the Flower family plot.

Mr. Flower is prostrated. There was a constant stream of visitors at the house all the morning. Anson R. Flower, head of the firm of Flower & Co., said today: "Gov. Flower had no stocks on hand other than those which he held for investment. These stocks will be paid for, and will not be placed on the market. They represent property which Gov. Flower believed in, and which will hold for investment, as Gov. Flower intended. His death should have no effect so far as his or Flower & Co.'s business is concerned. Our properties are all doing well."

Later in the day, A. R. Flower said that the firm had been overwhelmed with offers of assistance from some of the nation's financial interests. No names were mentioned, but it is believed that the Rockefellers and that some of the presidents of the larger banks and trust companies offered to lend Flower & Co. any sum required. All these offers were declined with the statement that the firm did not need money.

Russell Sage said of Mr. Flower: "I have known Mr. Flower for twenty years. His integrity was unquestioned. His wife was worth \$1,000,000 at any time. I don't think it will be found, however, that she was worth over \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. He had good business associates, who will probably be able to handle his holdings well."

EDITORS SHOW RESPECT.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

ALBANY (N. Y.), May 13.—The Democratic Editorial Association of New York State has appointed a committee of twenty-five to attend the funeral of Roswell P. Flower.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

We believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best in the world. A few weeks ago we had a terrible cough, and having read their advertising in our own and other papers we purchased a bottle to see how it would affect us. It cured us before the bottle was more than half used. It is the best medicine out for colds and coughs.—The Herald, Andersonville, Ind.—[Adv.]

WROTHY JAWSMITHS

THEY CONDEMN PRESERVERS OF LAW AND ORDER.

FIERCE Resolutions Passed by Union Labor Convention at Salt Lake City.

SYMPATHY FOR ALL STRIKERS.

AND ANATHEMAS FOR FEDERAL AND STATE AUTHORITIES.

PENNSYLVANIA and IDAHO RIOTERS Upheld in Their Lawless Acts and Peace Preservers Condemned.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SALT LAKE, May 13.—The Western Labor Union has practically completed its labors in the convention held during the past week. The election of officers took place this morning. The incumbent, Dan McDonald, of Butte, was re-elected president of the ensuing term by acclamation and without division. Vice-President John Troxel of Cripple Creek, was elected in the same way. M. J. Geiger of Butte was elected secretary and treasurer. It was decided to hold the next convention in one year from now at Denver.

The following resolution was passed today:

"Whereas, we view with alarm the constantly-increasing power and lawlessness of trust combines, which threaten our homes with desolation, our people with bondage, our nation with dishonor and our flag with shame; and, whereas, workingmen who assemble peaceably in compliance with the letter of the United States Constitution and petitioned for relief, have been brutally murdered by paid assassins; and, whereas, these company murderers of those unfortunate brother laborers, have not been brought to justice, but on the contrary, have been commended for their cowardly and inhuman conduct, therefore, be it resolved,

"Resolved, by the Western Labor Union, in convention assembled, that we place our unqualified condemnation on the deeds of paid assassins, and the brutal and cowardly murders of the defenseless and peaceful coal miners and wage earners.

The strikers largely attended a mass meeting held at Duluth, and have demanded a general strike, and have called in all true and honorable citizens to arise in their might as a sovereign people in defense of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to each and every one an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

On the subject of the Custer Aleene mining troubles the following preamble and resolution was adopted:

"Whereas, it has come to the knowledge of this convention that the Governor of Idaho has so far forgotten his oath of office to the people as to turn the executive branch of the government of the State over to the owner of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine, who, through his attorneys and a pliant general of the regular army, has established conditions in the Custer Aleene which far exceed those which existed in Russia; and

"Resolved, that the vice-regal circle of the Custer Aleene should be denied all the rights and immunities of a sovereign state, and that the organized labor in the city will form in line and march through the streets.

President of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railmen, Men, who is in the city, addressed the men at the mass meeting.

TROUBLE OVER ALIMONY.

THREATENED Clash Averted Between State and Federal Courts.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

CINCINNATI, May 13.—A threatened clash between the United States Court, Judge Walter Evans presiding, in Covington, Ky., and the State court, Judge Hodge of Newport, Ky., was averted today. The dispute over the powers of the two courts grew out of the Houston divorce case. Houston was committed to jail yesterday by State Judge Hodge for contempt in not answering for failing to pay alimony to his divorced wife. Houston had filed in the United States Court a petition to the United States court, and had issued a restraining order forbidding interference with Houston's property.

Houston was today produced before Federal Judge Evans on a writ of habeas corpus and argument in the case began. Judge Evans remanded Houston from imprisonment and issued a rule returnable Tuesday morning next, requiring Mrs. Houston and Theodore Hallam, her attorney, to appear and show cause why they should not be punished for contempt of court in interfering with the restraining order.

JAPANESE CREWS.

INSTRUCTIONS as to Investigating Their Cases Before They Land.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, May 13.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Acting Secretary of the Treasury Spalding today notified the Collector of Customs at Port Townsend, Wash., that he finds no authority in the law for his instructions to the deputy collector of customs at Seattle, and "that in future Japanese members of crews of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamships should be permitted to land after due investigation into each case, in the same manner as though they were regularly manifested as immigrants."

"Resolved, that this organization hereby pledges its assistance, both moral and financial, to the Western Federation of Miners in their fight for justice."

"Resolved, by the Western Labor Union, in convention assembled, that we condemn every public official responsible for the abrogation of civil law in Idaho, from President McKinley, through his Secretary of War, down to Gov. Sternberger and Coroner Frazee, and further,

"Resolved, that this convention call upon organized labor of the American continent to enter their mighty protest and condemnation at such unwarranted tyranny and the efforts now being made to reduce the standard of labor to the level of freedom; and be it further resolved, that this convention call upon the Japanese seamen to a rigid examination before allowing them to land. This came to the notice of the Japanese government, and resulted in a formal protest being lodged here by the Japanese Minister.

GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Chicago Woman Sentenced to a Year in the Penitentiary.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

CHICAGO, May 13.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Crosby and her fourteen-year-old son, Thomas, charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff Henry, returned its verdict today. Mrs. Crosby was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. The boy was acquitted.

Constable Henry was shot and killed by young Crosby as the officer was breaking in the door of Mrs. Crosby's home to serve a writ of ejectment upon the family.

UNITED STATES MAIL SIGNS.

Postmaster Smith From Gates as Order Limiting Their Use.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Postmaster-General Smith today promulgated an order limiting the use of signs bearing the words "United States Mail" to such cars as are actually at the time carrying mail and cars used for other purposes. The order also directs that signs bearing the words "U. S. Mail" must not be painted on or displayed from cars having street letter boxes attached thereto, the boxes themselves being a sufficient indication that United States mail is carried on the cars.

Exciting Cricket Match.

LONDON, May 13.—There was tremendous excitement at Leyton today over the cricket match between the Australian and the Essex clubs. The crowd was suggestive of Derby day. At the beginning of the play today the Australians had 200 to win but they completely collapsed, only making 73.

BILLIOUS headache, yellow skin, coated tongue, fevered lips. Huyden cures, fifty cents. Consult Huyden doctors free. 316 South Broadway.

SYMPATHY FOR ALL STRIKERS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WALLACE (Idaho), May 13.—Gov. Steuben, Atty.-Gen. Hayes, Secretary of State Fife, and Treasurer Rice arrived at Wardner today. The Attorney-General will remain until the

end of the trials of the strikers. The Governor will probably remain some time. Coroner France has examined nearly sixty witnesses and expects the investigation will last one or two weeks longer. The union men are still disposed to fight every effort of the military and State officials to squelch that organization, and many expect an open rupture when the order against employing men without permits goes into effect next week. The order is expressed by many here that coal miners cannot be replaced with non-union miners while the present population remains at Burke and Gem. The disposition of the union sympathizers thereof practically the whole population is one of the most serious questions confronting the authorities, and which no attention has yet been given.

GRAIN SHOVELERS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

BUFFALO, May 13.—From present indications it is not unlikely that the question of the appointment of boss shovellers will be ready to settle. The contractors, however, say they will not agree to bosses being chosen by any one but himself. The sub-committee appointed to consider the boss question agreed that the lake carriers and Mr. Connor, the contractor, should have the appointment of boss shovellers. A conference between the lake carriers and the strikers' committee will be held this afternoon. It is expected that the shovellers will be fitted with twin screws and large teeth. The shovels intended to be seventeen-knot boats, end to make the passage in eight days.

The two boats for the Philadelphia and Liverpool service will be named Valencia and Seeland, reviving the names of two of the first steamers of that line. They will be 560 feet long, 60 feet beam, 42 feet deep, with a measurement of about twelve tons. They will be fitted with twin screws and large teeth. The shovels intended to be

seventeen-knot boats, end to make the passage in eight days.

The Red Star steamer will be named

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COAST RECORD
HE EATS AND TALKS.

UNCLE COLLIS DINES PROMINENT ESPECIALLY PEOPLE.

Remarks at the Close That He Regrets Higher Education for the Masses.

TAUGHT TO TALK, NOT TO LIVE.

FAVORS AMERICAN CONTROL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Fatal Freight Wreck in Oregon—Odd Fellows' Session Closes—Standard Oil Storehouse Burns.

Grand Jury Report.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—C. P. Huntington gave his tenth annual dinner tonight at his residence to the officers and prominent employees of the Southern Pacific company. At the close of the repast Mr. Huntington addressed his guests. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I regret one tendency in our country, admirable as are her institutions. It is almost heresy to say it, but I do not mind taking the responsibility, for that is one of the things I am used to. I refer to the increase of the higher education of the masses."

"How many young men with college educations are standing about waiting for something that will never come, because the work that lies nearest at hand is not to their liking. Somehow or other our schools, which teach young people how to talk, do not teach them how to live."

GRAND JURY REPORT.

No Accusation to Speak of, but it Goes for County Officers.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SACRAMENTO, May 13.—The grand jury today filed its report, which makes a book of nearly 100 pages of typewritten matter. It goes for most of the county officers, but the expert, after several months' close investigation, failed to find any arrears beyond a few dollars now and then, the result of clerical errors. On the other hand there were found a few over-payments into the treasury.

The report is quite severe on the supervisors, however, for their alleged loose manner of conducting the county's business, and other officials are criticised for carelessness. The report shows that during 1898 \$7,000 was expended in patchwork on roads and bridges to be repaired year after year, as in the past. This would have built about twenty miles of good macadam road.

In closing he expressed himself in favor of American control of the Philippines and the partitioning of China by the great powers. These were then responded to by W. F. Herin, Rabbi Voorsanger, Dr. Gardner and others.

ODD FELLOWS' SESSION.

Closed Last Night After Officers Were Installed.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows closed its session tonight. During the day the mileage tax was fixed at 16 cents per capita, the tax for the maintenance of the home payable in two installments, and the general fund 30 cents.

The new Grand Master, W. A. Bonnyng, was installed by the retiring Grand Master, and then the Grand Master installed the other elected officers as follows: Revere, Dist. of Oakland, Chaplain; George Kirk of Oakland, Marshal; James Booth of Los Angeles, Conductor; A. A. Ferguson of Dutch Flat, Guardian, and M. F. Forbes, Herald.

The assembly of California Rebekahs voted \$500 to the Orphans' Home Hospital. The president, Mrs. Helen M. Carpenter, then announced the following appointments: Mrs. Ada Madison of San Diego, Marshal; Mrs. Sarah Wolf of Sacramento, Conductor; Mrs. L. Harvey of Chico, Chaplain; Mrs. Bettie Harton of Santa Barbara, Inside Guard, and Miss Gussie Hooper of San Francisco, Outside Guard.

These and the officers who were elected at a previous session were installed, and the assembly finally adjourned.

WALDRON'S LEGAL WIDOW.

Judge Coffey Decides in Favor of the Second Wife.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—Judge Coffey has rendered a decision declaring Mary P. Waldrone to be the legal widow of Daniel G. Waldrone, a deceased journalist of San Francisco and theatrical manager of some prominence. This virtually disposes of the claims of Sarah H. Waldrone, of New Hampshire, his first wife, from whom he was divorced.

The estate he left, valued at about \$20,000, will be divided between Mary P. Waldrone and the son of the first marriage, the widow receiving the exclusive and certain insurance policies and special arrangements. Mrs. Mary P. Waldrone, well-known as Marie Packer, has been a singer of note, traveling for years as prima donna of the Alleghanians, of which Waldrone was manager, and at one time leading the choir in the Old South Church of Boston. She is a resident of San Francisco.

MRS. MURDOCK SCORED.

Attorney Lusk's Argument for the Defense not Concluded.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WILLIAMS, May 13.—Attorney F. C. Lusk spoke for the defense in the Murdock case today. He reviewed the history of the Murdock family to the disapprobation of the plaintiff, and her husband. Nearly all of the other witnesses for the plaintiff were also severely scored.

The events of September 5, 1877, were taken up, the attorney saying that it was not proven that Murdock was away from Allen's Springs that day. He said it was ridiculous to think that the two men, William and Samuel Murdock, would send for her to write the note, that William Murdock was capable of writing himself, and that Samuel had complete confidence in him. His argument was not concluded when court adjourned.

CAUSE of the Chikat Wreck.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The inspectors of hulls and boilers have completed their inquiry into the wreck of the steamer Chikat on the Humboldt Bar, April 4, on which occasion Capt. Anderson, the second mate, and four other persons were drowned. The in-

spectors found that the accident was due to the fact that the captain of the Chikat went over the bar at low tide.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Granted Teachers Certificates and Considered Revocation of Others.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

SACRAMENTO, May 13.—The State Board of Education held a meeting today and granted a large number of teachers' certificates. It also considered certain applications for the revocation of certificates, which, it was claimed, had been improperly granted.

The application of Philip Condit, principal of the High School at Eureka, Humboldt county, for a life diploma, was denied on the showing that he claimed to have obtained degrees from eastern educational institutions, when in fact he had not obtained the degrees.

The question of the revocation of the diploma of Miss Ella D. Ale of San Diego, was also considered, and it was the consensus of opinion that the matter should first be acted upon by the board of trustees of San Diego county.

ANOTHER CIGAR FRAUD.

Manufacturers Distributing Over-filled Sample Boxes.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—Internal Revenue Agents Thomas and Thorne have unearthed another fraud against the government on the part of unscrupulous cigar manufacturers in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, who are distributing throughout the United States sample boxes containing twenty-six and fifty-one cigars each, the stamps on the boxes being for twenty-five and fifty each, thus defrauding the government out of the tax on cigar by each box.

It is estimated that many thousands of such boxes have been sent out. Already 5000 cigar boxes have sailed at sea, and it is expected that within a few days search will be made in every State in the Union.

FREIGHT TRAIN WRECKED.

Engineer McCauley Killed and Fireman Merriman Badly Injured.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

ROSEBURG (Or.) May 13.—The Southern Pacific freight train which left here today was wrecked near Glenbrook, four miles south of Riddle station, Engineer James McCauley was killed and Fireman James Merriman of Portland badly injured. A wrecking crew has been sent out from here. The injured and dead will be brought in this afternoon. The cause of the wreck has not been learned. The engine is on its side, turned partly around, and a car or two cars thrown in the ditch are badly mashed.

FREIGHT WRECK.

Engineer and Two Tramps Killed. Fireman Badly Injured.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

ROSEBURG (Or.) May 13.—The Southern Pacific freight train which left here today was wrecked near Glenbrook, four miles south of Riddle station, Engineer James McCauley was killed and Fireman James Merriman of Portland, badly injured. The engine and two tramps were killed and two tramps were seriously injured when the engine turned over twice and a carload of four tons of top oil on it. The tank was bottom side up with Fireman Merriman beneath.

When Conductor Everett rushed through the smoke and steam he found Engineer McCauley standing erect with one hand on the handle and the other on his pocket. When he carried out he looked at his scalded hands and exclaimed: "My God, this is awful! He lived only a minute." Fireman Merriman was unconscious when found, and on regaining consciousness said the engineer told him to jump. He was badly cut above the knee and lay in the mud, unable to move. The name of the tramps was not known. The cause of the wreck is not known.

STANDARD OIL WORKS.

Storage Warehouse at Fresno Burned Last Night.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

FRESNO, May 13.—The storage depot of the Standard Oil Works was destroyed by fire last night, and one million gallons of oil and gasoline were consumed, together with about three thousand gallons of case goods. The fire broke out at 10:30 o'clock.

A dense cloud of smoke arose and drifted toward the city, completely enveloping it. The flags arose in three spiral columns, circling around each other, the first, a most spectacular one and was viewed by a number of spectators, and was visible for a mile away. A barn was also reduced to ashes, two houses, two wagons, a quantity of ash being burned. The loss is estimated from \$15,000 to \$20,000. There was no insurance.

SIERRA RAILWAY.

Company Inaugurated a Novelty in Construction.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

JAMESPORT, May 13.—Something quite new in railroad construction was inaugurated today by the Sierra Railway Company of California at the corner of the road near the town, where the company has the largest steam shovel in the West. The occasion was the simultaneous discharge of 10,000 pounds of sand and broken rock from the shovel.

A perfect success, dislodging in the neighborhood of 5000 cubic yards of rock and earth. A special trial bridge across the Oakdale and Agua Caliente branch of the road, which was within a few feet of the point of the rock, was blown up.

Huge rocks were blown into the air, and some of them fell half a mile away. A barn was also reduced to ashes, two houses, two wagons, a quantity of ash being burned. The loss is estimated from \$15,000 to \$20,000. There was no insurance.

FIRE DESTROYS A STORE.

Eleven Hundred Dollars Loss and No Insurance.

Fire destroyed the grocery store and residence of A. E. Powers, at the corner of Alpine street and Grand avenue shortly after 2 o'clock this morning, entailing a loss of about \$1100. The blaze is thought to have been caused by an overheated chimney pipe in the kitchen, which was in the rear of the store. An oil lamp in the room was ignited and it exploded, sending burning oil to all parts of the room. Within five minutes the roof of the building was a mass of flame.

Powers, who is employed at the Mott Market on Main street, returned to his home about 1 o'clock this morning, after having worked all night. He started a fire in the kitchen stove to heat bath water, and then went across the street to take care of a team of horses. When he returned the entire building was ablaze. He shouted for help, but there was none to be had, and he turned in an alarm from box No. 159, at the corner opposite the store.

The fire companies made a quick run, but by the time the first ones arrived at the scene the building was well alight. It was a one-story frame structure, and was quickly eaten up by the flames.

Mr. Powers said that the building was valued at \$500, and his stock of groceries and furniture was worth \$300. All was lost, except a small amount of bedding, which Powers saved from the building when he returned from caring for the horses. Mrs. Powers is ill in the Sister's Hospital, where she has been for four days. Their ten-year-old daughter is staying with a neighbor, who turned in an alarm from box No. 159, at the corner opposite the store.

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Shortage of Laborers.

VISALIA, May 13.—Reports received from various points in Tulare county show a shortage of laborers in the lumbering and fruit industries. When the crops ripen help must be imported, or great loss will ensue.

The Elkhorn Towed to Port.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The dismasted steamer Elkhorn arrived in port today in tow of a tug which picked up the crippled vessel off Santa Cruz yesterday.

Died at a Hundred and Two.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—Amos Slatton, convicted of having counterfeit dollars in his possession, was today sentenced by Judge de Haven to pay a fine of \$100 and to be imprisoned for two years in San Quentin.

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Died at a Hundred and Two.

ANTIOCH, May 13.—Mrs. W. M. Halls died here today on her one hundred and second birthday.

COMMERCIAL TREATY

GERMANY COMMENCES NEGOTIATIONS IN EARNEST.

Baron von Buelow With the Emperor's Potent Aid is Working to That End.

SYSTEMATIC CO-OPERATION.

AGRICULTURAL AVENGER ALL THAT STANDS IN THE WAY.

Erroneous Idea That Trade Balance Inclines to America, the Main Difficulty in Ambassador White's Way.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERLIN, May 13.—[Regular Cable Letter, Copyrighted, 1899.] Negotiations for a commercial treaty between the United States and Germany have now been taken up in earnest at this end of the line. The United States Ambassador, Andrew D. White, expects that despite the formal obstacles that must be overcome, which will be given to the Emperor, both nations, will crown the efforts of the representatives of the two governments.

There is every reason for saying that the German government and notably the Foreign Minister, Baron von Buelow, will do its best to overcome the difficulties of the task of formulating such a treaty.

The Southern Pacific company has unearthened another fraud against the government on the part of unscrupulous cigar manufacturers in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, who are distributing throughout the United States sample boxes containing twenty-six and fifty-one cigars each, the stamps on the boxes being for twenty-five and fifty each, thus defrauding the government out of the tax on cigar by each box.

ANOTHER CIGAR FRAUD.

Manufacturers Distributing Over-filled Sample Boxes.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—Internal Revenue Agents Thomas and Thorne have unearthed another fraud against the government on the part of unscrupulous cigar manufacturers in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, who are distributing throughout the United States sample boxes containing twenty-six and fifty-one cigars each, the stamps on the boxes being for twenty-five and fifty each, thus defrauding the government out of the tax on cigar by each box.

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REPORTING RECORD.
WITH THE RUNNERS.

BIG CROWD ATTENDS THE ST. LOUIS INAUGURAL.

What Er Lou, the favorite, beaten by Dr. Shepard in the event of the day.

RESULTS AT MORRIS PARK.

CLASSIC WITHERS STAKES WON BY JEAN BERAUD.

Kris Kringle Continues to Land the Prizes—On 93 Day for Tod Sloan—Baseball and Athletics.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I ST. LOUIS, May 13.—There were fully 15,000 people out this afternoon to see the inaugural run. The hard work during the night and morning, assisted by the high wind and the sun, assisted the course in excellent shape, although it was slow. The day was cool.

When the Inaugural Handicap was called, Leo Planter caused a delay at the post by swerving around. To a fair start, Dr. Shepard got off in front and led all the way, winning easily by three lengths. What Er Lou, the favorite, got away badly, and was cut off twice in trying to get to the front, beating Macy a short head for the place.

The horses were called to the post at 2:30 o'clock sharp. They were off at the first break to a pretty start. A furlong away from the gate Thorpe went into the lead, with Pat Morrissey, and staid there to the middle of the stretch when Maroni came away and beat the favorite to the post by an easy length. Morrissey was three lengths in front of Our Clara. Results: Thorpe, six furlongs; Maroni won, Pat Morrissey second, Our Clara third; time 1:31 1/2.

Five and a half furlongs: Dave Waldo won, Richard J. second, Be True third; time 1:11.

For a maiden three-year-olds, four and half furlongs: Frenocock won, Hackmaster second, Moss Witt third; time 0:59.

Inaugural, value \$2200, one mile: Dr. Shepard, 115 (Thorpe) 9 to 2, won; What Er Lou, 118 (H. Shields) 2 to 1, an easy second; Macy, 119 (T. Burns) 4 to 1, third; time 1:45. Leo Planter, Fervor, Branch, Crockett and Basquill also ran.

COLONELS AND ORPHANS.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I CHICAGO, May 13.—The Colonels gave the Orphans another hard rub today. Score:

Chicago, 5; base hits, 7; errors, 1. Louisville, 4; base hits, 10; errors, 5. Batteries—Griffith and Donahue; Cunningham and Powers.

Umpires—Burns and Smith.

RED'S HARD HITTING.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I CINCINNATI, May 13.—The Reds hit Young hard in the opening, and a double, neared five runs. Attendance 6000. Score:

Cincinnati, 7; base hits, 7; errors, 2. St. Louis, 3; base hits, 8; errors, 6. Batteries—Dammann and Wood; Young and Conner, Criger.

Umpires—O'Day and Brennan.

BOSTON-BALTIMORE.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I BOSTON, May 13.—A three-hitter by Long and a long fly to left by Duffy in the last inning won the game for the Champions today. Attendance 3500.

Score:

Boston, 2; base hits, 7; errors, 0. Baltimore, 1; base hits, 4; errors, 1. Batteries—Wills and Bergen; Kitson and Robinson.

PRINCETON-HARVARD.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I PRINCETON (N. J.), May 13.—Princeton beat Harvard this afternoon at third. Score:

Cahill.

HIGH SCHOOL GAME.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT. I SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The Stockton High School baseball team suffered defeat today at the hands of the Palo Alto High School, the score being 4 to 1, at the end of the ninth inning.

VALLEY LEAGUE ORGANIZED.

FRESNO, May 13.—A Valley baseball league was organized in this city tonight, with the members being from Merced, Hanford, Stockton, Fosterville, Visalia, Bakersfield and Selma. A schedule of games will be arranged tomorrow. Professional players will be excluded.

BIRDS PROTECTED.

Fresno Supervisors Pass a Com-mendable Game Ordinance.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I FRESNO, May 13.—The Board of Supervisors this afternoon passed an ordinance making it unlawful to shoot or trap Japanese pheasants or Bob White quail. The ordinance also shortens the open season for valley quail and doves. Quail may be killed from November 1 to January 1, and doves from August 15 to February 15. The bag of quail for each man in one day is limited to twenty-five birds.

Quite a number of pheasants that were liberated early this spring are nesting, and a few have already laid their broods. The association will liberate fifty New Jersey ringneck pheasants tomorrow in the vineyards around Fresno.

The Fresno Game Protective Association has worked hard for this ordinance, and it is a source of much gratification to them that the wholesale slaughter of these game birds will be stopped.

Quite a number of pheasants that were liberated early this spring are nesting, and a few have already laid their broods. The association will liberate fifty New Jersey ringneck pheasants tomorrow in the vineyards around Fresno.

The final score was: Harvard, 554 points; Yale, 414. Summary:

The 440-yard dash: Won by Burke, Harvard; Roanmantle, Yale, second; Luce, Yale, third; time 0:43.5.

The 120-yard hurdle: Won by Fox, Harvard; Finckle, Yale, second; Converse, Harvard, third; time 0:18.

The 100-yard dash: Won by Lount, Yale; Quinlan, Harvard, second; Roche, Harvard, third; time 0:10.5.

Shot-put, sixteen pounds: Won by Brown, Harvard; Francis, Yale, second; Robertson, Yale, third; distance 39ft. 9in.

One-mile run: Won by Pitzer, Yale; Clyde, Yale, second; White, Harvard, third; time 4:33.1.

Half-mile run: Won by Adams, Yale; Brennan, Yale, second; Bush, Harvard, third; time 1:57.5.

The 220-yard hurdle: Won by Converse, Harvard; Warren, Harvard, second; Hallowell, Harvard, third; time 0:25.3.

Throwing, sixteen-pound hammer: Won by Converse, Harvard; Clark, Harvard, second; Brown, Harvard, third; distance 130ft. 8in.

The 220-yard dash: Won by Boardman, Yale; Quinlan, Harvard, second; Warren, Yale, third; time 0:22.4.

Running, broad jump: Won by Daly, Harvard; Harrington, Harvard, second; Eddel, Harvard, third; distance 22ft. 3in.

The running high jump: Won by Roth, Harvard; Waller, Yale; Wright, Ferguson, Yale; Harvard all tied for second place, so the points were divided.

Score: Yale, 434; Harvard, 54.

BRITISH TURF.

AT CHURCHILL DOWNS.

Batten Wins the Frank Fehr Stakes.

Summary.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I LOUISVILLE (Ky.), May 13.—Perfect weather, a moderately good track, good fields and good finishes were the features of today's sport at Churchill Downs. The Frank Fehr stakes had four starters. Isabey was a well-played favorite, but Batten won the money by a head in a driving finish from Brigadier while Loeb was only a head away. Bonnckburn was a second choice, carried considerable money. The Gentleman's Cup race was won by Mr. Reynolds of Louisville on Bon Jour, a 4-to-5 favorite. Attendance 6000. Results:

Four and one-half furlongs: Miss Fonsland won, May 1 second. My Chicken third; time 0:51%.

Six furlongs: Tilt Herr won, Nancy Till second. Polar third; time 1:20%.

One and one-half miles, selling: Bethlehem Star won, Rockwood second; Kathie May third; time 2:46%.

One mile, handicap: Kris Kringle won, L. W. second, Nathanson third; time 1:47%.

Six furlongs, selling: Sisive won, Switzer second, Ned third; time 1:18%.

Six furlongs, selling: Ramiro II won, Serventer second, Frank McConnell third; time 1:18.

Kris Kringle Lands More Good Money for His Owner.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I CINCINNATI, May 13.—The feature of the day at Newport was the mile handicap, which was won by Kris Kringle. Kris Kringle is the most consistent horse racing at Newport this spring. He has won seven times at the meeting, and out of ten starts has finished outside of the money but once. His present owner, R. I. Bird, purchased the gelding last fall at Latonia for \$55. The track was very fast.

Four and one-half furlongs: Miss Fonsland won, May 1 second. My Chicken third; time 0:51%.

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RESULTS AT THE MORRIS PARK.

Withers Stakes Won by Jean Beraud and Right Handily.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I NEW YORK, May 13.—In spite of the rain there was a large attendance at the Morris Park races, the classic Withers stakes, for three-year-olds at a mile, being the attraction. In addition the first appearance of Jean Beraud in his three-year-old form was incentive enough for people to come out on a showy day. In the betting Jean Beraud was a slight favorite over Lothario, who was reported to have done some exceedingly fast miling in his two previous starts. The result was that Jean Beraud was a little better than even money and Lothario second choice. The horses got away in perfect order in the first break, and before they had gone a sixteenth of a mile Jean Beraud was off and running, going fast and easily. Chasing him was Right Handily and Filion D'Or, with Lothario close up. The further they went the better Jean Beraud seemed to go, and as they rounded into the Withers course he was only loping along under restraint, while the others were straining. As they came into the stretch and in the first furlong of the last quarter, it looked as if The Bouncer and Filion D'Or were gaining on Jean Beraud. They were doing so, but it was under a drive, while the leader was still going very easily. Then Clawson shook the son of His Highness up a bit and

he shot away from the others as if they were selling platters, and won by a couple of lengths, having scarcely turned a hair. It was a hot contest for the place between Filion D'Or and The Bouncer, and the former got it by a head. Results:

Six furlongs: Glenar won, Pirate second; Fortis, 10th; third; time 1:13%. Five furlongs, selling: Prince of Melbourne won, Bombshell second, Misericordia third; time 1:04%.

Fashion stakes, four and a half furlongs: Motley won, Virginia Earl second; Oscar Queen, third; time 0:53%.

Withers stakes, one mile: Jean Beraud won, Filion D'Or second, The Bouncer third; time 1:42%.

Mile and a sixteenth: Don de Oro won, Imp second, Free Lance third; time 1:47%.

Intercollegiate, selling: Steeplechase, two and a half miles: Gov. Budd won, Trillion second, Baby Bill third; time 4:33%.

ON EASTERN DIAMONDS.

Brooklyn Makes It Four Straight With Washington.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I NEW YORK, May 13.—Brooklyn made it four straight with Washington by winning today's double-header. Score:

First game: Washington, 1; base hits, 8; errors, 1. Brooklyn, 12; base hits 14; errors, 2. Batteries—McFarland and McGuire; Heydon, McJames and Farrell.

Second game: Washington, 3; base hits, 4; errors, 3. Brooklyn, 7; base hits, 8; errors, 3. Batteries—Baker and McGuire; Heydon and Zimmer.

Umpires—McDonald and Emslie.

PIUTTSBURGH-CLEVELAND VICTORIOUS.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I PITTSBURGH, May 13.—The story of the game is told below. There were no features. Attendance 1800. Score:

Pittsburgh, 6; base hits, 12; errors, 2. Cleveland, 6; base hits, 3; errors, 3. Batteries—Tannehill and McDonald.

Second game: Washington, 3; base hits, 4; errors, 3. Brooklyn, 7; base hits, 8; errors, 3. Batteries—Harvey and Doyle; Staney and Emslie; and Abderson and Kent.

BEACHCOMBERS VICTORIOUS.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I SANTA CRUZ, May 13.—The San Francisco baseball nine was defeated by the Beachcombers, the score being 5 to 3. The defeat of the visitors was caused by the heavy slugging of the locals. Donlin gave ten men bases on balls and hitting four men with balls. Santa Cruz also had two new men, Ed Smith and Donlin. Ed Smith and Streib each made a three-bagger. In the fifth inning heavy stick work was done by Santa Cruz. Long drives by Burge and Donlin each brought in two runs. Donlin struck out seven and Iberg five men. The star player was made by Clark of Santa Cruz in the seventh inning. Hildbrand knocked a grounder to Smith, who failed to handle it. Smith threw to Clark, but the ball went over the latter's head. Clark ran after it, and threw it back at third. Score:

Santa Cruz, 5; hits, 8; errors, 3. Batteries—Harvey, Doyle and Staney; and Abderson and Kent.

OAKLAND VS. WATSONVILLE.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT. I SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—The Oakland baseball nine defeated the Watsonville boys in a rather dull afternoon. The score was as follows:

Oakland, 7; hits, 10; errors, 2.

Watsonville, 5; hits, 8; errors, 6. Batteries—Hammond and Moskiman; Courtney, Hanson and Whalen.

Umpire—Cahill.

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SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1899.

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

APPLE OF DISCORD.

ROSEBERRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE LIBERAL CLUB.

Wish Expressed for a Revival of the Old Spirit Elicits a Virulent Reply.

HARCOURT'S SAVAGE ADDRESS.

LIBERAL AND CONSERVATIVE PRESS TAKE UP THE MATTER.

English Papers Abstain from Comment on Latest Phase in the Philippines—Weekly Budget From London.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON. May 13.—[Special Cable Letter. Copyright, 1899.] Lord Rosebery's speech before the London Liberal Club on May 5, in the course of which he expressed a wish for the revival of the old liberal spirit, has proved an oratorical apple of discord of the first order. It has elicited a virulent reply from Sir William Vernon Harcourt, in a speech before the Devonshire Club, which has been the political sensation of the week. Sir William's speech bore witness to the bitterness of the duel for the leadership of the Liberal party between himself and Lord Rosebery, and to the pent-up personal feeling of the speaker against Lord Rosebery, who was responsible for his temporary effacement. In the course of Sir William Vernon Harcourt's speech, he declared that Lord Rosebery's words were tantamount to the advice, "take a sponge and wipe out the glorious inheritance which Mr. Gladstone left the party before his ashes are cold."

PRESS TAKES UP THE CUDGEL.

The Liberal organs have taken up the cudgel in behalf of Lord Rosebery. The speakers call his interpretation of Lord Rosebery's words "a most absurd and malicious falsification of his meaning, and the worst example in recent years of downright misrepresentation." The British Weekly says Harcourt's attack was grossly unfair and slanderous, and accounted for by a moron of hatred amounting almost to madness. The mouthpieces of the Liberal party insist that Lord Rosebery, in urging a return to the liberalism of 1886, did not mean no change of program, but rather a return to the party discipline and cohesion that existed in the halcyon days of liberalism.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt today announced that he will speak to his constituents on May 25. His utterances are awaited with the keenest interest, and another speech of his best fighting style is expected. Meanwhile, the conservative press interprets Rosebery as Harcourt does, and in some quarters the opinion is expressed that Rosebery's utterances are nothing less than a direct bid for Joseph Chamberlain and a prelude to Rosebery's identifying himself with the Liberal Unionists.

ABSTAINS FROM COMMENT.

The English press publicly abstains from comment on the latest phase of affairs in the Philippines. Manila in London, at least, thinks it improbable of success of the peace negotiations at Manila, and yesterday, on the other hand, from well-informed English sources, it was stated that the rebellion must end shortly. The Americans in their late operations have secured the services of General Aguinaldo and his colleagues have now been driven to the Sampangan country, the people of which are quite distinct from the Tagals, and certainly cannot be relied upon to support Aguinaldo.

NEW RELIGIOUS IMPULSE.

One of the features of the annual meeting of the Congregational Union here this week was an Anglo-American demonstration on Thursday when an American delegate, Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, aroused intense enthusiasm by an eloquent address. In the course of which he touched upon America's gratitude for England's support at a critical moment. Dr. Fairbairn warmly welcomed Dr. Smith's utterance, and expressed confidence that America's new departure meant the growth of a new religious impulse, a new moral enthusiasm, a new divine passion in the policies of the world.

IRELAND'S ORATION.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul made a most favorable impression by his oration at the Joao d'Arc ceremony at Orleans Monday, and had been asked to deliver an oration on St. George tomorrow at St. Crotide's, Finsbury St. Germain. The Paris Debats highly complimented Archbishop Ireland on his eloquence and marvelous acquaintance with the French tongue, adding: "Archbishop Ireland has a wealth of learning and a wealth of correctness in the use of expression which even many French orators do not possess, and he is capable, with his bold evangelical ideas, of stirring great multitudes."

REMARKABLE UTTERANCE.

The Daily Chronicle characterizes as a remarkable utterance this sentence in Archbishop Ireland's panegyric: "Let us by all means be careful not to take away one iota from the faith, but let us also take care not to add to it ideas and opinions which are binding upon nobody."

WHAT SETH LOW SAYS.

President Seth Low of Columbia University, New York, who is en route to The Hague Peace Conference, in discussing the conditions of Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Birmingham University with the correspondent of the Associated Press says:

"The condition attached to the gift, that the scientific school be made the principal department of the institution, is wise and characteristic of the donor. Oxford and Cambridge are going to be left by other universities where more immediate needs exist."

In this lies the present strength of Germany, and America is forging ahead in her electrical and general mechanical production. Englishmen will soon recognize that Mr. Carnegie's idea is correct, and indeed their circumstantial necessities more to the point of the country. Everybody here seems awake to America's tendency to forge ahead and her way of 'getting there' at any cost, and you will see Englishmen, who are not hesitating what line to take, will enter a long rush to follow America's example."

CRAZY MATRICIDE.

Bertha Beilstein Acquitted on Plea of Insanity.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 13.—Bertha Beilstein, tried for the murder of her mother, was acquitted at the opening of court today, the jury rendering a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity. Miss Beilstein was remanded to jail.

BRITISH COURTESY.

Lieut.-Col. Alfred E. Bates, formerly military attaché of the American embassy, who sails for the United States today on board the American Line steamer St. Louis, spoke warmly to the correspondent here of the Associated Press regarding the courtesy with which he was received by the Spanish authorities in the ports of the Philippines. Col. Bates said: "I can say of my own knowledge that British military men appraise our troops out there, while they regard our splendid naval officers and sailors as

proval of the press. The Daily News suggests that Mr. Chamberlain's sweet compulsion was instrumental in securing Mr. Carnegie's handsome contribution.

LONDON, WEEKLY BUDGET.

Season in Full Swing—Queen's Expected Visit—Other Notes.

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English Papers Abstain from Comment on Latest Phase in the Philippines—Weekly Budget From London.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON. May 13.—[Special Cable Letter. Copyright, 1899.] With beautiful summer-like weather this week, the season seems to be finally in full swing. The hotels, picture exhibitions and Rotten Row are crowded daily, while numerous parties, given by hostesses in the social world, fill every night. The polo season has opened at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and these are the chief attractions for numbers of fashionable people. Many Americans are already here, and the hotel and shopkeepers are jubilant at the prospect of a large invasion from over the seas.

QUEEN'S VISIT.

The greatest interest centers in the Queen's visit to London next week to hold a drawing-room and lay the foundation stone of the Albert and Victoria Museum at Kensington. Tuesday's drawing-room, naturally, will be the most brilliant of the season. There has been a rush of great ladies to attend this particular function, but a great deal of heartburning has been yesterday that a young woman had sued the estate, alleging that she had been secretly married to the deceased fifteen years ago. There have been sudden deaths in both Thomas J. Havemeyer's family, and that of the alleged wife who has just come to light. Mrs. Havemeyer's father, William Wallace Wright, who was Sheriff of Nevada City, Cal., was shot by members of his own posse while hunting a gang of desperados. Her brother, Augustus Wright of California, who was a colonel in the regular army, was killed in the war of the rebellion.

Mrs. Havemeyer, as she now calls herself—Anna M. Wright was her maiden name—still makes her residence at No. 154 West Forty-sixth street, where she says she passed so many happy days with "Tom" during the past five years. Her sisters and her brother live there also, the family having moved here after Sheriff Wright's death in Nevada City.

It is an ordinary brownstone house with a well-kept entrance. Years ago an attempt had been made by a woman calling herself Helen E. C. Havemeyer to obtain a limited divorce from Thomas J. Havemeyer. There is a record in the courts of the city of a suit in February, 1882, by a woman who said she was his wife.

Mr. Havemeyer died at the time denied that he was ever married to her. He said her name was Helen E. C. Ripley, or Helen E. C. Chadwick. It was subsequently shown that the woman had a husband living at the time she asserted the marriage to Mr. Havemeyer had taken place.

ALBERT AND VICTORIA MUSEUM.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Albert and Victoria Museum on Wednesday will be a very interesting one. The Queen will drive along streets lined with troops from Buckingham Palace, the royal cortège being escorted by the Life Guards.

Her Majesty will be accompanied by several princes and princesses, and other royal personages will meet her at the site of the museum, where a great pavilion will be reserved for them.

A great pavilion will be reserved for them which will be seated the ambassadors, ministers of the Cabinet and leading state officials. The Prince of Wales will receive the Queen. The national anthem will be sung by proxy of the Royal College of Music. Afterward the Madrigal, specially composed by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, will be sung to special music, written by Sir Alexander MacKenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His grace, the archbishop of Canterbury, president of all England, will read the prayers. The event is designed to be the occasion of a great patriotic demonstration.

DUKE OF YORK'S MODESTY.

The Queen is to come from Windsor on Monday, and will visit Kensington Palace, where her old apartments have been renovated, preparatory to opening the palace to the public. Her Majesty's drawing-room, in the room where she lived as a young girl have been restored to their former condition. Her bedroom contains show-cases filled with her old toys, and her dolls' house stands upon a table in the ante-chamber.

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ministers of the Cabinet and leading state officials. The Prince of Wales will receive the Queen. The national anthem will be sung by proxy of the Royal College of Music. Afterward the Madrigal, specially composed by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, will be sung to special music, written by Sir Alexander MacKenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His grace, the archbishop of Canterbury, president of all England, will read the prayers. The event is designed to be the occasion of a great patriotic demonstration.

DUKE OF YORK'S MODESTY.

The Queen is to come from Windsor on Monday, and will visit Kensington Palace, where her old apartments have been renovated, preparatory to opening the palace to the public. Her Majesty's drawing-room, in the room where she lived as a young girl have been restored to their former condition. Her bedroom contains show-cases filled with her old toys, and her dolls' house stands upon a table in the ante-chamber.

SEE OUR WINDOWS.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Albert and Victoria Museum on Wednesday will be a very interesting one. The Queen will drive along streets lined with troops from Buckingham Palace, the royal cortège being escorted by the Life Guards.

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Liners.**WANTED**

To Purchase.

WANTED—IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR BUSINESS QUICKLY FOR CASH, LIST WITH ME AT ONCE. Now have a client looking for \$5000, cash business opportunity, also several with \$500 to \$5000.

I have an exclusive department for this work; advertising free and no charge.

QUICK ACTION IS MY MOTTO.

CREASINGER, 218 S. Broadway.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, OR LEASE,

UNDEVELOPED OIL LANDS.

Out of the city will furnish money to exploit the country, on a fair royalty; list with me. Address G, box 78, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE MODERN 2-story residence, southwest, and partly pay for same with its acres all in cultivation, with good way right, near Buena Park, \$15000; balance with assume \$2000 to \$2500. Address G, box 87, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—MONDAY MORNING—

NICE 5 or 6-ROOM COTTAGE,

West of Main st., to cost not over \$2500; must be in good condition. JOHN FLOUROY, 241 Douglas Blvd.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE DRUG STOCK

\$2000 to \$3000; % or more cash; part clear property. Address G, box 67, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A MODERN 6-ROOM COTTAGE

for nice yard, good house. Call or address G, box 51, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—ANY ONE HAVING CAMPING

privilege with float to dispose at Chapman, address G, box 26, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—WE WANT A LOT IN COTTAGE

unsuitable for flats; will give property and cash. BOWEN & POWERS, 2304 S. Spring.

WANTED—GOOD ORANGE TREES AS

part payment on a good piece of alfalfa land. P. A. STANTON, 142 S. Broadway.

WANTED—RESIDENCE WEST OR SOUTH

west, for 40 acres highly improved. Call at 12, 13½ S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—GOOD SECOND-HAND LADY'S

gown, garment bag. Lamberti preferred. Address F, box 30, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO RENT FOR FEW MONTHS,

large house, good location, rent to La Canada. Altadena, South Pasadena, etc.

WANTED—TO RENT BY AN EXPERIENCED horticulturist; place of care, to be part consideration; from 1 to 3 acres of land, not more than 20 minutes from Spring st.; house must be thoroughly clean and well all else; will pay \$25 per month, plus expenses. Address G, box 14, TIMES OFFICE.

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WANTED—A PRACTICAL MINER, WHO IS

about to leave the rich gold fields above Cape Nome, Alaska, will locate a limited number of claims for parties desiring to go in later in the season. Address E. J. H. HARRIS, 142 S. Broadway.

WANTED—CHILDREN TO BOARD AND CARE for respectable woman, having her home within city limits, and well situated by one of the best schools. Call at 14 PATTON, before 11 a.m., after 4 p.m. 14

WANTED—A PRACTICABLE FAMILY WHICH DESIRES TO ADOPT A FINE, HEALTHY BOY, 30 months old; sweet temperament, bright. Address room 15, 206½ S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—TO RENT BY A CAREFUL TENANT, a 5-room modern cottage, with lawn and garden, south or west. Address stating rent and full particulars. H. box 78, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—THE BEST BICYCLE THAT \$10

will buy; state make and condition. Address H, box 4, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—SECOND-HAND IRON TANK

for 900 or 1000 gallons. AXELSON & CHENEY, 114½ S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—A 100-2 HORSE POWER ELECTRIC motor; must be cheap. Address P.O. BOX 747, CITY.

WANTED—ANY OLD LUMBER, BUILDINGS OR MATERIAL; I buy and sell. WHITING, 223 E. SEVENTH.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE HORSE, BUGGY

and harness; will pay cash for best buggy. 700 E. 25TH ST.

WANTED—YOUR PRINTING BUSINESS

cards, \$1 per 1000, COOK, 10½ S. Broadway.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE; good reputation. Address box 21, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—THE BEST BICYCLE THAT \$10

will buy; state make and condition. Address H, box 4, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—OLD POSTAGE STAMPS FOR

cash. Address T, box 74, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A LIGHT SECOND-HAND TAL-

LETTER, \$114. Address T, box 18.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE 2 GOOD SEC-

OND-HAND BICYCLES. \$40. S. SPRING ST.

WANTED—GOOD SECOND-HAND LADY'S

bicycle. Box 96, UNIVERSITY P.O. 14.

WANTED—TO BUY A GOOD SECOND-

hand vase. Apply at 160 S. MAIN.

WANTED—CODE OF DRY GUM STOVES

wood. Box 96, UNIVERSITY P.O. 14.

WANTED—TO BUY A CHEAP HORSE. 7½

E. 20TH ST., near San Pedro.

WANTED—BETTER THAN GOLD." SEE

PAGE 14, Part III.

WANTED—PARTNERS.

WANTED—PARTNER TO GO INTO A

coloring business, \$1000 to \$2000.

What is needed is engage in a business that is clean and honest; 20 per cent. guaranteed the first year; I have 1000 acres of land, 1000 acres of raw material, \$1000 to \$2000 without irrigation; this is no scheme, but a straightforward business proposition that will bear the closest investigation. Address for further particulars, BOX 34, VENTURA.

WANTED—PHYSICIAN WHO WANTS TO

travel professionally wants managing lady or gentleman partner who can furnish \$1000 to \$2000 expenses. Address F, box 57, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—YOUNG, BRIGHT, ENERGETIC

man, well connected, with \$1500, can get into the fine business with a good salary and half interest. Address F, box 57, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—MAN WITH \$100, PUSH AND

integrity wants the best proposition for all or half interest in a legitimate business; money to be preferred. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—PARTNER WITH SMALL CAP-

ITALIAN, furniture, small grocery. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—LADY TO HIRE TO TAKE CARE

of our 2-year-old son. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—AGENTS TO HANDLE OUR

high-grade perfumes; our plan will be to

have a branch in every household, office, store or person; territory assigned. Address G, box 114, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—PARTNER WITH \$3000; WILL

make an income of \$1000 per month, investment secure. For particulars see L. ALLEN 404 S. Broadway.

WANTED—ADVERTISER. "WANTS" PARTY

with \$500 to \$600, in good paying established business, for a small percentage. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

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WANTED—CHANGE OF A LIFE-TIME FOR

good office man with \$1000; good salary and money safe. Address F, box 13, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—PARTNER WITH SMALL CAP-

ITALIAN, furniture, small grocery. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—LADY TO HIRE TO TAKE CARE

of our 2-year-old son. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—AGENTS EVERYWHERE TO

Sell flexible sign letters; send 2c stamp for catalog. A. WEISS & CO., 201 S. Broadway.

WANTED—\$500; BUSINESS PERSON WHO

wants to mine and assay. P.O. BOX 42, city.

WANTED—PARTNER WITH SMALL CAP-

ITALIAN, furniture, small grocery. Address H, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—LADY CANVASSERS FOR THE

city; compensation and commission. Apply at room 8, 316 S. Broadway.

WANTED—CONCERNED VARIOUS PARTIES

A nice, healthfully situated acre, with shade and attractive surroundings, to occupy and take care of during the summer; suburbs preferred. Address H, box 25, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—COMPLETELY FURNISHED

house of not less than 6 rooms or more than 8 rooms; must be between Main and Vermont and 10th and 25th sts. Address G, box 114, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—REFINED MIDDLE-AGED GEN-

tleman, business man, wants room (not eastern exposure) and board (breakfast and supper only); in a cheerful private family; is a prominent boarder; state price and who are in the family. Address G, box 14, TIMES OFFICE.

R. E. IBBETSON,

119 S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—BY JUNE 1, BY FAMILY OF 3

(parents) if suitable, furnished, including

6 rooms, bath, kitchen, etc., for \$1000.

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WANTED

Liners

FOR SALE—
Houses.FOR SALE—SPECIAL BARGAINS BY
W. H. NEISWENDER

106 S. Broadway.
\$2000—4-cash, absolute the most perfect 6-room cottage in this city, completely furnished; there is every convenience in this house, and it is built for the future. It has gas, electricity, elegant mantel; the house is new, as also the furnishings; the rooms are very large; music room is 16x22; there is a fine piano, book cases, etc.; owner is the widow, who would prefer to sell the house to the public; she is 71; owner will take house in Denver on trade; do not fail to see this; it is a gem.

\$1500—Extra terms; large 6-room house, large corner lot, walking distance, large barns; taken on mortgages; very cheap at \$2000.

\$2500—Corner lot, 100x100 on car line, with two 5-room cottages; stone wall cost \$500 around property; would trade them for larger house and pay difference.

\$3100—Elegant 8-room new modern house in corner tract; this is worth \$6000; would take house in San Bernardino in part payment.

\$250—Lot 66120, near corner Maple and Pico; is this a bargain?

\$350—Lot 30x12 on Chestnut st., just off Main, graded and sewer'd; 2 car lines; do you really want a bargain?

FOR SALE—
WHY DO YOU PAY RENT?
YOU CAN MANAGE THIS.

It is beautifully located and has a north facing.

On the south side of 27th st. It is near Central ave. car line. It has five beautiful large rooms.

It has a reception room.

It has a large dining room.

It has a large pantry and closets.

It has a large screen porch.

It has a china and linen closet.

It has a large fireplace and grate.

It is wired for electric lights.

It has hot and cold water.

It has all street work done and paid for.

It may be yours if you want it.

It is a bargain at the price.

It is a bargain at the price.

We have sold and are still offering choice lots delightfully situated on Pico and Vernon. View these lots, note location and other advantages, and you will buy these lots from us for cash or easy terms.

Pine Heights has double track in course of construction; Pine Heights water supply is perfect.

We are building modern attractive cottages on Pico Heights, 1 block from car; will sell at low rates on easy terms when completed; plans to be seen in office.

If you desire to purchase houses or installations, we can submit you a list of 200 houses or more to select from; easy terms; good locations; all prices.

CRICTON SMITH & CO.,
206 Currier Block. Tel. brown 338.

14

FOR SALE—ON INSTALLMENTS—
CRICTON SMITH & CO.

206 Currier Block.

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CRICTON SMITH & CO.,
206 Currier Block. Tel. brown 338.

14

FOR SALE—
\$20 MONTHLY (INCLUDING INTEREST.)
NO CASH
6 PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

I offer you a new high-class 5-room cottage in one of the best strictly residence localities of the city, 10 minutes by 3 car lines, lot 150 feet on an alley, all street improvements in.

The cottage is a beauty in style, yellow pine finish, tinted walls, fashionable hardware, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, on the first floor; 3 bedrooms, lot 150 feet on an alley, all street improvements in; everything, light, tasteful and airy.

A few dollars a month, more than you are PAYING RENT TODAY, and you are buying your cosy home. Think well of this and address F. box 61, TIMES OFFICE.

14

FOR SALE—
New 2-story house, 1221 W. 12th st., near Soto st., fully completed, 5 rooms on the second floor; 3 rooms and bath on the ground floor; large closets; modern plumbing, heating, lighting, fine fixtures; location, fine residence section. 10x125'; price \$2500.

For Sale—A very attractive cottage, 1228 W. 12th st., between Sento and Valencia, south side of street; contains 5 large rooms, with all the conveniences; modern plumbing throughout; pantry, maid's room and buffet; comfortable porch; large cellar, lot 10x125'; price \$2000.

Pine—New 2-story house on Michigan ave. just east of Soto st.; 7 rooms, consisting of parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, on the first floor; 3 bedrooms, lot 150x125'; price \$2500.

For Sale—A very attractive cottage, 1228 W. 12th st., between Sento and Valencia, south side of street; contains 5 large rooms, with all the conveniences; modern plumbing throughout; pantry, maid's room and buffet; comfortable porch; large cellar, lot 10x125'; price \$2000.

GEO. W. STIMSON,
202-204 Laughlin Bldg.

14

FOR SALE—
BUILD IN BEAUTIFUL MENLO PARK,

Between Adams and Washington sts., west of Central ave.

I have some attractive locations at the ORIGINAL PRICES of this handsomely improved and growing section. Four new homes started this week. No rentals.

On the 1st floor, you will build a cottage to suit your taste, and meet your financial ability to pay for it.

\$100 CASH, INTEREST 6 PER CENT.

You will build a cottage to suit your taste, a home this way, without straining your resources or curtailing your usual expenditure.

For a proposition and all details, address F. box 100, TIMES OFFICE.

14

FOR SALE—A NEAT 5-ROOM COTTAGE near Figueroa and Pico, with street improvements, including sewer; the lot is 50x125'; a bargain at \$1000.

Cottage of 5 rooms, 1/2 block of Union ave. and Temple; has mantel and grate; excellent barn, etc.; an exceptional buy at \$800.

A well-built and convenient cottage of 6 large rooms, bath, pantry, closed porch, gas, gas, lawn, profusion of bearing fruits and flowers, barn, carriage-house, chicken-house, etc.; 10x125'; lot 100x125'; on graded and sewer'd street, a little west of Figueroa and 16th; very cheap at \$2500.

JOHN S. SAMPTON,
422 Byrne Bldg.

14

FOR SALE—
\$100—A new 5-room cottage, bath, etc.; lot 40x120; 24th st., near San Pedro.

\$106—The cheapest 5-room cottage in the city, lot 50x120; 1 block of 2 car lines; 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213rd, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312nd, 313rd, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412nd, 413rd, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512nd, 513rd, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612nd, 613rd, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 6

Liners.

FOR SALE—

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE—NEW MAHOGANY OAK AND birch sets; parlor sets; one in silk brocade; velvet carpets; large Alaska refrigerator; sideboard; bookcase; chiffonier; couch; easy chairs. \$20. WM. SEVENTH ST. 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP! LAUNDRY HEATER; 6 pc. steam pipe; 1 shirt press; 1 d-p wheel box; 1 bbl. castings; 5 pc. wood patterns; 1 iron and cutlery box. UNION LOAN CO., 142 Dillingham Block.

FOR SALE—1 LOT OF BLACKSMITH OUTFITS; standing desk; blacksmith outfit; horse, pump; 4-horse boiler, wagons, barrels; most everything to trade or sell. C. G. COOPER, 101 W. 2ND ST. 14

FOR SALE—ENTIRE FURNISHINGS OF A 3-room cottage; nearly new; everything needed for housekeeping; must be sold at once; cash articles will be taken. Address H. box 50, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—A RAILROAD RANGE AND BOIL water; cost \$100; good speed; set, 3 pieces; \$3; refrigerators and ice boxes from \$5 up; solid oak bedroom set, \$30; cost \$7. COLGAN'S, 316-318 S. Spring. 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP! SET SINGLE COUCH; 2nd hand double harness; eastern hand-made; best Moffit leather, high class; in fine condition. Call at OLIVE STABLES, 229 S. Spring. 14

FOR SALE—WHITE HAT PRESS, 15c; full circle stamp; coochie wagon; wire cutter and stretcher; lifting jack; all in good order. Inquire COBRENT COAL & CARBON CO. 14

FOR SALE—P. K. WOODS DEEP-WELL propeller wheel pumps; 6-h.p. steam engine; gasoline engine; Jack, for a pumping plant. Address G. box 14, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—ICE-CREAM FREEZER; Sherman's Lightning; quaduple-motion, 10 qt.; good as new; for sale. U. R. Knights of Pythias sword; new. Address F. box 91, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—SEWING MACHINES. A FINE selection of goods; second-hand machines, from \$5 to \$10; machines to rent, \$1.50 month; all kinds sewing machines repaired. J. H. GUNTERMAN, Temple Arts, 14

FOR SALE—POWER HAY PRESS, WHITE; man improved; new, charter gasoline engine; for power; can supply immediately. CALIFORNIA IMPLEMENT CO., 217 N. Los Angeles st. 14

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE NICEST couplet family or lady carriages in the city; cost \$750; price \$550; fine \$300 surrey. BROWN'S LIVERY, Hoover and Hill. 14

FOR SALE—PRIVATE PARTY NEEDING cash; will dress pattern; finest blue French; 100% pure; and rare fabrics. F. box 58, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—FEED CUTTERS. SMALLER, new make, oldest manufacture, thoroughly reliable. CALIFORNIA IMPLEMENT CO., 217 N. Los Angeles st. 14

FOR SALE—POSTAGE STAMPS AND COINS; postage stamps; also a string of ancient Japanese coins. Call on J. BAUM, TIMES OFFICE. Monday. 14

FOR SALE—PLUMBING-SUPPLY MATERIAL and tools; will sell for new; a very large lump; tools and material all new. Address F. box 50, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—CAMPING OUTFIT AT CATAHOUA; complete in every detail. J. T. FITZGERALD, 113 S. Spring. 14

FOR SALE—EMPTY INK BOTTLES; IRON-hooped, oak staves and heads; can be used for any purpose; 50¢ each. THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. 14

FOR SALE—10-FOOT WINDMILL AND tower; 1 mower; 1 one-horse power; 1 incubator and brooder. B. DAIN, corner Western Ave. and Melrose. 14

TYPEWRITERS, ALL MAKES; FEW PARTS; all good; will sell for less than cost. ALEXANDER CO., agents Smith-Premier typewriters. 233 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE OF PLAVING; fine flats and house; first-class; fitness of owner only; \$100. Call 231 E. 14

FOR SALE—UNSET DIAMONDS, ONE diamond ring; small white encrusted with diamonds; a small jeweler's tool; will be sold cheap. ROOM 223 Byrne Block. 14

FOR SALE—I HAVE TWO MARBLE-SLAB computing scales; almost new, belong out of business; will sell for cheap. Address GEO. O. FORD, 101 W. 2nd. 14

FOR SALE—STRONG FARM WAGON, \$25; spring traps; new mare; fine \$5; old \$2; dog \$5; young steers; \$5. BREED, Boyle Heights. 14

FOR SALE—FURNITURE BEDROOM SETS; hair mattresses; springs; gas range; dining set; refrigerator; good as new; does not apply. 101 W. 2nd. 14

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN; FURNITURE of 2-room cottage; with bath and gas stove, rent; including water, \$12; parties leaving the city. 218 E. FIFTH. 14

FOR SALE—STRONG FARM WAGON, \$25; spring traps; new mare; fine \$5; old \$2; dog \$5; young steers; \$5. BREED, Boyle Heights. 14

FOR SALE—NEARLY NEW FIRST-CLASS cam; white horse and harness, \$5; HALL, N.W. corner Yolo and Orange Grove ave. Pasadena. 14

FOR SALE—DROP ME A CARD FOR prices on paper hanging, wall tinting and painting; first-class work. J. ED STEELES, 212 Central ave. 14

FOR SALE—NEARLY NEW FIRST-CLASS cam; white horse and harness, \$5; HALL, N.W. corner Yolo and Orange Grove ave. Pasadena. 14

FOR SALE—FITTED BED BOOK; pocket and secretary combined; \$40; Sherratt, 113 S. Olive. 14

FOR SALE—BUCKEY MOWERS, THE original Buckeyes made at Akron, OHIO. CALIFORNIA IMPLEMENT CO., 217 N. Los Angeles st. 14

FOR SALE—40-HORSE POWER ATLAS automatic steam engine; has been used. LEN CHAMBERLAIN & CO., 217 N. Los Angeles st. 14

FOR SALE—FINE CHICKENING PIANO in excellent condition; has sweet tone; cover and stool; \$20; \$5 monthly payment. W. SIXTH ST. 14

FOR SALE—A GOOD 3d VIEW CAMERA; also first-class 64x18 cameras; complete. LOWRY BROS., 112 W. FIFTH ST. 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP, NEARLY NEW end-spring, open single buggy and harness; 100% W. 22d. GURGLESTONE. Cut-glass; 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP! NEARLY NEW tailer-made, chest 36; exchange for furniture; what have you? 111 W. 11th (upstairs). 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP, NEARLY NEW tailer-made, chest 36; exchange for furniture; what have you? 111 W. 11th (upstairs). 14

FOR SALE—A HIGH-GRADE UPRIGHT piano; modern case; awed, tone very good; cash or instalments. See it at 1142 W. 24TH ST. 14

FOR SALE—PROFIABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC view business; best location; \$1000; \$100 per month. Address G. box 44, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—5-GALLON COPPER SODA water tanks, and generator; want a small driving horse. 921 DAYTON AVE. 14

FOR SALE—LADY'S HIGH-GRADE IMPERIAL wheel, perfect condition, short time; cash or instalments. Apply today 503 S. Figueras. 14

FOR SALE—VALUABLE COPPER PROPERTY, 26 claims, Arizona, reasonable terms. Address ARIZONA, Mining Review, Los Angeles. 14

FOR SALE—DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE for girls; with attachments; cost \$25; will sell for \$14; \$2 per month. 68% W. SIXTH ST. 14

FOR SALE—A SAFE, 228 WILCOX BLDG. 14

Liners

FOR EXCHANGE—Real Estate.

FOR EXCHANGE—DENVER RESIDENCE lots fine location, for Southern California, both unencumbered. 321 S. JOHNSTON ST., E. L. A. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—5 ACRES, 4-ROOM house, small bare abundance of water, for house and lot in Pico Heights. J. C. FLOYD, 156 S. Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A BEAUTIFUL MICHIGAN HOME we show you a picture of it; will assume. BARR REALTY CO., 228 Wilcox Bldg. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WANT TO EXCHANGE 320 acres in Fairmont, Cal., for cottage; must be in L. H. MILLER, 127 S. Third st., city. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—11½ ACRES 5-YEAR-old lemons, oranges, bearing, well located; want city. NEWELL, room 208 Douglas Bldg. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—HOUSE 3 ROOMS AND bath corner lot, good location, for clear land at Westlake. Address F. box 12, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES OLIVES, figs, peaches, apricots clear for city taxes; must assume. Address H. box 88, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—EQUITY IN 4-ROOM cottage, \$1500 for cottage on beach at Santa Monica. Address H. box 88, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY hotel; want city lots of fair lands; clear lot unencumbered. 332 BYRNE BLDG. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—LARGE ALFALFA ranch; water, good improvements; want good city property. HAMMELL, 221 1/2 First St. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—6-ROOM HOUSE AND barn, corner lot, 45x150'; price \$2000; want fruit ranch. Address G. box 9, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES, 3 MILES southwest of the city, to exchange for cottage. A. K. CRAWFORD, 117 S. Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR EASTERN Kansas farm, one or two fine city residences. BOWEN & POWERS, 209½ S. Spring St. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—HANDSOME RESIDENCE near St. James Park and cash for property closer in. 333 DOUGLAS BLDG. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—DENVER INCOME property; large Angelus cottages preferred. C. DRISKELL, 245 S. 3rd ave. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—2-ROOM COTTAGE, well, etc.; want Santa Monica or Long Beach. TAYLOR, 156 Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—SALES INCOME property; 4 houses and lots; want even more. 337 OWNER, 222 Mozart St. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—400 ACRES LAND, RIVERSIDE county; want land or property north. Address G. box 37, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WILLIAMS MUSIC CO., 150 W. Hill truss value \$500. Address G. box 96, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—2-STORY, MODERN house, Westlake, for city or country. Address S. box 85, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A HANDSOME 8-ROOM cottage, 2 stories, Westlake. Address H. H. TREAT, 218 S. Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—PAPER HANGING, wall, tinting and painting for tailor-made clothes. 212 CENTRAL AVE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WANT 2400 SANTA MONICA lot, near beach; want furniture and tools. 212 CENTRAL AVE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WANTED, NEW HIGH-grade mandolin for 5x5 kodak. Address H. box 91, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—AN OLD IMPORTED violin, fiddle for book. Address H. box 53, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE: 1 FAIR OPPASSEY button stamp; what have you? Apply 802 S. HULL ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—ON WILL SELL cheap; a good camp wagon. Address H. N. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—BELGIAN HALES FOR a nice buggy or trap; would also take cow or poultry. 880 E. 33rd. 14

FOR SALE—CLEAR ST. PAUL LOTS FOR sale; good for bank stock. F. J. NICHOLSON, 101 S. B. HILL. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR COWS, ONE TO four good horses and wagon. 1200 E. 33rd ST., Vernon cars. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—ST. LOUIS IMPROVED property; \$1500. for Los Angeles. O'NEIL, 207 Court St. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—PAIR OF 1000-LB mules; what have you. Address G. box 14, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—PAIR PEDIGREE FAN-tail pigeons, cost \$5; want rabbits. 142 VALENTA ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FIRST-CLASS GRAPHIC pony with records for lady's watch. 133 WALL ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—LIGHT SPRING WAGON for bicycle; lady or gentleman. Inquire at 122 IVY ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR BELGIAN HARNESSES, Leghorns, 12 hens and cock. P. O. BOX 429. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A FINE \$50 MUSIC ETC. for cheap lot or good bicycle. OWNER, 207 Court St. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—5-ROOM COTTAGE, clear for exchange, for living-house. 218 S. BROADWAY, room 237. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—\$3000 RESIDENCE southwest, for city or suburban worth under \$2000. 612 LEBANON ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—NICE CLEAR PASADENA residence for vacant lots in city. W. ROSS, 101 B. HILL. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FIRST-CLASS INCOME property for bank stock. Address G. box 62, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—CLEAR ST. PAUL LOTS for furniture, or what have you? F. J. NICHOLSON, 731 S. B. HILL. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—HOMES AND LOTS with good improvements for ranch property. 1 D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—NEW COLONIAL COTTAGE, southwest, for East Side property. Call No. 1827 ARAPAHOE ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—NICE CLEAR PASADENA residence for vacant lots in city. W. ROSS, 101 B. HILL. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR BELGIAN HARNESSES, leather, for exchange. Address G. box 62, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—BETTER THAN GOLD." See page 14, Part III. 14

SWAPS—All Sorts, Big and Little.

FOR EXCHANGE—MODERN WHEEL FOR horse, saddle, rifle, Colt's 35 revolver; also Poney Premi 3x5 camera, \$25; for smaller cameras, \$10. Address H. box 39, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—SURREY IN EXCELLENT condition; pole and shafts, for a good cow; will exchange Belgian harnesses of the character in from \$100 to \$200. JUST AS PLEASED TO SHOW THE SMALL AS LARGE ONES. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR OUR FIRST DAY in business we have listed 400 swaps of all kinds; call and look at our list; we also have a skillful investigator; want nothing. PORTER HARRIS, 129 N. Main st. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—SURREY IN EXCELLENT condition; pole and shafts, for a good cow; will exchange Belgian harnesses of the character in from \$100 to \$200. JUST AS PLEASED TO SHOW THE SMALL AS LARGE ONES. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—VALUABLE MINING stocks, covering large property, with min; will stand firstest investigation; want up-right, no lot or lot. Address F. box 98, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FINE OPAL RING worth \$12; guitar zither, worth \$10; for a high-grade gent's wheel, willing to pay same cash. Address H. box 88, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A FRESH JERSEY COW, giving 2 gallons per day, 5 years old, for a top-ton buggy and harness, and part cash. Address H. box 3, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—MY MATCHED TEAM, carriage and harness team, perfectly gentle, not afraid of anything; for small house and lot. ROOM 225 Bryne bldg. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—3 BRAND-NEW bicycles, trade for good light buggy, phaeton, etc. Will you help? Address G. box 65, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—PAPERING, VARNISHING or inside painting, for No. 1 gent's wheel; will furnish material. Address H. box 88, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A BEAUTIFULLY-marked pointer dog, 18 months old; broken breeding; unsupervised; sell or trade. M. 610 N. FIGUEROA ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—I HAVE A GOOD SHOT-guns, double violin to trade for a fine frame; tool's wheel. Address H. box 97, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—BELGIAN HARNESSES OF the choicer strains of blood; pedigree; for a top-ton buggy and harness. Address G. box 22, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A GOOD LOT, CLEAR of incumbrance; on 35th st., near Vernon Ave. for a good piano. OWNER, 155 N. B. HILL. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—6 ACRES FIRE-fence, water, 2 blocks from hotel and railroad; want cigars or something else. 219 W. FIRST ST. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WANT 5-ROOM COTTAGE, built in exchange for 2 lots on W. 20th st., and some cash. E. V. GRIFFES, 518 S. Broadway. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—HIGH-GRADE COLUMbia bicycle, cost \$105, good repair, for blocky horse. T. ZEIGLER, 1338 Bellview. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR GOOD CYCLES, new & shot-on Winchester rifle, 40-62 caliber, reloading outfit. Address C. box 24, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—CALIGRAPH TYPE-written for sale or exchange for Marion guitar. Address G. box 88, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—MUSIC LESSONS FOR furnished or unfurnished rooms. Address II, box 44, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—MUSIC LESSONS FOR furnished or unfurnished rooms. Address II, box 44, TIMES OFFICE. 14

SWAPS—All Sorts, Big and Little.

FOR EXCHANGE—FIRST-CLASS PICTURE framing for gent's wheel, furniture or what have you. Address H. box 87, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A THOROUGHbred gelding for a shotgun, what have you? Address F. box 71, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—FINE TELESCOPE; want camera, about 5x5, and outfit; what difference; might buy. 155 S. PRITCHARD. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—A FINE MAGIC LANTERN with 50 war pictures, for a good bi-cycle. Address F. box 98, TIMES OFFICE. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WANT LIVE STOCK, furniture, or what have you, for a \$25. Address M. L. TIMES OFFICE, Pasadena. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—WINCHESTER RIFLE, 22-caliber, extra long, 185 model, for lady's wheel. Call Sunday after 7:15 N. HILL. 14

FOR EXCHANGE—CHEAP: 1000-PIECE PRINTED BUSINESS cards, scales, etc. Apply to ST. JOHN, 231 S. Main st. 14

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Liners.

LIVE STOCK FOR SALE—
And Pastures to Let.

FOR SALE—BELGIAN HARES; DON'T forget the place; we have a large stock always on hand; ours are of the high class, thoroughbred, pedigree type, and are well worth the money; can make no mistake if you order of us through the mail, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded; now is the time to get in touch, in regard to purchasing soon that we have 40 breeding does at the show room, on the way, and breed to such grand sires as British, French, and Belgian; also Lop-eared, and others, and they will be here in about 10 days; call at our place and we will tell you all about them; they will be at a reasonable price, and we welcome; call today if you wish. ONGEDALE RABBITRY, 116 E. 25th st. 14

FOR SALE—"MEADOW BROOK RANCH"—we are the largest breeders and shippers of Belgian hares, and combining the same with the English standard quality, pedigree and from the finest blood in the land; over 600 to select from; in Britain and America, and in whom these persons are interested, score the highest of any hares in this country and their pedigree and blood will be largely appreciated; we have a large stock of Belgian hares, and among the best in the world. Call at 226-3208 S. MAIN ST. 14

FOR SALE—EGGS, WHITE AND BLACK—also Black Minorcas. \$1.25 WESTERN AVE., green car. 14

FOR SALE—\$20 N. MAIN ST.—also black turkeys, all fine, good fowl. 14

FOR SALE—STANDARD TROTTERS—stallion Gov. Thorndale, 297, seal brown, 15½ hands, very gentle, a child can handle him. 113 N. BROADWAY. 14

FOR SALE—BELGIAN DOES, SOME WITH

litter, some brood, also 3-months old; Flemish Giant buck service; also 100 lbs. 14

FOR SALE—BROWN ROOF EGGS: A GOOD

time to get eggs from extra choice birds; \$1.50 per dozen. Tel. 406 F. GILMORE, Glendale, Cal. 14

FOR SALE—100 HEAD OF FINEST YOUNG

mules ever brought to Los Angeles; also 50 heads; all well broke. A. D. 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP MULE AND BURR-

OWNS; will ride or pack; drive single or double; pack saddle and milking tools. FRANCIS, 436 Stimson Block. 14

FOR SALE—MAMMOTH PEKIN DUCKS,

large and healthy, in Southern California

stock direct from Rankin's chicken farm. At 416 E. 23D ST. 14

FOR SALE—A NO. 1 FAMILY COW (THOR-

UGHEDER JERSEY), extra quality milk, over

100 lbs. per day; will sell reasonably. 14

FOR SALE—BELGIAN HARES, ALL SIZES,

good stock, reasonable prices; need room

for others coming. 309 WINSTON ST., east

of post office. 14

FOR SALE—PERFECTLY SAFE HORSES,

as a real bargain for lady or invalid; sound

as a dollar; black, good looking; but slow;

price \$25. See OWNER, room 445 Wilcox

Bldg. 14

FOR SALE—8 years old; 240; pace; fin-

under saddle; singlefeet, but not mixed;

owner in Arizona and will sell for

gated; \$100. Call at 1010 W. 21st st. 14

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED BELGIAN

doe; she has some choice stock; will sell

at a good price. Call at 1010 W. 21st st. 14

FOR SALE—EXTRA FINE BELGIAN HARE

does; owing to lack of room I will sell a

few more; 100 lbs. weight, 14 months old;

will be fast roader and cheap. Apply

giving particulars and price. F. WITH-

ROW, 236 New High st., formerly 300 E.

14

FOR SALE—BELGIAN HARES, JUST (RE-

MOVED) another shipment of choice does (all

bred); also 30 young does from 2 to 4

months old; will be sold in lots of 5 or

more; also very low price. Call at 1010 W.

14

FOR SALE—MAMMOTH PEKIN DUCKS,

large and healthy, in Southern California

stock direct from Rankin's chicken farm.

At 416 E. 23D ST. 14

FOR SALE—CHEAP PRETTIEST BAY

mares, sound, afraid of nothing; child can

ride her. DRUG STORE, 120 E. 21st st. 14

FOR SALE—54 HENS CHOICE TRIO THOR-

UGHEDER Jersey, Buff Plymouth Rocks, if taken at

exhibition stock. 1236 ORANGE

RABBITRY, 504 W. 27th st., near Figueroa.

KNOXES. 14

FOR SALE—FINE FAMILY DRIVING

horse, cost \$50; strong and guaranteed

perfectly sound and gentle, for \$100, in

including under Columbus Harry, cost

\$100; good horses, \$100. Call at 1010 W.

14

FOR SALE—BELGIAN HARES HIGH-

grade does, no less than \$100 each; pair;

breeding does \$25 each; will ship

c.o.d. on remittances; express charges; cor-

respondence solicited; references repre-

sented by Mr. LONGNER, Thompson

Grocery Co., Denver, Colo. 14

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN, A FIVE-ROOM

house all plastered and 50x160 feet, all

fenced, large chicken corral and good

garden, fruit trees, flowers and lawn; water in house; price

\$600. Apply to owner, J. D. HARVEY,

South Pasadena. 14

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED BELGIAN

horses, pedigree; Denver does, and

hams; some good stock; prices reason-

able. 133 SANTEE (second street east

of Main). 14

FOR SALE—MARE, BUGGY AND HAR-

NESS; mare is one of the best bred in Los

Angles and registered; owner has full

pedigree of same, gentle and good

driven; man and owner good. East. 300 E.

worth double. Call Monday, 110 E. NINTH. 14

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED BELGIAN

horses, pedigree; Denver does, and

hams; some good stock; prices reason-

able. 133 SANTEE (second street east

of Main). 14

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of Main). 14

FOR SALE—A FEW MORE OF THOSE

heavyweight Belgian hares; "they are

some young stock; also 3 fancy pug

pups; also fine fox terrier bitch. 14

FOR SALE—1 BAY MARE, 15½ HANDS,

weights 550 pounds, is one of the speediest

horses in the city, has stepped full miles

in hand; driver; city broken. 1955 BROAD-

WAY. 14

FOR SALE—BEST BUGGY MARE IN CITY,

\$12; another \$20 good worker and driver;

\$12; small harness, \$3.50; \$5; \$10; \$15;

spring wagon; buggy; \$5; cart; \$3.50; \$20. Call Monday. 14

FOR SALE—HORSES, SOUND AND GEN-

ERAL; 5 years old; safe for a lady to

drive; can be bought cheap at 1055 S. OLIVE.

14

FOR SALE—24 BELGIAN HARE DOES AND

young ones want to let go; also a

tire band, including hutch and pens. Call

at 100 E. 23D, 2 blocks west of Central ave. 14

FOR SALE—FINEST STANDARD BREED

horses, very standard and good all-purpose

animal. 548 S. FIGUEROA; no dealers. 14

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED BAY MARE,

very stylish; also swell Frasier Stanhope;

entire; 5 years old; weight 1200 lbs.;

good driver; perfect condition. 14

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NEWS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TOWNS.



PASADENA.

A LARGE NUMBER OF IMPORTANT REAL ESTATE SALES.

Livelliest Week of the Season in That Line—Doctor Robbed on the Cars—Southern California Whist League—Appeal to Water Stockholders.

PASADENA, May 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] There has been more activity in Pasadena real estate than the past week than has been manifested for a long time. Half a dozen important sales have been closed and three or four others are pending. The increase in interest has been so pronounced as to cause quite a stir, and to add cheer to the good business feeling with which Pasadena approaches the summer after a prosperous winter season.

Walter L. Wotkyns has sold to H. C. Durand a lot 180x33 feet at the northeast corner of Orange Grove avenue and Waverly drive, unimproved, opposite Mr. Durand's residence. Arthur Lovett has sold to the Alpha Phillips Company 300 feet on the south side of Congress street, west of Orange Grove avenue. Colin Bush has sold to John B. Miller a lot 18x33 feet on the northeast corner of Grand avenue and Lockhaven street, opposite Mr. Miller's residence. The Alpha Phillips Company has sold to Colin Stewart the entire block on the east side of Orange Grove avenue between Palmetto and Belview, fronting 285 feet on Orange Grove avenue. These sales aggregate about \$40,000, and were all effected this week.

E. H. Eckert, of the other side of town, three or four properties have changed hands, one of the most interesting being the purchase of a lot by Rev. J. M. Huston for the erection of a home. In a few days, as soon as the plans can be drawn, announcement will be made of the sale of four actual sales, and deals for two valuable west-side properties will be carried through the coming week, unless somebody steps on a tack. One real estate man here says he did more business in April and the first half of May than in any six months of the past year.

ROBBED ON THE CARS.

Dr. W. H. Roberts went to Yuma this week to attend the office of the Southern Pacific to see the sick protégé of the company, and while making a hurried trip back in the caboose of a freight train, was robbed. When he turned in his trousers in a closet in the caboose, yesterday morning, when he got up, he found that his pocket had been completely stripped. A hub had found his way to the closet and taken the doctor's gold chain, watch, charm, money and other valuables. He did not leave even a nickel for the purchase of a tamale. It is pretty bad.

Uncle Charlie Harper, aged nearly 70 years, was seriously injured by the upsetting of a water cart at the corner of Walnut and Little Avenue this afternoon. In trying to turn the cart the gentleman made a miscalculation and went down with the wreck. The tank was smashed and Officer Kelsey assisted to tow it home and care for Harper.

The Pinneymouth-Newtown Company took a boat for their big well on Franklin Avenue, a big pumping plant, consisting of a 125-horsepower compound centrifugal pump, a sixty-five-horse power Chandler & Taylor engine and a eighty-horse-power boiler.

The Free Masons will have a sermon addressed to them Sunday afternoon at the First Presbyterian Church.

Pasadena Camp of Woodmen will erect a monument to the late W. S. Fairman. It will be the first Woodmen monument in Southern California.

At the sacred concert at the University Church Sunday afternoon the choir will be assisted by Herr Oscar Werber.

Postman Petrie came home from Catalina today with a fifty-pound bass and a forty-three-pound yellowtail.

Miss Martha E. Hadley of this city is about to start for Kotzbas Sound as a missionary.

The Health and Morals Committee of the City Council met last night and agreed to recommend the adoption of an ordinance requiring runners of hotel and restaurant houses to wear badges at incoming trains and steamers and to pay a license of \$2.50 per quarter.

Tomorrow (Monday) and continuing all week there will be before the Superior Court at the Hotel Casablanca, 42 and 45 N. Main Street, under City Hall, ladies' over and underskirts. Ladies' linen skirt, 25 cents, worth 75 cents; special sale black silk skirt, \$1.60; \$1 kid gloves, 65 cents; \$1.50 leather gloves, 25 cents. See display in South Colorado.

Don't buy old wall paper when you can get new patterns for less money. Everything new and up to date. Paints and colors. Drawbaugh & Plant, 42 N. Main.

Refrigerators, ice-cream freezers; bottom prices. Cash Bazaar, West Colorado.

Red figure, cut-price sale of boys' suits at Heiss Bros.; will close next Saturday.

The leading meat market in Pasadena—Breiner's City Market, 82 East Colorado.

Wanted, girl to do general housework, 23 S. Los Robles Avenue.

Perfumes, 20 per cent. off this week. Smith's Pharmacy.

Golf belt ribbon at Bon Accord.

The leading grocer—W. J. Kelly.

tions as may be necessary to protect the interests of territory lying outside of the city, will sell the companies with sell, will the directors submit to the City Trustees a price for the plant or suggest a method of arriving at a fair value?

Second.—The Trustees ask the citizens to place their holdings of water stock and stamp right on the borders of the Arroyo Seco, in the hands of Mayor Faisten and his successor in office, in trust till the purchase of these properties can be effected by the city. In so far as the stock and rights of these organizations are still held in the original stockholders, the stock and shares of the stock of either company, or of a 1-2500th interest in the waters of the Arroyo Seco, by the present owners of real estate watered by said companies, their interests would not be affected by the transfer of title to the city without compensation, and these owners are asked to give these two shares to the municipality outright. For stock other than and exceeding these two shares, a maximum price of \$100,000 is proposed. It is provided that if, within two years, this has not been transferred to the city in this manner, one-half of the capital stock of each corporation, the property made over to the city shall be conveyed back to each subscriber. While it is proposed that the stockholder be holder to control it, just as it had remained in his possession, the control not to pass to the city till the whole transfer has been consummated.

A suitable person will be selected to carry the stockholders' stock in the two companies and to the subscribers to this agreement. Those most interested in the municipal water movement will be greatly disappointed if the stockholders do not generally give their assent to the proposition. The old companies were organized on a co-operative basis, without the least idea of private profit. It is now proposed to further and strengthen this co-operative idea by simply transferring the control of the stock from the people to the same people as a corporate body. It is proposed that each should shift his shares from his trousers pocket to his coat pocket, after finding a hole in his trousers pocket through which he might suffer loss or damage.

After the subscriptions shall have been received, the necessary steps will be taken for a bond issue to be put for the stock thus acquired, and for developing more water.

THE CZAR HONORED.

The ladies of Pasadena paid honors to the Czar of Russia and his peace proclamation this afternoon, when a special meeting of the Shakespeare Club was held for this purpose. A portrait of the Czar, decorated with snowballs, was one of the pictures that graced the occasion. The club rooms had been artistically decorated with olive branches by Mrs. Holly, and the ladies were especially enthusiastic in their plaudits of this feature of the demonstration. Miss Clara Bowler's piano was read by Miss Clara Bowler; the president of the club, Mrs. Theodore Coleman, gave a talk on the Peace Congress at The Hague: "Long live," was recited by Mrs. Stevens; Miss Ing. Goodwin contributed a piano solo. These exercises were followed by

PAYING MONEY BACK.

The Consolidated National Bank, which failed in 1894, declared its sixth dividend of 5 per cent. on \$700,000 deposited today making 75 per cent. paid so far, and the receiver says that there will be other dividends. A 4 per cent. dividend will also be paid by the suspended Savings Bank of San Diego County on Friday. The bank was an adjunct to the other. This will put \$60,000 into depositors' hands.

SPECIAL ELECTION.

A telegram has been received here saying the State Supreme Court has refused to grant the writ of mandate asked by the City Board of Education to compel the City Council to include a tax levy for school purposes in the first tuna to be becoming most interesting.

THREE INJURED.

By the tilting of a coal bucket at Spreckels' bunkers this afternoon three men were severely injured by flying coal. In the hole in the side of Westfield which they were unloading. On board Frank Francisco will probably die.

SAN DIEGO BREVITIES.

The biggest cotton train which has yet arrived here came in yesterday from Galveston, Tex. There were thirty cars in the train, each carrying thirteen tons of cotton, all consigned to Japan by the first-class steamer.

There was the space to spare. There was already sufficient cotton here to fill all of the available space on the next two steamers. The Belgian King is expected to arrive tomorrow morning.

Suits for divorce have been brought in the Superior Court by Lillian A. Kennedy against Guy L. Kennedy, Leon Green against Alice Green, and Carrie A. Wilson against Frank D. Wilson.

The defendant in the last-named suit is serving three years in San Quentin prison for shooting several police officers.

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Received Pauly of the Golden Cross mines at Hedges filed his report for the month of March in the Superior Court yesterday. The claim for the month amounted to \$18,817.07. The payroll for the month was \$6000.

One of the Southern California Railways' switch engines has been fitted with a big pump and will hereafter assist the fire department in putting out fires along the water front.

Frank Grant and family will leave next month for Alaska to spend a year.

They will sail from Seattle on June 29.

CORONADO BEACH.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO, May 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] Peter Jackson and two of the spider monkeys enjoyed a brief spell of liberty yesterday and created considerable excitement on the beach. Peter Jackson cut for the average man at ferret-catching price. Children and women cleared the way for the truants and even the men suddenly vanished from the street. After a short run the homeward trip was made in a rather crestfallen mood.

Plies fishing yesterday was produced to be presently begun makes fishermen and anglers rejoice.

An unoccupied house on B avenue, be-

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

INDIANS MUST PAY THE PENALTY FOR THEIR CRIME.

One to Be Shot and the Other Sent to Prison—U. S. Grant, Jr., and His Family Going to Alaska; Largest Cotton Train Arrives.

SAN DIEGO, May 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] The sentence by the court at Ensenada of the two Indians who murdered Cristobal Crosthwaite in Lower California last July has been confirmed by the superior tribunal at the City of Mexico. One Indian was sentenced to be shot and the other to serve thirteen years and three months in prison. The killing of young Crosthwaite, who was only 16 years of age, was particularly cold-blooded. He and another boy, while out in the mountains, shared their dinner with the two Indians, one of whom they had known in Ensenada. After the meal was finished one of the Indians snatched up a gun belonging to the boy. The other boy made his escape through the brush. The Indians then took the boy's horse and attempted to make their escape, but were captured the next day.

CARLOS PACHECO'S TRIAL TRIP.

The Lower California Development Company's steamer Carlos Pacheco, which has recently been overhauled and fitted with new boilers, made a trial trip on the coast yesterday. The old company was made on a co-operative basis, without the least idea of private profit. It is now proposed to further and strengthen this co-operative idea by simply transferring the control of the stock from the people to the same people as a corporate body. It is proposed that each should shift his shares from his trousers pocket to his coat pocket, after finding a hole in his trousers pocket through which he might suffer loss or damage.

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An unoccupied house on B avenue, be-

longing to Charles Powell, burned yesterday. The loss was about \$600.

Alexis Bjornson, for some time a resident of the beach, left this afternoon for Los Angeles to make his home.

CATALINA ISLAND.

Stung by a Centipede—Closed Sea-son on Lobsters.

AVALON, May 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] The foreman of the breakwater rock-quarry gang at the Isthmus was stung by a centipede some days since, and is now threatened with tetanus or lockjaw. He is under the care of Dr. Jeffries, the hermit physician at the Isthmus, who is working hard to prevent the fatal termination of the complications.

On the 15th inst. the season for catching lobsters, as they are indiscriminately called, closes. None must be taken or found in any one's possession for a period of two months from that date.

The professional fishermen hereabouts are joyous over the decision that the seal herds are to be reduced. The claim is made that either the seals or the fish must go, for a good healthy seal is practically insatiable, his daily ration of fish being from 100 to 150 pounds. The Alpha's demands on sealing stations calling for ten to fifteen tons at a haul are something compared with the constant devastation of the herds of seals about the island.

A gentleman recently fed fifty pounds of sardines to a single seal in the bay, and when the supply was exhausted the seal was still demanding more.

Mr. O'Leary pulled into Avalon yesterday afternoon in a little unpretentious, home-made skiff about twelve feet in length, having rowed over from San Quintin south. She will be dispatched shortly for Mazatlan and Guaymas with a cargo of merchandise and will make a direct run en route to buy up what is wanted between the two ports. She will be commanded by Capt. W. F. Daniels, formerly captain of the steamer Noya on the northern coast and for the last two weeks chief officer of the steamer Silesian. O'Leary is holding down a government claim on Clemente, and as his larder was depleted, he sought the nearest base of supply.

Converso J. Smith of Boston, and G. E. Channing of New York, who are engaged in the fishing industry, have been here to inspect the catch. They will be here for a week.

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SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.

TROUBLE THREATENED OVER THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY.

Rialto Company Notifies the City to Cease Using the Bloomington Pipe Line—Well Still Spouting.

Miscellaneous Notes.

SAN BERNARDINO, May 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Rialto irrigation district has notified the city of San Bernardino to cease using the Bloomington pipe line on or before May 22.

City Briefs.

BISHOP'S

I have a new cure for deep wrinkles and smallpox pittings. It makes absolutely no difference how old the person or how deep the wrinkles or pittings. I remove superfluous hair, moles, warts, scars, birth marks and powder marks, cure eczema, acne, pimples, freckles, moth patches, tan, red veins, and yellow skin. I guarantee all my work. City references given. Mrs. S. N. Herold, the Milton, 304½ South Broadway.

Notices of frames and moldings are finished in dark greens, blues, blacks, etc., with ivory and gold ornaments. We have just received a new and beautiful line of these goods, suitable for framing all kinds of pictures, frames especially designed for oil painting and Paris panel pictures, are in large assortment. Framing is \$1.00 per foot. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 133 S. Spring Street.

The Times business office is open all night and liners death notices, etc., will be received up to 1:30 a.m. Small display advertisements may be inserted in up to that hour, but large display ads. cannot be attractively set if brought in later than 8:30 p.m. Telephone Main 29.

Williamson Bros. are showing Hoffman chainless, Safety gear, our own bicycle, chainless, would say examine the Hoffman, the best chainless bicycle made. Planos, bicycles and sewing machines on easy terms. Williamson Bros., 327 S. Spring street.

\$10.00 to \$100.00 to loan, 4% per cent. See A. M. Connell, 145 S. Broadway. Standard Stock Exchange.

Change Bank, Stock and Traction Co. bonds for this week: also street and water bonds. Prices given free on all stock and bonds in U. S.

S. Benioff (pronounced Ben-y-off,) the ladies' tailor, calls attention to the ladies that he will make a specialty in linen tailor gowns during the spring and summer. His place is 330 S. Broadway, opposite the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

Copley & Foster prints are the latest in pictures. We carry a large and complete assortment of these goods, also large line of other pictures, notably, carbons and imported photographs. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 133 S. Spring Street.

A first-class modern 7-room colonial cottage, 1½ story, on large corner, close in on the hills for exchange; want house of at least nine rooms, and must be firstclass. Wilshire tract preferred; will assume. Address, G. box 8, Times office.

Wedding announcements, invitations and visiting cards in all the latest sizes and styles, at Sanborn, Vail & Co., 133 S. Spring street; 100 cards and plate, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Ladies, this week we have some elegant bargains in sewing machines, slightly used. New Haven Domestic, Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine office, 349 S. Spring street.

The Associated Charities wishes some one to donate a pair of crutches 3 ft. 3 in. in length for a poor boy. Please leave word or send to room No. 11, Courthouse.

Miss A. Steele of the Maison Nouvelle is writing a history of the feminine hat for an eastern publication—quite a tribute to western talent and authority.

A well-known actress will give lessons in acting and singing. Class lessons by month, \$6; private lessons \$10 per month. At the Irving, 229 South Hill.

Ladies, call up green 1300, and have Miss Weber come to your homes and do your manuring, shampooing, scalp treatment and facial massage.

I guarantee to cure rheumatism or make no charge. Nothing internal. No electricity. Address, M. Mendelson, Capistrano, Orange county, Cal.

By displaying this week on Indian baskets, Mexican dress work and Navajo blankets, at Campbell's, No. 325 South Spring street.

The Natwick House will serve a chicken dinner from 4:45 to 7:30 today. Meals, 25c, or 21 for \$4.50. Music by Arend's Orchestra.

Singers for the "Creation" will meet Prof. Bacor, at First Congregational Church, Tuesday evening. Bring your Creations.

Call and hear the wonderful \$5 talking machine; 2000 latest graphophone and phonograph records, 427 South Broadway.

Special sale on all summer millinery; all trimmed hats at one-half price, at Mme. D. Gotthoff, 121 S. Spring street.

A truly guaranteed five years, \$10. Our feather-weight art light blue hamper, \$1.75. Whitney, 427 S. Spring street.

Drawnwork, Indian baskets, and blankets, at 20 per cent. discount. Campbell, 325 S. Spring street.

For a genuine Spanish chicken dinner go to El Formoso, Spanish restaurant, 312-314 W. Second street.

All kinds plain machine composition at 30 cents per thousand ems, standard mesh, 10 cent job price.

Mexican drawstring, carved leather, Navajo blankets; lowest prices. Field & Cole, 349 Spring.

Five and 10-cent shell counters, Indian dolls, 40 cents up. Winkler's, 346 S. Broadway.

A. M. Edelman, architect, has removed to Blanchard Music Hall building.

Gilt, 7½; Ingrans, 12½; Ingrain border, 2c. Varnish tile, 25c. Walter, 27 St.

The Marlboro shirt waist to order. Royal Shirt Company, 124½ S. Spring.

Finest cabinet photos, reduced to \$1 and \$1.75 a dozen. Sunbeam, 236 S. Main.

Drs. Joseph and Carl Kurtz removed to Douglas building, rooms 316-317-318. Abalone shells cheap and polished to order. Winkler's, 346 S. Broadway.

Zinnoman's Button Factory, 254 South Broadway, room 11, corner Third.

Registered St. Bernard puppies for sale, 1021 W. Twenty-fourth street.

Selling out sale of Fisch's curios; bargains to all. 346 S. Spring.

Swing machines to rent, \$1.50 month; Automatic, 50c. 507 S. Spring.

Insure with Louis F. Veit, 144 South Broadway. Telephone, main 763.

Dr. Minnie Wells, 127 E. 3d. See card.

Nuttinger, 39 Situations, 226 S. Spring.

Hersch, pianos tuned, 327 S. Spring.

A broken axle on a Pico-street car last evening interfered with the service.

Work of laying a double track on Pico street is now well in hand, after long talk of the projected improvement.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union Telegraph office for Frank Vaughn and Miss Ellen Ragland.

C. E. Smith of The Times force yesterday broke the fishing record for the season at Redondo, catching, with an ordinary trolling line from the wharf, a seahass which weighed, dressed, forty-two pounds.

Wing Lee, a Commercial-street merchant, and a member of the Chinese at the corner of Alameda and Commercial streets at 10:30 o'clock last evening on a charge of disturbing the peace. While fighting the Japanese pushed the Chinaman through a plate-glass window in a wholesale liquor store on the corner. Officer Gorman arrested them.

Rev. E. Chapman, D.D., of Oaklawn, recently elected president of the Anti-saloon League of Southern California, will hold a conference with the ministers of all denominations in Southern California in the Y.M.C.A.

When you order crackers from your grocer tell him to send

BISHOP'S

The name is on the cracker.

BISHOP AND COMPANY

SODA CRACKERS

Did you ever stop to think that some wines are better than others and that the best California Wine is

"PREMIER"

WINE.

Charles Stern & Sons,

Winery and Distillery,

901-981 MACY ST. "Phone Boyle 1.

City Depot — ELLINGTON DRUG CO., corner Fourth and Spring.

Waists Made to Order.

Exclusive Styles...



We are turning out some of the most charming Silk Waists that have ever been seen in Los Angeles.

Each Waist is different and distinct in style. We have a choice lot of silks which you may select from, or you can bring your own silk.

We can give you the latest Paris styles and it need not cost you any more than a ready-made waist.

The Unique

WAIST MAKERS

245 South Broadway.

auditorium, in this city, on Monday morning, May 22, demonstrating the work and methods of the league.

Charles L. Sweeney, a grocer, at the corner of Temple and Hill streets, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court yesterday afternoon. His liabilities are estimated at \$127.32, and assets at \$125. Accompanying the petition, which was filed through Attorney Calvert Wilson, was a pauper's affidavit.

Call and hear the wonderful \$5 talking machine; 2000 latest graphophone and phonograph records, 427 South Broadway.

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BIRTH RECORD.

PARKER.—In Pasadena, May 11, to the wife of Dr. J. Tyler Parker, a daughter.

DEATH RECORD.

BLOSS.—At 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning May 12, at her late residence, No. 1226 West Pico street, Mrs. Martin Bloss, aged 74 years.

FUNERAL.—Monday at 2 p.m.

VON DER LOHE.—In this city, May 12, 1899, at No. 2051 West Washington street, infant son of John H. C. and Bertha von der Lohe.

SHERIDAN.—In Los Angeles, Cal., May 11, 1899, Mamie Sheridan, aged 28 years.

COOPER.—At his residence, 1007 S. Spring street, Los Angeles, May 11, 1899, George Cooper, aged 28 years.

GO TO C. NTRAL WAREHOUSE.

31 Pedro St., for safe storage. Household goods a specialty, rates reasonable. "Phone 510."

SUMMER rates at Hotel Rosslyn, opposite Cooper's. Practically fireproof.

DEKIN'S Van and Storage can save you from 50 to 100 per cent. on shipping goods.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Marguerite Grace Casar, took place Friday p.m. from the parlors of Boyden & Boyden at 4 o'clock p.m. Interment was in Evergreen Cemetery.

SUTCE & DEEING, FUNERAL PARL.

No. 506 S. Broadway, lady attendant; best service; lowest prices. Tel. M. 666.

REDFORD.

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the Library. + + +

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.



Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part L—32 Pages.

MAY 14, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents

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THE FOOLS ARE NOT ALL DEAD YET.



MAY 14, 1899.

THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound in quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 28 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and California color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials, Music, Art and Drama; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our Hoe quadruple perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, inset, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which, if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers, price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.



ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

A POSSIBLE NEW ILLUMINANT.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Paris to the Washington Star, grows enthusiastic over some alleged discoveries which have been made, and which are alleged to have vastly cheapened the production of the grades of alcohol used for mechanical and industrial purposes. The claim is made that these grades of alcohol can now be produced at an average net cost of about eight cents per gallon. This is in itself, if the statements made be borne out by facts, a great step forward. But it is further claimed that a cheap carburetant has been discovered, which, when mixed with the alcohol in certain proportions, makes it possible to burn the fluid in a common lamp, the result being a light which rivals the incandescent electric light in clearness and brilliancy.

This new illuminant is said to be non-explosive, and in every respect perfectly safe. It is stated that the French Executive mansion on the Elysée, the German imperial palace at Potsdam, and the Thiergarten at Berlin, are lighted, in whole or in part, by this new illuminant. It is further stated that a movement has been started, both in France and Germany, having in view the removal of all taxes from the manufacture and sale of alcohol used for industrial purposes. It is confidently predicted that the new illuminant, when the manufacture of alcohol shall have been freed from all taxation, will speedily supersede petroleum and most other illuminating agents, and will, furthermore, become the chief fuel used in Europe.

These sanguine predictions may not be fully realized; it is hardly to be supposed that they will be. But, if a method has been discovered by which alcohol can be produced at a cost of not more than eight or ten cents per gallon, the use of alcohol for various domestic and industrial purposes is certain to be enormously extended in the near future. As is well known, alcohol has few superiors as a heat-producing agent, bulk for bulk. The consumption of a given quantity of alcohol, under favorable conditions, will produce more heat than the consumption of a like quantity of almost any other substance. The high price of alcohol has heretofore prevented its general use, either for heating or illuminating purposes. The combustion of pure alcohol gives a blue flame of intense heat, but of very low illuminating power. But, by the addition of a certain amount of carbon, in one form or another, a brilliant light can be produced by the incandescence or combustion of the carbonaceous particles. Cheap alcohol, in conjunction with a cheap carburetant, will provide the necessary conditions for both cheap light and cheap fuel.

It will be remembered by many persons now scarcely past middle age that prior to the introduction of kerosene for domestic illuminating purposes, lamps were in quite general use in the

United States which consumed a substance popularly known as "burning fluid," or "camphene." This was a mixture of alcohol and turpentine, and it was highly explosive, as many persons discovered to their sorrow. Though very expensive, as compared to the cheap illuminants of today, it served a useful purpose in the economy of its generation, and with careful handling was not especially dangerous. The introduction of kerosene speedily put an end to the use of "camphene," though kerosene was very expensive in the early days of its use. In the forty or forty-five years which have intervened since the general introduction of kerosene, there have been so many new discoveries and improvements in the methods of producing artificial illumination that the cost has been reduced to a figure that would have been thought impossible a generation ago. Whether the new aleo-carbon light will prove a successful competitor with electricity, which is an almost ideal illuminant under present conditions of production and distribution, remains to be seen. At all events, each new advance in this field is of the greatest interest and importance. Every improvement and discovery which means cheaper and better light and heat is a distinct benefit to mankind, and a decided step forward in the progress of civilization.

If the rosy predictions of the Paris correspondent, above referred to, shall be borne out by facts, it will be only a question of time, and of no very extended time, when the restrictions imposed upon the manufacture and sale of alcohol in the United States for industrial purposes will be removed. There are millions of tons of waste products, resulting from various processes of manufacture, which could be converted into alcohol if the revenue restrictions were entirely removed. This will be done in the course of time, if the new discoveries reported from Paris prove to be of genuine utility.

URBAN TRANSIT AND MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

THE transfer of the Yerkes street railway systems of Chicago to the Elkins-Widener syndicate, brings up the interesting conjecture of what would have been the history of the street-railway industries of Chicago and other cities of the United States under municipal ownership?

Perhaps nothing has contributed more largely to the employment of labor in the United States in the past fifteen years, than the changes that have occurred in the methods of urban transportation. The growth of the cities of the country developed a strenuous competition for the control of the transit facilities, corporations vying with one another in the accommodations afforded and the improvements introduced. The horse-car lines that were common twenty years ago in American cities, were frequently owned by entirely separate companies, bitterly hostile to one another, and allowing no transfer privileges of any sort. When the street-railway cable system was invented, the richer corporations at once introduced it upon their lines, and virtually forced out of business the poorer concerns.

The laying of the cable system in the United States brought about the expenditure of millions of dollars of capital. Foundries, workshops, skilled and unskilled labor were profitably employed installing the new transit facilities and providing the rolling stock. When it was completed, the public was largely benefited. The saving of time was immense, and the comfort of urban travel largely increased, and though these valuable franchises were given without compensation to the street-car companies, and vast extensions of their field of operations were granted, in the main the public realized the benefits that had been secured.

Scarcely was the cable system in successful operation when the electric car became a factor in the situation. Again the capital that was able to purchase the improved cars and inaugurate the new means of transit was able to force out of control of the railway systems the organ-

izations that had scarcely been long enough in operation to pay the first cost of their roads and rolling stock, and again all over the United States skilled workmen were busy making provisions for the electric system, and unskilled workmen by the hundred thousand were employed tearing out the old roads and installing the new.

When the electric railway systems were in perfect operation, the public felt that now, at last, the apotheosis of urban transit had been attained, but today we have in successful operation in New York the compressed-air cars, weighing several thousand pounds more than the electric cars, equipped with new motor apparatus and propelled by stored power, and are on the eve of another revolution in street-railway travel, and labor will again feel the benefit of a new distribution of vast capital, and a new avenue for enterprise and activity.

Every consolidation, under proper restrictions, means the increased opportunity of the citizen in urban travel. Cross-town transfers, and clean and comfortable cars are some of the benefits of competitive system of the same sort, and in view of the vast improvement and expenditure of capital it is pertinent to inquire what municipal ownership of street railways in the United States would have meant to the workingman and taxpayer.

It is certainly true that a city controlling the horse-car systems would have had nothing to fear from outside competition, and it would have been long before the city would have felt justified in replacing it with the expensive though more rapid cable lines. Had this been accomplished, however, the difficulty of soon making a change would have been almost insurmountable. The revenues from the roads would doubtless have paid expenses, but in the development of a city, the resources of the community are strained to meet the demands of education, police and fire protection, and little would have been left for improvement of railway lines. The capital distributed in the cities by the great corporations in charge of street-railway construction has been largely instrumental in building up local industries and stimulating trade, while the money paid by the city to install improvements, even if it came back again through the avenues of trade, would have been capital taken from one pocket to be put into another without any accretion in the transfer.

What is true of street-railway improvement is equally true of public lighting and telephone systems, and had municipal ownership of public utilities prevailed in the last twenty-five years the workingman, though probably taxed somewhat less heavily upon personal and real property, would have been infinitely worse off than at present, were the economic question involved the only one to be considered. The competition that has brought forth improvement has benefited every class of society, and contributed everywhere to happiness and comfort. It is founded upon democratic principles, which esteems government a malefactor when it intrudes its activities beyond its legitimate field, and believes always in "the greatest good to the greatest number."

In the ownership of city water systems, alone, is there a different conclusion to be drawn, when we ask ourselves the question, "is the experience of the past to be no guide for the future?" Water, like the air we breathe, is a vital necessity. The life and safety of the individual depend upon a pure water supply, and it is not, like light, transit, or telephone facilities, an artificial want. Competition benefits only private individuals, in the supplying of water to a city, and the benefit is restricted to a small and privileged class, while the public is injured. The New York Legislature has demonstrated that it is possible for a city to derive a legal revenue from every franchise in operation within it, and that, too, without going to the trouble of establishing an extensive bureaucracy with a pernicious power in civic affairs. The avenues of civic corruption are already numerous enough to cause the gravest concern among social scientists, and the theory that responsibility reforms the politician has no proof in experience.

New York, by a judicious tax upon franchises, has been able to secure a prospective revenue that will amount to one-third of the total city taxation. This means that the workingmen will have cheaper rent, equivalent to an increase of wages in the same proportion, and that the competition, which means opportunity for labor, is to be preserved. This practical solution of the franchise question, is in line with democratic government, and implies no new and dangerous expedients or experiments.

THE TIMES' HOME-STUDY CIRCLE.

Directed by Prof. Seymour Eaton

[Copyright, 1899, by Seymour Eaton.]

GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD OF TODAY.

V.—THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

By William W. Folwell, LL.D., University of Minnesota.

THE German Empire showing on the map as a conspicuously solid area in Central Europe is easy to locate but hard to bound. On its eastern border lies Russia, on its western France. In latitude it stretches from the Alps to the Baltic. Its area is 208,830 square miles (four-fifths of Texas;) and its population in December, 1895, was 52,279,915, of which 3,403,390 were non-Germanic. According to its Constitution, the German Empire is a "perpetual union" of twenty-two monarchical States and three city republics, plus the imperial "territory" of Alsace-Lorraine. The kingdom of Prussia, with her 135,000 square miles and 32,000,000 people, obviously outranks and dominates any and all other States.

After the downfall of Napoleon in 1815, there was formed a German confederation, of which Austria naturally held the leadership. This union was a loose confederation maintained through a Diet composed of State Ambassadors. The customs union of 1833, which replaced the separate tariff machinery of the States by a single system operating for all, did more than the political confederation to unify Germany.

The outcome of the war of 1866 was the virtual shutting out of Austria from Germany, the transfer of leadership to Prussia and the organization of the "North German union."

The Constitution adopted by this union was a resultant of three forces. The first was that of the people, aware of the safety which lay in union, desirous to maintain and extend constitutional liberty, still attached to monarchical forms, and resolutely demanding a part in legislation by their representatives. The second was Bismarck, standing for the monarchy and prestige of victorious Prussia, and caring more for order than freedom. The third interest was that of the reigning princes of the several States, representing a strong States-rights sentiment, content to part with some of their powers for the sake of perpetuating their thrones. The Constitution resulted from a compromise of these interests.

The German Empire was an inevitable emergence from the overwhelming victories of the Germans over the French in 1870. Three important States of South Germany—Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg—which had held aloof from the North German union, were compelled by circumstances and their interests to place their troops at the service of the King of Prussia and make common cause with the union. The national pride and sentiment rose after Sedan and the siege of Paris to a pitch and volume without precedent in the history of the German people. Bismarck, waiting for the happy moment, attached the southern States by means of treaties containing liberal concessions to their autonomy.

For a great consolidated world-power thus born, the name of union or confederation was obviously inadequate. Voicing the general consciousness of the German States and people, the reigning princes and the Diet of the union moved the Prussian King to accept and assume the title of German Emperor. As if for dramatic effect the ceremony of investiture took place in the palace

people for ratification, as would be expected in the case of an American Constitution.

Upon examining the frame of government established by this Constitution, an American at once detects a lack of that clear and prominent tripartite division of powers with which he is familiar. The judiciary he finds so much curtailed as not to form a constituent part of the government, and the legislative and executive functions overlapping and interlacing much more than he would think necessary merely to maintain a system of checks and balances.

The imperial government consists of the Emperor and his administration, a Federal Council (Bundesrat,) and a Diet (Reichstag.)

The Diet might be briefly described as the counterpart of the lower house of our American Congress. It is composed of 397 Representatives, elected by popular vote for five years, in districts designated by imperial law, and there is one for every 132,000 people. Any German 25 years of age, net under disability, may vote and be voted for. The members receive no compensation, but are entitled to travel free on the government railways.

adjourn the Diet for thirty days, but only once in any session.

The Federal Council is in fact what the Senate of the United States is in theory, a body of State delegates. These are appointed by the State executive, under more or less legislative control. They possess the character of ambassadors according to international law, and act under instructions from their respective governments, to which they are responsible. The principle of equality of State representation does not prevail. The numbers of votes vary with the magnitude of the States, and are specifically designated in the Constitution. Prussia has 17 votes; Bavaria, 6; Saxony and Wurtemberg have each 4; Baden and Hesse, 8; two States have 2; the remaining seventeen States have each 1 vote. In all there are fifty-eight votes, and when the Council is full the same number of members.

The votes of each State, so far as represented, are cast in a lump by a spokesman, and the delegates present, even if a minority, determine on which side they shall be given. The Council is a perpetual body, and the Emperor is bound to convoke it upon the demand of one-third of the members. Any member has the right to be heard at his request before the Diet on behalf of his State government. The Imperial Chancellor presides over the Council and directs its business. In the absence of any constitutional provision regarding the quorum of the Council, it is held that if the Chancellor be present any number of Councilors are a quorum. A majority of votes is necessary to the passage of a law. In case of a tie the Chancellor has the casting vote. Any delegation may introduce bills and resolutions. Like the Senate of the United States, the Federal Council is primarily a legislative body, one of the two chambers whose concurrence is necessary to the enactment of law. Like the Senate, also, it has powers not legislative, such as that of confirming or rejecting treaties.

There is a provision in the Constitution giving the Council power to act in regard to the execution of the laws and defects therein whenever no other provision has been made by law. Inasmuch as it is not the custom in Germany for legislative bodies to descend into details of administration, here is a wide field for independent action. By some this provision is interpreted as conferring upon the Council the residuum of unenumerated powers, and lodging in that body the ultimate sovereignty of the empire. That the Council may constantly supervise and hold a check upon the administrative departments it is required to maintain for each of them a standing committee which may sit and act during recess. But the Emperor appoints those for the army and navy, except one place on the army commission, which belongs to Bavaria.

The Federal Council is intrusted with one power not definitely lodged in any department of our national government. In case a State of the empire shall fail to fulfill its constitutional duties (as, for instance, by non-payment of an assessment,) the Council is authorized to order military execution, which the Emperor is bound to enforce. Waiving the question, much debated, whether the Federal Council is the actual sovereign of the empire, its exalted position and far-reaching power must be conceded.

NOTE.—This paper will be concluded next Sunday.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

Sundays—Governments of the World Today.
Mondays and Tuesdays—Popular Studies in Literature.
Wednesdays—The World's Great Artists.
Thursdays—Popular Studies in European History.
Fridays—The World's Great Commercial Products.

Examinations for Certificates.

An examination (conducted by mail) will be held at the close of each course as a basis for the granting of certificates. The examinations are open, free of expense, to all students of one or more of the courses.

HER SAVINGS SAVED HIM.

[Detroit Free Press:] "I don't suppose you have forgotten the panic of '93," said Dodson. "I certainly have not, for I had that unlucky year impressed upon me in a way that I will not soon forget."

"You remember how money disappeared when the crash came? Banks that were fortunate enough to escape going down in the general crash hoarded their money and refused to loan a cent, even upon the best security."

"I have always made it a rule never to talk business with my wife, and she, poor woman, never knew at the time the many anxious days that I had, for I tried to conceal my hopeless condition."

"At last it came to a point where I was without even a hope, and I staggered home with bankruptcy staring me in the face. I had made the fight and lost, and then, seeing all the savings of a lifetime swept away, I gave up like a man doomed to die, and knowing that no fate could ward off the blow."

"I knew that my wife must be told, so I took her in my arms and broke it to her as gently as possible."

"For several minutes she said not a word, and I began to fear that the shock had been too much for her. I had told her that if I could only raise a small sum it might see me through the worst and enable me to get upon my feet again."

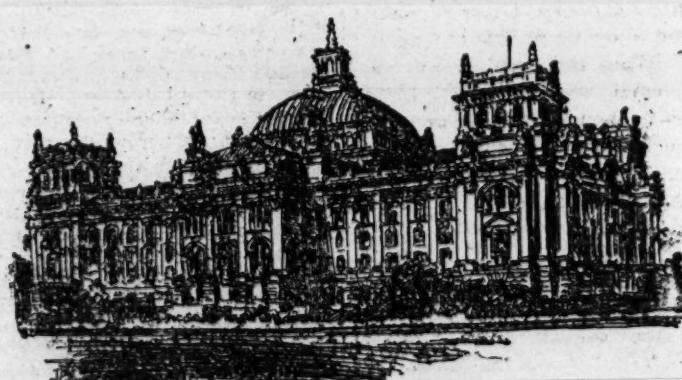
"Finally she spoke: 'John,' she said, 'I have always had a presentiment that some day something might happen, and whenever I chanced to have a little money that I thought I would not need I put it away in one of Willie's discarded toy banks. I haven't the slightest idea how much there is, but I have been adding to it for years. I will get it and we will count it together.'

"I never knew until that moment how a man feels without he is reprieved under the gallows."

"She placed the bank before me and I dumped the contents upon the table. There was a total of 73 cents, mostly in pennies."

"It was so comical that I had to laugh. But that laugh saved me. It drove away the gloomy thoughts with which I had surrounded myself, and I took courage again to look the situation in the face, and finally won out."

"I am still paying my wife her usual allowance, but I haven't the face to ask her if she is again putting aside for a rainy day."



THE GERMAN REICHSTAG BUILDING.

of Louis XIV. at Versailles, near Paris, still besieged, January 18, 1871.

The title "North German union" was thereupon immediately superseded by that of "German Empire," but there was no change of Constitution.

The Emperor William returned to Berlin and upon his summons the Diet met March 21, and at once took up the revision of the Constitution. On April 16 the new imperial Constitution was promulgated. In substance it was that of the North German union, with the word "President" changed to "Emperor," and with "unimportant amendments" it so remains. There was no reference of the imperial Constitution to the States or the

ingly no treaty can bind the government to pay money without the consent of the people's representatives.

Whenever a bill concerns not the empire as a whole, but only certain States, the representatives of such States alone are entitled to vote. This principle holds also in the Federal Council.

The legislative bodies may adjourn from day to day, but they are not competent to fix the time of final adjournment nor that of meeting. The Emperor has the right to fix those dates, but is bound by the Constitution to assemble the houses in joint session annually. The Emperor, with the assent of the Council, may dissolve the Diet and order a new election, which must take place within sixty days. The Emperor of his own motion may

MAY 14, 1899.

4

A DAY AT THE HACIENDA.

By a Special Contributor.

IN CALIFORNIA they are called ranches, so know ye by these presents that we were in Mexico.

Juan, the mozo, brought up the invitation with our morning chocolate. It read: "You are invited by Don Manuel to spend the day at the Hacienda de San Pedro. My wife and I will accompany you, the one in the capacity of chaperon, the other as interpreter."

Said the Special Correspondent—as well as she could articulate for a mouthful of hairpins: "Here's a chance to wear my tailor-made bicycle suit. Ask them to go a-wheel."

The day dawned brightly, but the breeze tempered the warmth of the sunshine most agreeably. From the City of Mexico to Cuatitlan we journeyed by rail. From Cuatitlan—where we "took to our wheels," as the Special Correspondent expressed it—the dusty country road wound in and out between plantations of maguey and fields freshly plowed.

A turn in the road, and we came upon a settlement of adobe houses, clustered about the inevitable church that is always picturesque as to exterior, and seldom otherwise than bare and unattractive within.

A gay holiday crowd was in possession of market place and plaza, there being in progress the celebration of some saint's day, three hundred or more of which are set down in the Mexican calendar.

eyes, we drank confusion to Spanish chili in a glass of creamy milk.

After dinner we sampled the fruits of the garden.

Acids are conspicuous by their absence in the fruits of the tropics. One runs the gamut, from sweet to sweetest, without encountering even so much as a tart lemon by way of variety.

Who ever heard of sweet lemons?—yet they have them in Mexico.

The orange tree, bearing its three-fold burden of flowers, ripened and unripe fruit, is given but little care, and the fruit is as often produced in a wild as a cultivated state.

The banana tree, hung with bunches of fruit and purple flower buds as big as pineapples, unfurls its broad wing in every garden.

It is said that an acre of ground planted in bananas will produce more food at a less cost than any other known crop. It produces forty-four times as much as the potato, and 131 times as much as wheat. An acre of land planted to bananas will give returns of seven to eight hundred bunches of bananas annually.

The cost of producing them is a trifle over 8 cents a bunch, and the bunches, when harvested, bring 40 cents each—which allows a generous margin for profits. Six months after the plants are set out the fruit is ready for cutting, and thereafter from three to four crops a year are assured.

The "uses" of bananas are legion. They are often dried, like figs, and the fruit of the plantain, a larger species of banana, boiled, roasted or fried, figures prominently at the Mexican feast.

Other fruits of these gardens of delight are citrons, pineapples, pomegranates, aguacates, or alligator pears, zapotes, limes, mangoes, guavas, granditas, chicas and many more.

In the cool of the day we inspected the premises, beginning with the chapel, which was quite pretentious, and ending with the stable yard, where fine horses were put through their paces, and prize cattle were led out to confront the magic camera.

A tiny lakelet, girdled by green banks, beautified one

"It is at your disposal," answered the ever-courteous host.

Partly for the reason that it is not good form to take advantage of that which is offered out of mere politeness, and partly because she could not carry it away with her, Don Manuel still retains possession of the Hacienda de San Pedro.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

FIRST SIGHT OF INDIA.

[G. W. Steevens in the London Mail:] The first sight of India is amazing, entrancing, stupefying. Of other countries you become aware gradually; Italy leads up to the Levant, and Egypt passes you on insensibly to the desert. Landed in Bombay you have strayed into a most elaborate dream, infinite in variety, blurred with complexity, a gallery of strange faces, a buzz of strange voices, a rainbow of strange colors, a garden of strange growths, a book of strange questions, a pantheon of strange gods. Different beasts and birds in the street, different clothes to wear, different meal times and different food—the very commonest things are altered. You begin a new life in a new world.

It takes time to come to yourself. At first everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. When things begin to come sorted and sifted, Bombay reveals itself as a city of monstrous contrasts.

Along the sea front one splendid public building follows another—variegated stone facades, with arch and colonnade, cupola and pinnacle and statuary. At their feet huddle flimsy huts of matting, thatched with leaves, which a day's rain would reduce to mud and pulp. You sit in a marble-paved club, vast and airy as a Roman villa, and look out over gardens of heavy scarlet and purple flowers toward choking alleys, where half-naked savages herd by families together in open-fronted rooms, and filth runs down gullies to fester in the sunken street. In this quarter you may see the weaver twirling his green and amber wool on a hand loom—a skeleton so simple and fragile that a kick would make sticks of it; go to the street corner and you see black smoke belch from a hundred roaring mills, whose competition



An irrigating ditch, fringed with grasses and wild flowers, followed the winding road and laved the very walls of the houses, giving one a glimpse of Venice in miniature. At a stone bridge where we paused to rest in the shadow of the overhanging pepper boughs a weather-beaten and battered statue, marking the site of the public well, carried this inscription: "Constructed for the public good"—the remainder being undecipherable. A troop of burros clattered over the bridge, followed by a Mexican lad "backing" a crate of pottery. The latter obligingly made a picture of himself for the sixteenth part of a second, serenely unconscious of the fact that the Special Correspondent carried away his counterfeit presentment, sombrero, friendly grin and all, in her camera.

"Now for a five-mile-spin," said the interpreter.

The gentle breeze wafted the dust backward from our wheels, leaving a cloud like the tail of a comet in our wake. Now we were in the shade, again in the sunlight; and always there was the white ribbon of road ahead, stretching afar to the softly rounded hills that seemed to touch the skies.

The gray walls of the ranch house were seen through the trees as we turned up a green lane, passing the stables and outbuildings, and alighting before the hospitably open door of the dwelling.

It was nearing the noon hour, and after replying to the courteous greeting of our host in our very best Spanish, we were ushered into the dining-room, which was big enough to seat a regiment. The room fronted on the patio, and the windows were thrown open, admitting the breezes that were sweet with the odor of blossoming vines.

A Mexican serving man, assisted by one of the women, brought in the dinner. Course followed course, each a trifle more peppery than the last, until, with tears in our

corner of the grounds, and here we essayed a snap-shot at a washerwoman, doing up the family linen in the most approved Mexican style.

An army of peons, together with native women and children, swarmed in the quarters. The immense estate requires the labor of 400 men to keep it in order, and these, with their families, made a little city by itself, which was supplied from the store on the estate and housed in shacks. The interpreter told us of a custom which was so odd that we made a note on it. On pay day the men assemble at the office, and as the name of each individual is called he answers "In the sight of God," instead of "present," as el Americano would do.

A curious feature of the place was the threshing floor, a walled inclosure with a brick floor, where horses or mules were turned loose to tread out the grain.

In a field adjoining the stables they were using a corn planter—an innovation, evidently, judging from the number of people who had turned out to see it in operation.

The Mexican laborer's wage is less than 40 cents a day, which explains why labor-saving machinery is not generally in use on the big haciendas. The human machine is not so expensive, and when worn out is easily replaced.

When we had gone the rounds we repaired to the park, that, in its state of semi-cultivation, was the more beautiful for the unpruned luxuriance of the shrubs and vines.

The Peru tree, of slender leaf, jeweled with clusters of red berries, cast lace-like shadows upon the green sward. The primavera, with its pink and white blossoms, the passion flower, the crape myrtle, roses in banks of red, creamy yellow or pure white, sweet-scented heliotrope and satin-petaled cactus flowers were seen on every side. Palms lifted their green plumes high in the air, adding the finishing touch to the picture.

"How happy I should be," said the Special Correspondent, drawing a long breath, "if all this were mine."

cuts the throat of all the world. In the large, open space Parsees bowl each other underhand full-pitches and cry, "Tank you, tank you," after ball; by the rail squats a Hindoo, who would like, if only the law would let him, to marry babies and burn widows.

Yet, for all its incongruities, Bombay never lets you forget that it is a very great city. If it had no mills it would be renowned for its port; if it had neither it would be famous for its beauty. And if it were as ugly as it is fair it would still be one of the most astounding collections of human animals in the world. Forty languages, it is said, are habitually spoken in its bazaars. That, to him who understands no word of any of them, is perhaps more curious than interesting, but then every race has its own costume, so that the streets of Bombay are a Kaleidoscope of vermillion turbans and crimson, orange and flame color, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-colored satin drawers or mantles, drawn from the head across the bosom to the hip, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper. If you check your eye and ask your mind for the master color in the crowd it is white—white bordered with brown or fawn or damson legs.

FAITH CONFIRMED.

[Detroit Journal:] "The Lord has sent me!" quoth the missionary, immediately he set foot upon the tropic strand.

Here a venerable savage addressed his fellows.

"Didn't I tell you the Lord would provide?" he exclaimed.

Then they fell to and ate the missionary, and their simple faith was much confirmed by the incident.

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.

HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN THE RUGGED SCANDINAVIAN PENINSULA.

By a Special Contributor.

SWEDEN is my native land, and Stockholm, the "Venice of the North," my birthplace, hence it is as a loyal subject of King Oscar that I tell of the land of the Midnight Sun. Few could fail to admire the Scandinavian Peninsula, with its rugged fjords lashed by the mighty ocean, and its snow-capped mountains, over which the sun shines so brightly. The mountains are smoother than those of Switzerland, having been worn by the grinding of the glaciers, in past ages. The coast is dotted not by hundreds, but by thousands of islands, some quite large, others so tiny that they seem scarcely large enough to be called islands.

The city of Stockholm is built upon islands—some say seven islands—but if one counts correctly there are more than seven. These islands are connected by bridges, large and substantial, but yet very ornate. Along the shores, broad paved streets separate the buildings from the water's edge. In that respect it differs from Venice where the houses rise direct from the edge of the water. The mainland is quite thickly settled now also, although it has only been in the last three centuries that any permanent buildings have stood on the mainland. The old city of Stockholm takes its name from the fact that the first houses built were strong, fortified structures, such as would withstand the onslaughts of hostile hordes—stock holms—hence the city's name. In this city of islands is the palace of the King, good King Oscar, the idol of his people. I once had the pleasure of seeing the King and talking with him personally, although I am only one of the common people, and did not have a political "pull" either. It happened in this way.

Every Tuesday, when the King is at the palacé, he gives private audience to anyone who has a grievance he thinks should be righted. A question as to the boundary lines of some of my land had caused me much trouble, and I feared I should lose it all, through the trickery of one who I am sorry to say is a countryman of mine. At last I determined to lay the matter before the King, and I was not disappointed as to the justice I expected and did receive. On the day the King gives audience to his people, the poorest of his subjects need not fear to walk boldly up the broad steps of the palace and enter. A lackey shows you to a large reception-room and you have only to sign your name in the great book on the table and then wait your turn to see the King. When you are ushered into his presence you may be assured you will be patiently listened to and justly dealt with, and no third party is present to hear your conversation. This, perhaps, shows as plainly as anything I could say that the King has confidence in all his people, and never fears the assassin's knife.

These public audiences last from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m., or rather, until the last person has been heard, for King Oscar would remain any length of time rather than not receive all who come to see him on that day.

In appearance the King is very tall—over 6 feet—slender and erect, with hair and beard tinged with gray, and keen blue eyes. He is devoutly religious and certainly believes in practice as well as precept.

While King Oscar and his family live in grandeur, surrounded by all that court life signifies, he is fond of mingling with his subjects, the most humble not excepted, and is often seen going about unattended, stopping here and there to chat with an acquaintance or speak kindly to some laborer.

He also expects all the public officers to mingle with the people as much as they can, for he knows that only in this way he can win the love as well as the homage of his people, so he is often seen by the people of Sweden, and he is heard also, for the King is a fine public speaker, and if there is a corner-stone to be laid or some important celebration, his subjects may usually depend upon a speech from their ruler.

It is a well-known fact that during the youth and early manhood of Oscar the idea of his ever occupying the throne was never entertained, for several in line of succession stood between him and the throne. However, his education was most thorough, and at the age of 43 he became the ruler of the country, those nearer the throne having died. He is a fine scholar and a poet of no mean ability and his poems are treasured in nearly every household in Sweden.

One of the chief delights of His Majesty is a several days' cruise on the royal yacht, accompanied by his sons, of whom he is very fond, or else a hunting trip.

But to return to a description of Stockholm. Many cities are nicely kept, and have residences as handsome, perhaps, as one could ask for, yet they seem characterless and void of beauty because they lack picturesque scenery and surroundings. That cannot be said of the Swedish capital, however, for surrounding the city on the mainland are beautiful forests, stretching away for miles in every direction, and through the city the river hurries on till it leaps into the Baltic Sea and farther inland, beyond the forest, are the lakes.

The streets of the city are nicely paved, broad and scrupulously clean and the buildings are large, spacious and well kept. All Stockholm (or most of it at least) live in flats. The houses are usually three to five stories high, and the third flat is the best and most fashionable. The lower floor is liable to be damp, and the second flat is usually low studded, so you will find the better class of people living in the third flat. There is always a large stairway leading up through the center of these apartment houses, and from it access is gained to all the flats. A porter is always employed to tend the outer door, and when you ring, the bell sounds in his little room just off the hall, and by a neat contrivance he can pull the bolt without stepping to the door, and it will swing open; that is, the door will open promptly if you are known or judged to be respectable by the vigilant porter, for through a tiny round window he observes everyone who rings, and if you are not a tenant or don't suit his fancy, it is a sharp catechism you must answer before you are granted "open sesame."

The windows are hung by hinges at the side and swing outward, being kept open by an iron rod, but as the air is generally crisp and cold you may understand they are

not open much of the time. There are but few conflagrations in Stockholm, owing not so much to the efficiency of the splendid fire department, as to the careful attention of the municipal government, which provides that all houses shall be of brick or stone, and that all stairways inside or out shall be of iron laid on stone, and all buildings shall be carefully inspected once a year, and after making these rules proceeds to enforce them to the very letter.

Our heating stoves are always made of tile, and are shaped like a pillar or column, extending from floor to ceiling. Near the base is a door opening into the fire box. Wood is burned in these stoves and the upper part of the stove is filled with coils of pipe so arranged that the hot air must traverse the distance from bottom to top, and top to bottom, many times before it finally escapes into the chimney. In this way we get more heat from a small amount of wood than could possibly be obtained in any other way. The stoves are not all of the same shape. Some are quite fancifully designed and ornamented, and the tile is usually in harmony with the house furnishings. These stoves and the chimneys are also inspected by city officers once a year, so as to guard against casualties. So you can see that the municipal government takes much interest in the welfare of its citizens, and to very good effect.

Perhaps American housewives would appreciate a word as to how the "servant question" is dealt with in Sweden. The servants are usually hired by the year, so once a year, usually in the spring, boys, maids, men and women, who wish to find employment, go to the public square, and stand meekly holding their "recommends" in their hands, waiting for the burghers to examine them. When a prospective employer appears they crowd around him eagerly asking if he wishes to hire them. By this you will see the servant is the one who seeks the employer. The salaries paid to servants are not very large, yet seem quite sufficient, and are always reckoned by the year. It is not uncommon to find servants who have worked for ten to twenty years for one family.

The neat, buxom servant girls, with fresh, fair complexions, blue eyes and flaxen hair, are not uncomely. To be sure you do not need a magnifying glass to discover that they usually have plenty of freckles across their noses, but who cares for a little defect like that? The servants are intrusted with all the household shopping, and go early in the morning to the public market, where all sorts of supplies can be obtained at the various booths; which booths are usually presided over by fat, red-faced, old women, wrapped in many and cumbersome shawls. I have often wondered why fat old women had such a propensity for selling goods in the market place, but have never found any answer to my question. The fish markets are on the wharves, or to speak more clearly, they consist of a number of large rafts moored along the shore, to which small boats are tied up. All the fish for sale are kept in small stationary wells, and the fish are all alike. No one would think of selling a dead fish, and if they did try to, I doubt if they would find a buyer. It seemed very strange to me to see people in this country selling dead fish to their customers, but that is a matter of custom, however.

The people of our nation, like nearly all European nations, are very polite and courteous. The men not only raise their hats to the ladies, but to the gentlemen as well, and when entertained at any house, whether that of a nobleman or peasant, you are always thanked for the honor you have conferred. When a man enters any store, he immediately takes off his hat, for a Swede would as soon enter a drawing-room with his hat on as a shop. When one makes a purchase it is the usual custom to try to obtain a lower price than the one first mentioned by the saleswoman, and this being well understood, the storekeepers usually have sliding prices.

The peasantry are very industrious and economical

and owing to the disadvantage of long winters, they turn

to account many things that in other countries would not be thought of, for instance all the little green twigs are

gathered, dried and used for feed for the sheep.

Wheat cannot be grown in Sweden very well and therefore wheat bread or soft breads are seldom used in the homes of the poor. The dark rye bread is the staff of life in almost all the Swedish homes. This is baked in a variety of shapes, but the favorite and most convenient form is that of a large, round cake, very thin and with a hole in the center. The baking is done only every three months, and many of these rye cakes are baked then, which are strung upon a pole, like beads on a string, and suspended from the ceiling, from whence they break off piece by piece when needed. A great delicacy among the peasants is sour milk—what, I presume, the Yankees call "clabber," which is placed on the table in a large wooden trough about six inches deep, and over the top of it the housewife sprinkles brown sugar and ginger. Then each member of the family, armed with a wooden spoon, traces out in V shape a piece which he considers his fair portion, and then they all fall to with a will, and it takes not many minutes to show you the bottom of the trough.

Swedish physicians have a different way of collecting their charges than Americans do. Possibly the American doctors would fare badly if they followed this plan, but no one tries to impose upon the Swedish doctors. They never send a bill, no matter how many times they are called during the year, but at Christmas time it is understood that each person who has been treated by a physician during the year shall inclose in an envelope with his own card whatever sum of money he can spare or thinks just, and send it to the physician, who in return simply sends his card inclosed in an envelope. This is all the correspondence that takes place, and the doctor's card is the only receipt one has. The rich are expected and do pay very liberally, and the poor are allowed to make their remittances very small.

December 21 is the shortest day of the year in the Northland, and as there are but about three hours of sunshine one might consider it a very long night; but after that the days gradually lengthen until March 2 is a day of the same length as in southern countries—about eight hours of sunshine. That is the beginning of summer in the north—the glorious summer when the sun each day rises earlier and at a point farther north of east, and sets at a point farther north of west, until the sun does not set until after 9 o'clock p.m. and rises at 2 o'clock in the morning. Then people can easily read their books and papers at midnight by the light of day, and the street lamps and even the lamps in the light-houses are not lit, during two entire months—for would anyone wish to light street lamps when the sun gives forth its dazzling radiance at noonday? The midnight sun is sufficient light for all. June 23 is the longest day.

Then the sun rises at 2:33 a.m. and sets at 9:15 p.m., and there is no real darkness—only a ruddy twilight which is immediately dispelled by the rays of the rising sun which shoot athwart the clear blue sky. On June 23, Midsummer day, there are great celebrations in every town and all houses and buildings are beautifully decorated. May poles or rather "Green-leaf poles" are erected on the green, decorated with many-colored ribbons and surmounted by the Swedish flag. Round each public square temporary booths are erected and in them are sold birch branches, tiny green-leaf poles, flowers, etc. The people all wear tiny twigs of the green birch, which with its shiny leaves, are very pretty. No Swedish household would be without its birch branches any more than we without a Christmas tree at Christmas time. In the evening the bands play and the people dance round the May poles. As soon as the sun sets, the huge bonfires which have been made in every town and on the mountain tops blaze forth all at once, making a pretty sight indeed, and ere their red light has died down, the sun of another day is smiling at them over the tree tops as if all this festivity pleased him.

The Midsummer celebration is somewhat like the All Hallowe'en in America, in that the young ladies endeavor to ascertain their future husband's name by some mysterious performance and one of these funny rites is that of trying the pancake oracle. Three young ladies must make, bake, and eat a pancake, and during this time must not speak or laugh. Of course there is always some mischievous one who will fling in a handful of salt instead of a little pinch, and thereby render it anything but palatable, but of course her two companions are for the time speechless, so they must eat their share whether they like it or not. After the pancake is disposed of, the girls must not drink until the next morning. It is supposed if they followed instructions correctly they will dream that a gay youth offers each a drink, and the one seen then is of course their "future happiness."

NILS OLSON.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARNS.

IV.—DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

By a Special Contributor.

THE old shipmaster was in a philosophic mood when he took a long pull at his pipe and, gazing abstractedly out over the blue sound, said:

"Ships are like men in more respects than one. The most simple acts of every-day life, though ordinarily harmless, have brought death to some. So it is with ships. They have met with total destruction in doing that which other ships have done with perfect safety. I will tell you a few instances, of which I was an eyewitness."

"While a terrible southwest gale was blowing across the Solway Firth, the steam collier *Manxman* ran for shelter to the port of Whitehaven, and as the tide was running against the wind, it kicked up a most terrific sea. As she drove along under a full head of steam, the wind and waves seemed to vie with each other in an effort to destroy her. It was Sunday, and thousands of people lined the water front, watching the craft struggle as if for her very life. A great cheer went up as she drew near, but in a few moments it was followed by a cry of horror. As the vessel reached the very entrance to the harbor—two long, massive stone breakwaters—a monstrous wave lifted her on its crest as though she had been a mere chip and slewed her so much to port that she hit the port breakwater square on the face with such terrific force that she was rent in twain as clean as a tailor might cut a piece of cloth. The starboard side of the steamer fell squarely on its side and floated under the lee of the pier, but the port side filled and sank immediately. All except two of the crew perished.

"A somewhat similar fate befell the coasting steamer *Heligoland*. A perfect hurricane was raging in the North Sea and craft of all kinds were running to the Tyne for shelter one Christmas day. The gale was at its height about noon, and about 4 o'clock a garbage scow which was being used temporarily to carry stone to the extension of the breakwater broke away and fouled the channel. Shortly after this accident, the steamer *Heligoland* was making for the harbor, the captain not seeing the scow, which lay broadside to the channel, until he was within a quarter of a mile of the entrance. It was then too late for him to turn back, so he attempted to pass under the stern of the scow. This brought his ship close to the west pier and his bow was just inside when a mighty swell lifted it clear to the top of the then-unfinished breakwater, leaving the stern hanging over the channel and thus completely blocking it. All that the sailing craft could do was to endeavor to hold up for Blythe, but the gale was so fierce as to drive most of them ashore. Some of the shipmasters, realizing the utter hopelessness of the situation, squared away to a long, sandy beach west of the Tyne and beached their ships, thus gaining for themselves and their crew a fighting chance for their lives. It was not until daylight next morning that the scow was blown up and the channel cleared.

"That slight mishap caused the loss of over twenty ships and about two hundred lives, but it was so long ago that I have forgotten the names of the vessels. The channel at that time was not over 150 feet wide, but it has since been considerably widened and improved.

"The steel clipper *Alice C* was another ship which involved a number of others in her own destruction. She was loaded with oil and, when off the Irish coast, her cargo caught fire and the flames soon became uncontrollable and enveloped the ship. Some of the crew, bent on taking to the boats, went to the waist of the ship to launch them, but were overtaken by the fire and literally roasted alive. Other men were lost overboard one after another until the captain and three sailors were the only survivors. They all crowded to the quarter-deck, which was only made habitable by keeping the ship dead before the wind.

"In this plight, after the flames had had full sway for twenty-four hours, the ship entered Cork Harbor at a speed of twelve knots an hour, for all her upper sails were still intact and drawing. The burning vessel pursued her unchecked course into the crowded harbor and ran down three ships like so many paper boats. The crews of two others only saved their craft by slipping their cables and letting them drift out of the way of the blazing destroyer. An end was put to her ruinous course by a volley from the guns of the fort, which sank her."

M. F. L.

MAY 14, 1899.

IN NATURE'S TEMPLE.

A QUIET SUNDAY IN THE MOUNTAINS
AT OUR GATES.

By a Special Contributor.

Show me thy face, dear Nature, that I may forget my own.

[Emerson.]
THE Youthful Tyrant's word is law, so when she said, "We will go to the mountains to spend Sunday," the Big Little Girl considered the question settled, and meekly responded "Yessum!" with an inflection that expressed supreme satisfaction at the ultimatum.

"That is," resumed the Tyrant half apologetically, "if you have no objections, and you would better not have any, for I am the majority in this case." The Big Little Girl wanted to ask the Tyrant what she meant by "the mountains," but after meditating for a few moments, she wisely decided to possess her soul in patience; in other words, to await developments, so she turned over and went to sleep.

On Sunday morning at a very early hour she was awakened by a suggestive poke in the region of her diaphragm, and a voice said briskly: "Time to get up, sleepy-head, if you are going to the mountains with me."

It was the Tyraat, who was dressing by gaslight, and the Big Little Girl, considering discretion the better part of valor, arose, meantime wondering what could be at the bottom of such madness.

By the time the toilets were made, Mein Host, with his "coach and pair," was at the door and the trio were soon beyond the "Crown of the Valley" and sleeping Altadena. The horses were carefully guided over the rough places and around the sharp corners of the foothills of the Sierra Madre to the wagon road beyond; they were on their way to "the mountains."

The Tyrant had taken the ride before, so she leaned back complacently and smiled at the exclamations of her companion. "Pooh! this is nothing," she remarked contemptuously, "just wait until we reach our Mecca, then you will get a view that is worth having. Do you see that little brown house way over yonder? No, no, in that direction stupid; well, that is Los Casitos Villa, where we

ing view over the vegas, and back of the place were the blue masses of the mountain chain piled against the sky. She could see the wagon road winding over hill, and through glen, past the verge of cañons and penetrating deep into the forest, with narrower branching trails for the pedestrian and horsemen.

No telling how long she would have stood there gazing at the picture, but the Tyrant came out of the villa singing:

"Wherever we look or wherever we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

But the poetic outburst was checked, for right in the midst of the effusion the breakfast bell rang and there were no delays in surrounding the festal board. As soon as this duty was dispatched an invitation was extended to the guests to take a peep at the seventy-five tiny chicks that the incubator had hatched that morning. Alas! their little spirits had departed this life, and they were no more.

The accident happened in this wise. Mein Hostess thought that it would be a good idea to put the chicks in the brooder for awhile in order to keep them warm. But she was called away in the midst of the preparations and the chickens were hustled into willow baskets and deposited in the oven of the kitchen stove. Another member of the family was to caution John Chinaman not to build a fire without removing the precious cargo. Unfortunately, the memory of the watcher was fickle, and consequently when John was ready to build a fire the oven doors were shut with a bang, and the chickens were soon in various stages of roasting.

When the visitors arrived upon the spot the Chinaman stood in the middle of the floor a picture of placid content, utterly unconscious of the disaster and his share in the mishap. It only took an instant to inform him, and he merely remarked: "Heap sorry."

Mine Hostess gave him one look, but ye gods, and little fishes, it spoke volumes! However, she simply said in a chastened voice that she was "a heap sorry, too."

Then Priscilla turned comforter and suggested that a walk down Prieto Cañon might soothe the wounded spirit of her mother, and be a joy to the guests as well. Let it be known that the Priscilla here mentioned is not that Puritan maid of whom the poet wrote, but a dear little creature of seven summers, who has more wisdom than many sages and philosophers stored away in her small cranium.

And to Prieto Cañon they went, led by Priscilla. Iters.

out a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. Upon him falls all the odds and ends. He is the one who spreads the grass whn the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn; up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he brings water and wood and splits kindling; he gets out the horse and puts away the horse; he turns the grindstone; he drives the cows to pasture; he has the care of the calves—they always need feeding or shutting up or letting out. If he had as many legs as a centipede they would tire before night. He would gladly do all the work he thinks if somebody would do the chores."

Of course it fell to the lot of the Boy-of-all-Work at Los Casitos to escort the visitors to Brown's grave and peak. The Big Little Girl sat astride Jocko; the Tyrant, the Boy-of-all-Work and "Tatters," the dog, followed on foot. First, the donkey balked, and insisted on going in the opposite direction. How much the Boy-of-all-Work had to do with this is not known at the present time, but he was the picture of innocence and sobriety. However, the Tyrant insists that she saw him wink at the donkey deliberately, and as Jocko always acted contrary immediately afterward, she judges that he interpreted the contortion accordingly, for there seemed to be a perfect understanding between the two little beasts.

But the Big Little Girl came off conqueror. By some magical word, or incantation, she subdued the evil spirit. Jocko and the Boy were both submissive, at least until they reached the peak; then the former planted one foot firmly on the grave and brayed until the earth fairly trembled. The Big Little Girl dismounted and the Tyrant took her place.

There was just time to read the inscription on the gray stone:

Owen Brown,
Son of John Brown,
Liberator,
Died January 9, 1889.
Aged 64 years."

and to take one view of the scenery from the peak, then with a real Indian war whoop, the Boy-of-all-Work had his revenge. He grabbed Jocko by the halter and literally dragged him at breakneck speed down the steep incline, that looked almost perpendicular from the top; through mesquite and sage brush and chaparral to the footpath below.

Not a word did the Tyrant utter, but she confessed afterwards, in a private conversation with the Big Little Girl, that it was an experience she would not like to have repeated. As to the perpetrator of the joke, he disappeared, as it were, from the face of the earth and was seen no more that day. Mein Hostess not being aware of the situation, pronounces him "shy of strange."



will partake of breakfast. Of course I do not mean to infer that you are hungry, but I thought you might take a cup of coffee with me, just to be sociable. Oh, I know you think I am crazy to get you up at such an unearthly hour, and on Sunday at that, but just wait; there is a little shrine up here, in Nature's temple, where we are going to worship today, and, too, I just wanted you to see how royally the day arrives in the mountains."

The Big Little Girl was astonished at this outburst of eloquence, but she only smiled gratefully at the Tyrant. "Ah! see," said she, "the purple mists are clearing away, and the day is coming to greet us like a monarch in a golden chariot."

True enough! the sun began to peer from behind a bank of clouds. The lordly cock sounded the reveille, and it echoed across the hills. Never a cold has he, and never was he known to over sleep! An expectant hush followed the lusty call of chanticleer, then the sleepy twitterings of birds were heard on every hand and the symphony was taken up by an ever-swelling chorus, till the air fairly palpitated and throbbed with melody. The bleat, bleat of the sheep came plaintively from the distance, mingled with the lowing of the cattle.

A fresh breeze sprang up and the heavy foliage rustled a pianissimo of welcome. The heaven's breath sighed woosingly as the east turned from pale yellow to deep rose, and the sun threw long shafts of light over the landscape. It was day! fresh, new and wonderful! what a delicious earthly smell filled the air! But the five-mile ride was at an end.

Mein Host said "whoa!" so impressively that the whole family appeared upon the scene to welcome the visitors. "I knew you were coming," exclaimed the Boy-of-all-Work, "the peacocks just whooped her up for a while. They always do that way when strangers are around. Oh, they're better than watch dogs any time," and he turned a somersault by way of a period.

The Big Little Girl looked about her approvingly, and watched the theatrical performance in progress. On the roof of the villa the doves were strutting about cooing their tales of love; the swine—those Falstaffs of the barnyard—and the peacocks, as clowns, filled the burlesque parts, while the various feathered fowls and the donkeys contributed to the general melee. Merrily the march went on, allegro con moto, to usher in the glorious day. From the barn came pails of foaming milk, while tempting odors of the coming breakfast were wafted from the kitchen.

The Big Little Girl was simply entranced. She looked first at the villa on the mesa, then to the cañons on the east and west. In front of the house was a wide, sweep-

was she who found the loveliest specimens of wild flowers and ferns, and she alone could tell their names. She flitted from one quiet nook to another, like a honey bee or a butterfly, searching for treasures, and occasionally she would mount to a lofty pulpit-perch and throw down an armful of ferns. When the little mountain maid got too near the edge; even the Tyrant was afraid she would fall, and the Big Little Girl shut her eyes, almost dreading to open them for fear she would see Priscilla lying in fragments at the bottom of the cañon, instead of in statu quo of fifty pounds avordupois.

Priscilla laughed long and merrily at their consternation, and her mother did likewise. Both were standing on the very edge of a precipice that overlooked a great gorge.

"Oh," said the latter, "Priscilla is sure-footed; she knows these mountains all by heart, and is not afraid of anything."

The Tyrant and the Big Little Girl sat down to rest on a bed of moss near a brook, while Priscilla and her mother went in search of "Jocko" and "Bill," whose bells could be heard in the distance.

"My vocabulary is somewhat limited on such occasions," said the Tyrant in a non-committal way, "but isn't this a great place. Now answer me without any nonsense."

"Yes," responded the Big Little Girl, dreamily, "this is an audience hall fit for the tragedies of Aeschylus, for Dante and the Sagas."

Then they were both very quiet until Priscilla and her mother returned, the former astride Jocko, bareback, and evidently on the best terms with his donkeyship. Mein Hostess had removed her belt and was ingeniously utilizing it as a halter. Without waiting for Jocko to stop the little mountain maid slipped off from her perch, and insisted on the guests riding; but they preferred to wait until a saddle was provided, much to Priscilla's disappointment, and probably to Jocko's as well.

The saddle was adjusted in due time by the Boy-of-all-Work, just such an one as Charles Dudley Warner describes so accurately:

"You would have seen a short boy with trousers at once too big and too short, held up, perhaps, by one suspender only, a checked cotton shirt, and a hat of braided palm leaf, frayed at the edge and bulged up at the crown. It is impossible to keep a hat neat if you use it to catch bumble bees, and whilst 'em, to bail water from a leaky boat, to catch minnows, to put over honey bees' nests, and to transport pebbles, strawberries and hen's eggs. And yet, do you think any city lad could have written Thanatopsis at 18?" And again he says: "A farm with-

the shadow of night crept over the mesa. The downy chicks that escaped the cremation answered the motherly cluck, cluck, and were soon snuggled under sheltering wings. The doves ceased their strutting and cooing upon the roof and left their tales of love for the morrow. The air was filled with the swift rushing of wings as the belated birds scurried to their nests with sleepy calls, a world of tremulous notes; the tinkle of the cow bells sounded sweet and faint far up the road. A few faint stars peeped out in the sky and were answered by the twinkling lights in the windows of the villa—the motherly old place that called home her weary children, even as a hen stretches her wing to shelter a sleepy brood. Happy people so sheltered in the heart of the mountains near to nature; happy in the wholesome simple life of busy days, happy in the peaceful slumber of the long nights wearing on with their darkness, lighted only by the shining stars above and the silence broken only by the crickets' croon-like chirp.

And thus the Tyrant and the Big Little Girl spent a blissful day, and the ride home in the sweet evening air was the best of all.

L. E. D.

THE SHARPSHOOTER.

A soldier went riding away to the war,
With a sword and a sash and a jacket of blue,
The notes of the bugle were sweet on the air,
And the drummer was beating a merry tattoo.
But his sweetheart was left in the dawn and the dew,
With the tears of love and of fear on her face,
While the cluster of roses she wore at her breast
Was broken and crushed by his parting embrace.

The soldier came riding home from the war,
To the cheers and the music that welcome the brave.
The ivy had hidden the latch of her door,
And green were the grasses that covered her grave.
For the sharpshooter Death through the trenches had passed,
And left him unharmed in the tempest of lead,
To stop at the little white house in the North,
And take for his target a pretty brown head.

—[Minna Irving in the New England Magazine.]

THE BROTHER QUALIFIED IT.

[Atlanta Constitution:] At a Georgia camp-meeting a good brother continually repeated in the course of a long prayer:

"Lord, send the mourners up higher. Send 'em up higher right away."

A storm was brewing outside, and as the hurricane swept down on them the brother qualified his closing petition with:

"But not through the roof, Lord! Don't send 'em through the roof! That would be too high!"

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S BOYHOOD DAYS.

A VISIT TO HIS BIRTHPLACE AND REMINISCENCES TOLD BY HIS FRIENDS.

By a Special Contributor.

BESESIDES being the birthplace of Admiral Sampson, the quiet little town of Palmyra, in Central New York, has two other causes for attracting pilgrims. It was once the home of Joseph Smith, the first of the Mormon prophets. On a little farm not far from town, which is now the property of Admiral Sampson himself, Smith is reported to have found the mysterious golden plates which contained the doctrine of Mormon; and an old-time printer of the place, only recently dead, set up the first copy of the Mormon Bible. Here Joseph Smith won his first converts; and here, of all places in the world, he is without honor; his neighbors remember only his scheming laziness, his strange expeditions for hidden treasure, and his almost mesmeric power of personal influence.

It was here, too, near Palmyra, that Spiritualism had its birth. The Fox sisters of Hydeville held their first seances and listened to the first spirit rappings. And here, also, the Fox sisters are mentioned last, and only as a curious product of an early day.

But the whole of the little town, and every man and woman and child within it, thrill with the very mention of the name of Admiral Sampson. All of the older men knew him personally, and the younger ones have seen him and looked up to him since he became a respected officer in the navy. And whenever he shall deem it well to return to the town of his birth, they are ready to give him such a reception as he never received before.

Ever since Admiral Sampson's victory at Santiago, there has been a steadily increasing pilgrimage of

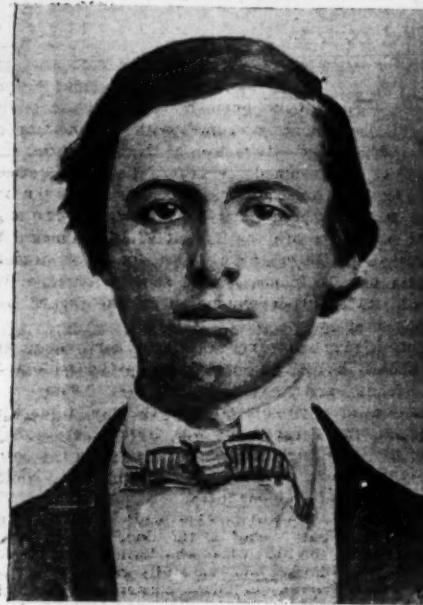
of the active virtues, but in those of a negative sort he was rich. Thus he was temperate and self-controlled; he was kindly in his family; he worked steadily and spent his evenings at home, and what money he could he saved. Moreover, he was a man of powerful physique and clean morally, with a certain quiet dignity which makes a workman honored whatever may be his work. These characteristics, although negative and unobtrusive, he bequeathed to his children.

But what he lacked, his wife, the admiral's mother, made up. By common consent of those who remember them well, Mrs. Sampson was a woman of rare ability and native, though unschooled, culture. She was sweet, even beautiful in face, and strong and steady and kindly in character. She was proud of her children and ambitious with all the ambition that mother-love could feel for their advancement, both spiritually and in the great world of affairs. She was a deeply religious woman, and as long as she kept her health, every Sunday found her in the pew of the old Presbyterian church in the main street of the village.

Although the mother of a large family of children, and weighted down with the cares of a workingman's household, she yet found time to read much and to encourage two of her children in their studies. The admiral, William, and his sister Lizzie, were both naturally studious, and between these three, the mother, son and daughter, there sprung up a warm companionship and friendliness which meant more to them, perhaps, than their kinship.

The boy Sampson was exceedingly handsome, although shy and dignified. His friend, Pliny P. Sexton, who is now the president of the village bank of Palmyra, said of him: "I don't remember that he ever played games, nor that he ever took any part in the pranks which are common among schoolboys. He was

refused, owing to the objection of their mothers. Then Congressman Morgan, who was to make the choice, asked the principal of the Palmyra school who was his brightest boy. The principal answered without a moment's hesitation, "Will Sampson." Several other men in town, on being asked their opinion, also suggested young Sampson. When the boy himself was asked if he would like the place, he assented eagerly. His mother was overjoyed, but the father grumbled. The elder Sampson thought that the boy was growing old enough to be of help, and he had already given him more of an



ADMIRAL SAMPSON AS A BOY.

opportunity to go to school than most boys in his circumstances were permitted, but Mrs. Sampson laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and her words are now historic in Palmyra.

"I want one son," she said, "who won't carry a sawbuck on his shoulder all his life."

It so happened that when the official news of the appointment reached Palmyra a number of politicians were gathered in the office of the local paper on Main street. One of them looked out of the window. There in the street was James Sampson and his son digging a ditch connected with some public improvement. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you desire to see the coming admiral of the United States, look out the window." The boy passed his examinations and entered the Naval Academy the next fall, and was graduated with the highest honors.

During this time he frequently returned to Palmyra, always wholly without ostentation, always visiting his old home and staying with his mother and sister and meeting his old friends on terms of the greatest friendliness. It was here that he married his first wife, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who lived in the outskirts of the village, and it was here, years later, while spending a long vacation with his friends, that he met and married his second wife, the present Mrs. Sampson. For years his erect figure was a familiar sight in the streets of the little town, and since the great fight at Santiago there are pictures of the admiral and his ships in every home, although the admiral himself has not visited Palmyra since the battle.

An old friend of his, who saw him recently in New York, said: "We all feel much worried for his health. He has grown ten years older in the last year, he looks



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S BIRTHPLACE IN PALMYRA, N. Y.

strangers to see the admiral's birthplace, and the tumble-down schoolhouse where he studied his a-b-c's, and the home opposite the cemetery where he lived so many years during his later boyhood. The room where Sampson first saw the light of day is hardly larger than the hall bedroom of a New York boarding-house. It is up a long flight of stairs and back in a corner.

When I rapped at the door below and suggested my errand the woman smiled indulgently. It was early in the forenoon, but I was the second visitor there that day. Yet she expressed the greatest willingness and pleasure in showing me the admiral's birthplace. The room is vacant now, and littered with retired rocking-chairs and cast-off clothing.

"This house has all been rebuilt since the Sampson family lived here," explained my guide. "Formerly there were only a few rooms, but an entire front portion has been built on, the older house having been moved further back from the road.

At present the building is a substantial frame cottage, setting somewhat into the hillside. It was here that the admiral's father, James Sampson, settled in the late thirties. The elder Sampson was an Irishman of sterling north of Ireland Presbyterian stock. He came to New York in 1836, before railroad building in that western country had been dreamed of. Hannah Walker, who was afterward to become his wife, came in the same expedition, although they were not then acquainted. Sampson was at that time a plain day laborer. Years later he did odd jobs of carpentry and mason work, although to the day of his death there was never a time when he received more than day's wages. The admiral was the oldest boy of a large family of children.

After a struggle lasting many years, the elder Sampson was able to lay aside enough money to buy a lot across from the cemetery, nearly a mile from the village, where he built himself a bit of a cottage, a story and a half high, with a comfortable veranda in front, and a grape arbor reaching out at one side, providing a pleasant shade for those who went beyond to the barn. Here the numerous family of boys and girls grew up.

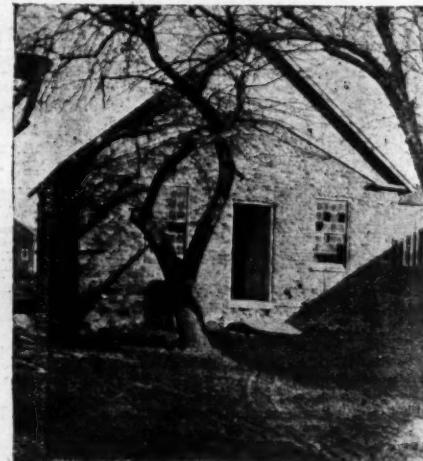
The elder Sampson was a man of little ambition. He was steady, plodding and dull-minded; he possessed few

much too busy. It was necessary for him to go home the moment school was out to help his father or to do chores for the neighbors. I have seen him many times spading garden or sawing wood or digging ditches with his father, while the rest of us were off to play ball or to skate. But this made no difference in our regard for him. He was always one of the best-liked boys in school, although he was never what would be called popular. His friends in school called him Will, never Billy. He was invariably at the head of his class, and we were not surprised afterward to hear that he was the "four-striper" of his class at Annapolis.

Miss Hannah Sampson, the admiral's sister, who still lives at the old family home at Palmyra, says that the admiral as a boy was a great reader. He devoured all manner of books on history, mechanics and certain branches of science, and he even read mathematics. Novels never interested him. Mr. Sexton told me that young William visited his father's home and borrowed books one after another until he read everything in the library. Then he visited other homes in the same way, until nothing was left in town of the books that he liked for him to read.

Young Sampson had the rare quality of impressing himself strongly on nearly every one he met. It was not in what he said, for he was always extremely quiet, never parading the extent of his learning; nor was it in what he did, for he has always been the last in the world to do anything for effect. And yet there was something in his personality and appearance, a strong, handsome, clear-eyed boy, that invariably impressed a stranger. Since the admiral has become famous, a friend in Palmyra has received a letter from an old man who met a youth named Sampson many years ago on a railroad train. The youth was then on his way to the Naval Academy, and he made such an impression on the old man that after all these years he remembered him by name and wrote to Palmyra to inquire if the famous admiral was the obscure boy he had met.

Whatever advance young Sampson made toward his future greatness he made strictly as the result of his own efforts. Never did a boy more surely win the government's appointment to the Naval Academy strictly on his merits than did Sampson. When the position was vacant two other Palmyra boys whose fathers were influential men, were offered the place. Both of them



SCHOOLHOUSE WHERE ADMIRAL SAMPSON WENT AS A BOY.

gray and worn, and we hope that the government will send him back for a rest among his friends."

And that is how the town of Palmyra knows its greatest son and honors him.

RAY S. BAKER.

THE NEW PASTOR.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] He was a new pastor and found it somewhat difficult to get acquainted with his flock.

On his way home after his first sermon he overtook a comely young woman whom he recognized as one of his congregation.

She greeted him with a smile, and he felt emboldened to talk to her seriously.

"I was glad," he said, "to see you in church. It always gratifies me greatly to observe a young person voluntarily seeking the one true haven—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the girl with a slight blush, "you haven't got the name quite right. It's Havens, Jim Havens. He passes one of the plates."

Then the pastor changed the subject.

THE CZAR'S PEACE PROPOSALS.

PRESENT SITUATION AND PROBABLE OUTCOME OF THE CONFERENCE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE meetings on behalf of peace and the Czar's proposal for the arrest of warlike armaments have now come to an end in England, and all such feeling as can be roused for this cause has now found its expression, so the time has come when the amount of that feeling can be estimated. Compared with the opinion of any one of the great nations of Continental Europe, the volume of English support is great. In those nations the response to the Czar's invitation has been feeble. France dislikes any arrangement which might seem to imply that she had abandoned the hope of regaining Alsace. The prospect of recovering the province may be dim and distant, but national pride is engaged in holding to it. Moreover, France has been so absorbed by the Dreyfus affair as to have been unable to give much attention to any other subject; and the social as well as political power of the army is so great that zeal for peace can scarcely be looked for. That Germany should be even less favorable to the notion of reducing armaments is not wonderful. She is penetrated by militarism; and her ruling class seems penetrated also by a sort of hard cynicism which assumes that the evils of the political world are irremovable, and that material force is the only force to be regarded. Besides, in Germany the people leave foreign affairs so completely to the government as hardly to form, or at any rate hardly to express, an opinion about them. In Austria it is much the same, and Austria has her own domestic troubles, more than sufficient to occupy her mind. Thus it is really in Great Britain only that there has been any general interest awakened, any demonstration of feeling called forth, by this momentous proposal, the success of which would be an unspeakable gain to all Europe. Even in Britain, the movement has been less ardent and absorbing than its promoters hoped. They (and especially W. T. Stead, the foremost among them,) have been very energetic. Meetings have been held in nearly every large town, and at nearly all these meetings resolutions of sympathy with the project have been unanimously adopted. No one can say that the English people have failed to indicate their wish that their government should meet the Czar half way. The ministry themselves have gone as far as could be expected to express their readiness to help the plan. Two of them have declared, one in proposing a vote in Parliament for naval expenses, the other in apologizing for the enormous expenditure of the country, that nothing would rejoice them or benefit England more than to be able to reduce our naval and military charges as a result of some international arrangement for limiting armaments. The First Lord of the Admiralty, indeed, intimated that if the Czar's proposal was carried out, he would strike off a large part of the estimate for new shipbuilding. If the rest of Europe wished as well to the scheme as those do who in England think seriously about these matters, we might be sanguine of some considerable, and even speedy, result from the approaching conference at The Hague.

Nevertheless there has been in England a certain want of fervor and enthusiasm. The classes who declare their sympathy, the persons who have attended the meetings, are the classes and persons who were already warm advocates of peace. The general public, which is indifferent to most things, has remained indifferent to this also. The clergy, specially those belonging to various dissenting bodies, the more religious part of the laity, the men and women who are usually active in other philanthropic movements, have done their part. But comparatively few new recruits have been drawn into the crusade for peace, and the ordinary man of business either pronounces the scheme Utopian or (more generally) does not think bout it at all.

This indifference is to be regretted. No country has more to gain from the maintenance of peace than England has. She is taxed nearly up to the limit of her taxable capacity, great as that capacity is. Her expenditure for the current year is £112,000,000 (more than \$560,000,000,) and of this about £29,000,000 (more than \$145,000,000) is for the navy and the army. Her ocean commerce is a main source of her prosperity, and this commerce must suffer severely in time of war, even though she keeps, as she expects to keep, the command of the seas. If her people realized how immensely to their interest it is that they should remain at peace, they would be keener than they are to adopt every means by which war may be honorably averted. But they don't fully realize what war means. They have known no war with any civilized power since 1855; and in the war with Russia which ended then, they were allied with Franc, and had an antagonist quite unable to meet them at sea or to disturb their trade. They have enjoyed for many years past a commercial and industrial prosperity so unbroken (except for the slight fluctuations of better or worse trade) that their prosperity seems to them part of the order of nature, and they cannot fancy themselves losing it. They have great confidence in themselves and their good fortune. Unaccustomed to think of foreign dangers, as the French think of Germany, and the Germans think of France and Russia, they have almost forgotten that dangers exist. There is nothing aggressive or warlike in this sense of prosperous ease. But of late years there has also been visible an increase in the spirit of what is called Imperialism. It is a spirit not wholly pacific, for it dwells upon the achievements by which empire has been won and is still being extended, and it fires the imagination of the younger sort by memories and ideals inconsistent with peaceful sentiment. I do not mean that the nation has become eager to fight. Fortunately we have no scores to pay off, no object of importance to secure by a war. But a large part of the population shows less of an active zeal for peace, and is less alive to the horrors and dangers of war, than a humane and intelligent people ought to be, or than the English probably were forty or fifty years ago.

A third cause for the coldness shown in some quarters to the Czar's proposal may be found in the suspicions entertained of the general policy and designs

of Russia. Every one now recognizes the good intentions of the young monarch himself. But many think that there is a necessary antagonism as well as rivalry between England and Russia, and fear that the latter, whose permanent policy is maintained whatever may be the temporary intentions of the reigning sovereign, desires chiefly to gain time and to curtail her military and naval expenditure for the moment in order to develop a railway system which will in the long run be a political factor of the first importance. In China the opposition of Russian and of British schemes and interests has continued during the months that have elapsed since the Czar's proposal was announced, so the feeling of a tension between Russia and England has not vanished. Personally I do not think that any notions of this kind ought to prevent us from supporting that proposal. To carry it out would be a gain for England, whatever the future may have in store. But such notions have doubtless contributed to chill the sympathy with The Hague Conference, and to discount the hopes entertained of its result.

What will that result be? As to this, it cannot be said that here in Europe we see any more clearly now than we did four months ago. Public opinion in Germany, Austria and France is just as cold now as it was at first. An atmosphere of mutual suspicion and distrust continues to surround the relations of the great powers, although the relations of France to England, and also those of France to Italy, are better than they were. None of the powers has yet "shown its hand" as regards either the arrest of armaments or the mitigation of the severities of war. If diplomats know any more than the rest of the world, they conceal their knowledge. When they speak, it is not in a sanguine tone. Nevertheless, there is ground for hoping that good will come of the conference. There have been many congresses during the last three centuries to put an end to or to avert a war. But never before have the great nations of the world met to discuss the means of permanently improving their relations to one another in a way which will relieve them of burdens in time of peace, while it will also diminish the risks of conflict. A few years ago the idea of such a conference would have been set down as Utopian. That it should meet at all marks an advance. Even if its deliberations do not issue in a reduction of military expenditures, they will serve to clear away some of the difficulties which attach to such a reduction, and they will set a precedent for the treatment of international problems in a conciliatory spirit. Believing that the influence of the United States will be used to support the Czar's plan, we in England rejoice that the United States will be represented at the conference, and represented by men so much respected and so worthy of respect as those whom your government has selected. And though we do not suppose that any plan of international arbitration between the powers of Europe can have so near a prospect of being adopted as we think and hope does exist for a plan of arbitration between the United States and Britain, still we conceive that the cause of international arbitration in general has received an impetus by the assembling of this conclave of the leading civilized peoples of the world.

JAMES BRYCE.
London, England.

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TITHINGS AND TITHE-PAYERS.

RESOURCES FROM WHICH THE MORMON CHURCH DRAWS ITS SUPPORT.

COMPARATIVELY few of the tourists who visit Salt Lake City see anything of one of its most curious and interesting institutions—the Mormon tithe-house. Although they pass it in going from the temple block to the houses in which Brigham Young once lived, their attention would not be attracted, unless directed to it, and then they would see nothing but an ordinary looking frame building, a yard and numerous horse sheds. A visit to the institution would show a well-arranged office, in which a force of clerks always appear to be hard at work, and storerooms which are also salerooms, filled with an indescribable array of articles—baskets, brooms, hair switches, crocheted bed quilts, goose feathers, paper flowers, and hundreds of other things. This motley collection represents one-tenth of the worldly possessions of those who have given to the church from the work of their hands. These rooms, however, are the least important part of the tithe-house business. Only odds and ends of no particular value are ever placed in them.

During the fall months there is more to see; from all the country round farmers bring a tenth of what they have raised—wheat, corn, rye, barley, ground or unground; potatoes as large as a man's foot, pumpkins that no bushel basket can hold; squash, turnips, beets, carrots, celery, and every other vegetable that grows in Utah ground; melons of every kind, plums of every kind, grapes, peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, and immense loads of satiny-red, purple, streaked, striped and yellow apples. One can go to the tithe-house on October afternoons and look until he is tired at the long rows of bins, boxes and tables that the farm wagons have filed.

He will see dozens of these wagons, dozens of horses contentedly munching hay in the stalls, and groups of people talking and eating on the tithe-house steps. He may see evidences of poverty and sacrifice—bony horses drawing rickety wagons, in which are a live pig, a hen or two, a bottle of honey, a few dried herbs, a poorly-dressed man and woman, and as many small children as the wagon will hold.

In the large, general saleroom shrewd housekeepers are buying the finest and freshest foods to be found in the city. No merchant has better flour than that which is brought in by these farmers. No city-fed chickens are so fat as those which have roamed over acres of wheat and picked tender worms from the banks of irrigating ditches. Tithe-house eggs are fresh; a farmer may have no conscientious scruples against selling high-priced eggs of uncertain age to his weekly customers, but he does not try to cheat the church in the quality of his offerings. Tithe-house prices are standard prices.

The tithe "scrip" which purchasers receive in change is legal tender at the ward stores—all of which are controlled by Mormons—and is accepted at a discount at

some other stores. For years Mormon farmers handled scarcely any other kind of money; as a medium of exchange it supplied all their needs.

According to a Mormon historian, "The law of tithing was instituted in 1838 as a standing law of the church; this law requires that the surplus property of each individual be placed in the bishop's hands and be by him cared and accounted for, and that they should give one-tenth of all their interest annually. This fund was for the support of the priesthood—such as devote their whole time to the service of the church—the building of temples, and public purposes generally."

How far payment is insisted upon depends to a great extent on the ability of individuals to pay; the bishop of each ward knows the means of those within his jurisdiction, and it is a part of his duty to advise them, emphatically, if necessary, to pay their tithings, if they are able but reluctant.

Furthermore, it is bad policy not to pay them; the pecuniary benefits which result from good standing in the church are large in many instances. Particularly is this the case with merchants; if they pay their tithings other Mormons are encouraged, advised or instructed to trade with them in preference to those who pay little or nothing into the church. No sensible Mormon would deny this, and there is, in fact, no occasion for any denial. Neither a bishop nor his assistant "teacher" would fill their positions acceptably to the higher priesthood if they failed to guide, advise or instruct in regard to temporal matters, the residents of their wards who are less intelligent and astute than themselves.

Instances have been known in which merchants who only half affiliated with the Mormon church paid large sums in tithings yearly, and in consideration of this special tax they received a fair share of Mormon patronage.

It is generally understood that in Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution—which has the "All-seeing Eye" emblazoned upon its front—a tenth of the salary of each employee is deducted from his, or her, wages at the end of every month, and turned into the church fund.

The rich man who gives his check for thousands of dollars, and the old woman who gives two purple cabbages that she has grown in a garden no larger than a flower bed, represent the two extremes among tithe-payers.

Of the tens of thousands who pay tribute to the Mormon church more were born in England than in the United States. The converts from Denmark, Sweden and Norway have been, and still are, many, but they are very poor and do about all that is expected of them if they succeed in providing themselves with food and clothing. There are, of course, exceptions, particularly among the Danes, who are considered the most superior class of Scandinavian emigrants.

Tithings built the tabernacle, and the temple—in which Christ is expected to reign when all men have become converted and the earth has been renewed. Tithings support a church system and government more elaborate and complete than any other, and they have made the priesthood rich, and powerful.

ANNE GETCHELL GALE.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN.

(New York Harbor, August 20, 1898.)
To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles
of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthest isles
are free;
And the furthest isles make answer, harbor, and height and
hail.
Breaker and beach cry, each to each, "Tis the Mother who
calls! Be still!"
Mother! New found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign
arm.
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies
rom,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them
this time home!
And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers
rest;
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the
golden West.
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars;
And far above in the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Pence! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade;
Peace at last, is the bugle's blast the length of the long blockade;
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release;
From ship to ship, and from lip to lip, it is "Peace! Thank
God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The song of those who swept the seas how she bade them rise
and go;
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land
answered "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's
son.
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with
wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then on the decks
they tread,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their coun-
try's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the
strait;
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads
for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething
foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men
who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace—when the great
gray ships come in!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Life is a thing worth living to the brave,
Who fear not Fortune's spite; in Truth who trust,
Whose spirit, not thrall'd by pride or earthward lust,
Stands up while mortal tumults round them rave,
Like Tenerife above the ocean wave;
Who, mailed in Duty, with divine disgust,
Recoil from frivolous joys and aims unjust,
Nor miss rewards which reason scorns to crave.
Life is worth living to those souls of light
Who live for others, and by gift bestow
On them the jubilant beams of their own right;
Who, knowing Life's defects, more truly know
This life is not the Temple, but the Gate
Where men secure of entrance watch and wait.

—[The Spectator.]

FIDELITY.

She was explaining to a class of small boys the meaning of the word fidelity, and casting about for an explanation which would be understood by all, she spoke of the faithful dog who watches on the delivery wagon while the driver is in the house leaving goods, and who will not leave the wagon or allow anyone to take the groceries until his master returns. "Now, who can tell me what fidelity means?" she queried, thinking she had made everyone of them understand what it was. The small freckled urchin at the foot of the class piped up, "Fidelity is a dog on a delivery wagon."



OUR PARIS LETTER.

A CHANCE THAT THE EXPOSITION MAY NOT TRANSPIRE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, April 21.—The most popular man in France at the present time is certainly King Oscar of Sweden. He was entertained on Monday at the *Figaro* office and he lunched the following day with the President of the republic. The evening papers published the menu of the lunch. While one is forced to admit that M. Loubet does things well one is preoccupied with the reflection that His Scandinavian Majesty was probably suffering on Tuesday evening from acute indigestion. At home at Stockholm he dines at 2:30 o'clock, and his meal invariably consists of a glass of bouillon and two dishes, of which one is hot and the other cold. With this food he takes a glass of Swedish beer, and he finishes up this most frugal repast with a glass of excellent Marsala. M. Loubet inflicted upon him eight courses with many wines, and one can have no doubt that His Majesty, with his well-known courtesy, partook of all that was offered him. A gentleman who was present at the lunch at the *Elysée*, told me that the greatest cordiality reigned throughout the repast, and that the King appeared to be particularly taken with the French President, whose simplicity of manner and bonhomie appealed directly to one of the simplest and kindest-hearted men in the regal business. The conversation during the whole of the déjeuner was of the most matter-of-fact and commonplace nature. The King spoke at some length on the delights of Biarritz, and announced his intention of visiting France next year during the exhibition. But will there be any exhibition? One hopes so and one fancies so, but if one walks about Paris and sees the abominable state of the principal streets, one doubts that things will be pulled ship-shape for at least another ten years. The whole of the interesting part of the Boulevard St. Germain is a chaos. The quays are one mass of building material. Iron rafters are heaped up in all sorts of improbable places. By the new bridge, which was inaugurated by the Czar, there is such a confusion of building materials and stones and beams and iron girders that one thinks of a game of jack straws, which only Titan hands can unravel.

It now appears to be a generally accepted fact in Paris that the united chambers of the Court of Cassation will reject Mme. Dreyfus's appeal for revision by a majority which M. Cavagnac esteems nine votes. This is a miserable solution to a miserable affair. It will satisfy nobody and least of all many of the French generals and members of the general staff. The agitation will continue with increased vigor, and nobody can tell what the ultimate issue will be. In the papers devoted to Capt. Dreyfus's cause the violent menaces are proffered, and, really one is forced to admit, not without some justification. The evidence which we have read so far establishes beyond a doubt that illegalities were committed at the ex-captain's trial. On the other hand, some of the more prudent of the prisoner's friends say that they will welcome a rejection of revision, and for this reason, that revision being rejected, Mme. Dreyfus will be entitled to appeal for annulment, and that on the facts before the court this appeal would have to be granted. Annulment would mean the quashing of the whole trial and sentence, without any fresh trial being ordered. If we are to credit the latest rumor, however, it appears that annulment of the trial of 1894 is impossible. This is said to be on no less an authority than that of the Minister of Justice himself.

The confession on which the adversaries of Capt. Dreyfus are basing their campaign seems to be open to considerable discussion. A reflection that occurs to me, and which I have not seen made anywhere, is that it is quite possible that Capt. Lebrun-Renaud, whose deposition was printed in the *Figaro* this week, may have entirely misunderstood the purport of Dreyfus's remarks on which the statement is made that the prisoner confessed his guilt. The last version—that given before the Court of Cassation—of this confession in the words of Capt. Lebrun-Renaud, is as follows: "I am innocent. In three years my innocence will be recognized. The Minister knows it, and Maj. du Paty de Clam came to see me in my cell some days ago, and told me that the Minister knew it. The Minister knew that if I delivered documents to Germany they were of no importance, and that my object was to get in exchange more important ones." Now, it occurs to me that the whole of the last sentence, which is said to contain the confession, may have been only a quotation on Dreyfus's part of the words used to him by Maj. du Paty de Clam. That is to say, Dreyfus did not state that "the Minister knew," etc., but that that was what was told him by Du Paty. This seems to be quite possible, especially in view of the fact that Dreyfus began his statement by saying that he was innocent. If this is so it is very regrettable on his behalf that he did not complete his statement, with his comments on Du Paty's insinuation. But, no doubt, he was in a great state of nervous excitement at the time, and did not see what harm his remarks, left uncompleted by such a comment as I have suggested, would do him. At the same time it seems established by various witnesses who were present at the degradation, that the prisoner was completely master of himself. Indeed one officer describes his attitude as "revolting in its cynicism," because at one time during that terrible march-round Dreyfus changed his step to keep step with the officer who was conducting him.

In another part of the Palais de Justice on Wednesday a political comedy, or rather farce, was in progress. I refer to the prosecution ordered by the government of the responsible officials of certain leagues. How ridiculous these proceedings are is shown by the manner in which the magistrates of the correctional tribunal dealt with these hardened offenders. In each case a fine of £2-6, remitted under the First Offenders' Act, was imposed, amidst the universal grin of a fashionable and crowded audience. In the afternoon a rare literary treat was afforded to those who were able to find room in the crowded court, when M. Jules Lemaire, president of the Ligue de la Patrie Française, who was one of the per-

sons prosecuted, addressed the court in his defense. The magistrates in the French police courts usually affect extreme somnolence and sit about in their curule chairs in various attitudes of utter fatigue and exhaustion. Today, however, when M. Lemaire began to speak, they sat up with an expression of eager expectancy on their faces. Nor were they to be disappointed. It was a very fine speech, an excellent specimen of university rhetoric, of which M. Jules Lemaire is a past master.

A number of letters written by Maj. Esterhazy to Jules Roche, were published in the *Figaro* this week, and I am forced to admit that they produced a very bad impression. Esterhazy's weakness has always been a mania for writing, for pouring out on paper without any consideration of possible consequence, whatever might be uppermost in his mind. Any grievance from which he may ever suffer provokes at once from his pen a torrent of injudicious writing. If he had followed the very useful system, which has over and over again been commended by the wisdom of nations, of sleeping on an angry letter before dispatching it to its destination his position today would no doubt be a far less wretched one. But he dashes off his copy with the speed of a leader-writer, and sends it off in the heat of the moment and under the effects of his passion. I do not think I ever met a man with a greater fondness for writing for writing's sake. Wherever he may be, and however humble his lodging is, one is always certain to see most elaborately-stocked writing-table in the room. I remember hearing him complain on one occasion, after having inspected a bedroom in a hotel in Arundel street, London, in which he proposed to pass one night that the room was "tight enough," but there was one thing wanting, and that was a writing-table. Having endeavored to model his life as a soldier on that of Napoleon, for whom he has such profound veneration, it is unfortunate that he does not imitate his master and hero in leaving pen and ink and paper strictly alone. Napoleon had such detestation for writing that it was always difficult for his ministers to extract from the Emperor even his signature. He considered the pen a contemptible implement. It is a pity that Maj. Esterhazy should have such a fondness for it. He should have remembered the saying of a great French poete-man, that he was prepared to hang any man on four lines of his writing.

The Eiffel Tower is being repainted. Fifty tons of paint are to be used in the redecoration of this hideous monument, and the operation will keep a small army of workmen busy for four months. I should have thought the unfortunate shareholders in this concern could have found a better use for their money. The color selected is yellow. The base will be in dark yellow, and so, by graduated tones, the color will be applied until the top is reached, where bright gold yellow will be employed. One is already prepared for the flood of foolish jokes and more or less salacious innuendoes which the selection of this color will provoke. Yellow is regarded in France as the color emblematic of conjugal infidelity. It is described as "la couleur du ménage"—the household color—and an unfaithful wife is spoken about as painting her husband yellow. Our boulevard wits, who, as Heine once remarked, never get their thoughts away from the muck-heaps of illicit affections, will not be slow to take advantage of the situation. There will be songs written about the Eiffel Tower in its new vestment.

Wireless telegraphy is being largely experimented in every day in Paris. The system is not that of Sig. Marconi, but the invention of a French engineer named Ducretet. The results obtained are considered very satisfactory, although they do not compare favorably as regards distance with the recent experiments in England. The longest distance which a message has been transmitted by M. Ducretet's apparatus is five kilometers, or a little over three miles. These messages were sent from the engineer's workshop to the old telegraph tower at Bicêtre, which was erected at the beginning of the century by Chappe, the inventor of the signal telegraph. If Chappe could leave his pedestal on the Boulevard St. Germain and could revisit his Bicêtre station, he would be considerably surprised at the progress made in telegraphy since his time.

This is the time of the year when the artists of Paris have their innings. Conversation is mainly about art and the promises of the forthcoming salons. The Beaux-Arts are in excitement about the competitions for the Prix de Rome. The painters are everywhere in evidence. From the windows of the different studios throughout Paris dangle at the ends of rods and lines, banners inscribed either with the name of the studio or with some humorous appeal to the passersby. From a six-story window in the Rue Mazarine there was hanging today a banner with this strange device "Negresses wanted here," and at this window stood a band of young art students in their paint-stained white blouses, guying all the women who passed below. There has been this week high festival among the art students at the famous Café des Quatros-Arts. It will be remembered that it was at a similar festival at this café that some years ago the things took place which led to the riots in the Latin quarter and the death of the unfortunate man Nuger. Private exhibitions are in preparation at many of the studios, and of these not the least interesting will be the one that is to be held tomorrow and on Sunday at his atelier in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré by M. Charles Conder. The pictures exhibited there will afterward be dispatched to London, where they will be on show under the auspices of Will Rothenstein.

A gentleman who is very much wanted in Paris today is our old friend, Sherlock Holmes. Certain portions of the female frame were found floating in a portmanteau in the Seine. Since five or six days the whole of the police force of Paris has been trying to find a reasonable explanation of this abnormal fact. The portmanteau has been traced, but that is all that the police have been able to discover. The best opportunities for the activity of an amateur detective now present themselves. Unfortunately the police authorities dispose of no funds for the remuneration of such services. This is probably the reason why such inefficient work is done by the French detective force. If the French nation could spend on its useful department the fraction of what is spent in other directions, this country would be the best-managed country in the world. But while France spends £40 a minute on her army she has not been able to find the £12,000 necessary for cataloguing the books at the National Li-

brary. The funds at the disposal of the Prefecture of Police are utterly inadequate, and I have it on the authority of an ex-Chief of Police that in nearly every case where the investigations have failed it has been owing to the want of funds. A first-class police inspector is paid at the rate of £6 a day. Out of this sum he has to dress himself, and pay for his carriages, so it often happens that when, for some reason or another, one is followed through the streets of Paris by a police inspector, one invites him out of sheer charity and kindness of heart to get into one's cab, so that he shall not have to run after one a panting and lamentable spectacle.

With Edward Pailleron disappears one of the wittiest and most charming Parisians of the time. Fate has been consistently kind to him. He passed away, as I once heard him say he wished to die, with no long sufferings, suddenly mowed down, unconscious of his fate. He leaves behind him nothing but regrets. This afternoon at his house there is one long pilgrimage of sorrowing friends. Pailleron was one of the men in Paris who had the smallest number of enemies. That he had some enemies was inevitable from his career as a satirist and writer of modern comedy. His famous comedy, "The World in Which One Borees Oneself" ("Le monde où l'on s'ennuie"), and which was directed against the tedious people who used to meet at his father-in-law's house, aroused much bitter feeling "in universal circles." But apart from this small ring he was very much liked. It could not have been otherwise. He was the kindest-hearted and most generous man of letters whom one could meet, next to Alphonse Daudet. It would have been strange if it had been otherwise, for as I have just said fate has always been kind to him. He was born rich, he was very handsome, he achieved his first success as quite a young man, and he passed on from triumph to triumph surrounded by the admiration and love of his contemporaries. And when I say that fate was consistently kind to him I purposely ignore those domestic difficulties which afforded gossip among this small party of enemies to whom I have referred. Pailleron solved the difficulty of an uncongenial marriage in a fashion which I consider very superior to the recipe given by Mr. Ibsen, Count Tolstoi, and other persons who have occupied themselves with the marriage question. The way in which he solved this difficulty may be explained in few words. One saw M. and Mme. Pailleron in public places together, but if one called on them at their apartment at the corner of the Quai d'Orsay and the Rue de Bac, just above the Café d'Osay, where Paul Bourget as a poor young man used to take his coffee and used unlimited "de quoi écrire," one was asked by the porter whether it was M. or Mme. Pailleron that one wished to see. Different staircases led to the different doors by which the apartments of the two spouses, and the key was on Mme. Pailleron's side. It is many years since I first called on Pailleron at this apartment. He had given me an appointment. I arrived at the time indicated in his telegram, and rang at his particular door. It was opened, and a man appeared and asked me my business. I said: "I have come to see M. Pailleron, is he in?" The man said: "I do not know." I said: "Would you kindly go and see?" The man answered with a grin. I then said: "Would you kindly go at once and tell M. Pailleron that I am here, and that I want to see him." He grinned again. I fancied I had to do with a drunken lackey, when suddenly the man whom I took for a valet, burst out laughing, took me by the arm, pulled me into the apartment and said, "Come in, I am Edward Pailleron." I spent with him on that occasion two hours of the most entertaining nature. The particular point on which I had wished to see him was to consult him as to the utility of establishing in England an academy of letters, based on the model of the French Academy, a subject with which I dealt nine years ago in an illustrated morning paper. He was particularly emphatic on the point that the principal function of the French Academy was to act as a brake on the French language. He said it was absurd to joke about the eternal non-completion of the dictionary. He said that it never could be completed, because the French language changes every day.

JOHNEEN.

Sure, he's five months old, an' he's two foot long.
Baby Johnneen.
Watch yourself now, for he's terrible sh'teng.
Baby Johnneen!
An' his fists 'll be up if ye make anyny slips—
With finger ends rosy the same as daisy tips—
But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips
will Johnneen.

There's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,
Johnneen.
For they're partly o' the earth, an' still they're partly o' the skies.

Like Johnneen,
So far as he's thraveled he's been laughin' all the way.
For the little soul is quare sn' wise, the little heart is gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play,
with Johnneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
young Johnneen.
For he takes to the water like anytitt duck,
by Johnneen;
Sure them are the hands, now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
for Johnneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,
oh, Johnneen!
Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pot,
wee Johnneen!
Here's to your health, an' we'll drink it tonight!
Slainte gal, avourneen! may yer days be bright,
Johnneen!

—Molly O'Neill in the New York Tribune.

THE PATRIOT.

The man whose heels are all run down, who never made ends meet.
Whose wife must scrub or sew to get the children things to eat.
Now boldy sallies forth to show how things must go to smash.
Unless the voters pick him out to guard the public's cash.

The man whose brow starts at his nose and ends an inch from there,
Who, when the brains were parceled out, failed to obtain his share.
Is ready now to tell us how we all may be content
By turning over unto him the reins of government.

The man who wouldn't dare to risk ten dollars of his own
In any private scheme where he woud be concerned alone,
Is ready at the moment to assume the care of state
And let the people put their trust in him or else in fate.

The land is full of honest men—of able men and true,
Whose brows are lofty and whose hearts are well proportioned,
too.
But they somehow are not the ones whose toes point to the sky
From the tops of public desks, and, oh, will some one tell us
why?
—S. E. Mer in the Chicago News.

THE WOMAN OF THE TIMES.

WHEN the Twentieth Kansas returns from its baptisms of fire and water in the Philippines, and with its gallant little general at its head, marches through the streets of Kansas towns it will see, as exclamation points between the rousing bursts of cheers, long lines of upraised right hands, with the two first fingers open. In the sign language of boyhood that means, "Let's go swimming," and the friends and admirers of the Kansas soldier boys propose to make it to the returning heroes to show how well they understand and how much they glory in the reckless courage and dare-devil bravery with which Funston and his men swam rivers and rushed Filipinos at the same time. To every man who, in his youth, attended a country school that was near a possible swimming place—at least, in the Middle West—that sign means a whole volume of memories. It brings back to him visions of surreptitious signs beckoned across the schoolroom on hot summer afternoons, remembrance of crafty schemes for eluding the teacher's eye, of quiet hiding along fences and hedges, of glad yelling and racing through the cool, shady woods, and, finally, of happy hours of amphibian delights. And every woman who ever taught school in those regions remembers with a smile the trouble that sign cost her. As soon as her eye caught its beckoning, she knew there would be depleted classes that afternoon, and that her question-

general and his devoted band on one of their swimming expeditions. If that sort of a baptism would not give him a change of heart, he is quite hopeless. Mr. Atkinson is not of much consequence, either in himself or in the mischief he can work, but it would be such an unadulterated joy to the rest of the country to see him appreciate and second that robust sizing-up of the situation which Gen. Funston recently wrote to a friend in Kansas, in which he said that with the Filipinos "independence means simply the license to raise hell, and if they got control they would raise a fine lot of it."

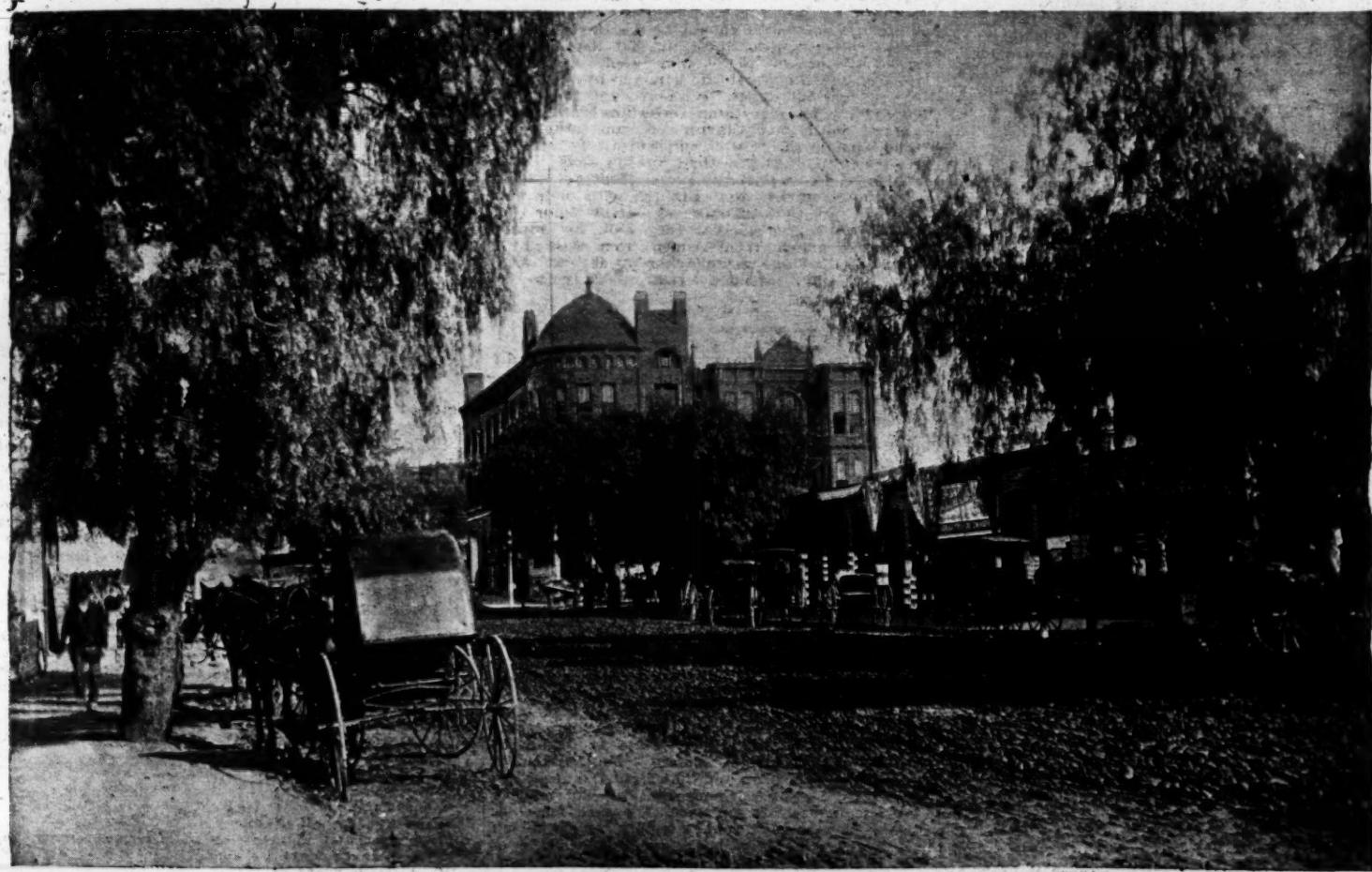
A man who lately came by stage over the gap in the coast line of the Southern Pacific Railroad was looking about him, before the stage started, with the usual alert interest of the western man. He noticed that the leather shoe on the brake had outlived its usefulness, and asked the driver if he did not think a new one would be necessary before they started on the long down grade.

"Never you mind about that brake," grumbled the driver; "that's my business." The man was one of those people who know when they have been snubbed, and accordingly he said no more, but mounted his seat on the box beside the driver, and they started on the long grade down the mountain. They had gone but a little way when the leather shoe came off and the brake would not hold. The driver turned white, but he took a firm grip on his lines, and as the four-horse team went flying down the narrow mountain road he let forth yell after yell that would have done credit to the whole Kansas regiment in the Philippines. The uproarious noise was for the purpose of warning possible travelers on the up-grade that disaster was coming down on them at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and that they must look out for themselves. Two men in a light buggy were going up, and when the flying stage passed them they had barely time to draw out on the narrow margin between the road and the precipice, where they stood with white, expectant faces at the heads of their snorting horses. Partly by good luck and partly by rea-

life or death. Has anybody ever inquired or cared whether any death, following upon the taking of his medicines, might not have been averted if a regular physician had been called? But, doubtless, there have been as many hundred instances of these as there have been single deaths attributable to Christian Science. The healer by faith and prayer believes ardently that she can do her patients more good than can anyone else, and just as ardently does she wish to cure them. Both morally and legally, her guilt is less than that of the quack medicine man, because she does not practice knowing and willful fraud. It is only when there is direful result that they stand on equal footing. And even then, it is doubtful if prosecution of the Christian Scientists comes within the spirit of the law, unless there have been State enactments forbidding them to practice their medical faith.

As she said before, The Woman has no sympathy with the faith of the Christian Scientists. When she is ill she wants to go to a physician whose diploma hangs in his office, and who would rather be drawn and quartered than advertise himself. She wants to get a prescription from him in hybrid Latin, of whose meaning she has not the faintest idea, and then wait three hours in a drug store while it is being filled, and then she wants to make faces and shiver over its shockingly bad taste at the appointed intervals, until she is cured. But she does like to see fair play, and she does not think it is quite just for the regular practitioners and the legal officials to begin their work upon one class of offenders when there is another that is much larger and far worse and does a great deal more harm.

It seems something of a paradox that, after all the poets and sages of all time have praised woman for her gentle nature and declared that her victories are all of peace, and that she has no part in war—after all this, for so many centuries, it does seem a bit of a paradox that the one achievement of woman which has got itself celebrated year in and year out for many



THE TIMES BUILDING AND A PART OF BROADWAY (THEN FORT STREET) SOUTH OF FIRST, IN 1887.

ing the next morning would be met by the blandest and most innocent of looks. Two open fingers on the raised right hand—"Let's go swimming"—a bit of hero-worshipping pleasure which will bring a smile to the lips of the battle-tried Kansans, and make a little easier to go through the temporary hero-worship they will have to endure—but hereafter, it will have a new meaning.

When Secretary Long said the other day of Edward Atkinson that the administration would take no more notice of him than it would have done of Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, he uttered about the most cutting and contemptuous remark which has been made over the Boston statistician and his antics. For Daniel Pratt was a queer, cranky, harmless, semi-lunatic, who used to haunt the Boston newspaper offices some years ago, and deliver speeches and tirades to whomsoever would listen to him. He was a familiar sight on all the principal downtown streets, and as there was almost always an element of unconscious humor in his sayings and doings, the reporters often interviewed him upon public questions, and the small notoriety that he thus gained was his greatest pleasure. He called himself the Great American Traveler, and that title was given him in the newspapers whenever his name was mentioned. Secretary Long could not have said a more contemptuous thing of the misguided Atkinson than by thus comparing him to the poor, half-crazed, talk-loving and notice-seeking Daniel Pratt, whose speeches were as harmless and of as little consequence as the twitter of the sparrows in the Common.

And, by the way, what a pity it is that Gen. Funston could not allure Edward Atkinson with that sign of "Let's go swimming." If anything would make a man of the Bostonian, it would be to accompany the Kansas

son of the steady head of the driver, the stage finally drew up at the bottom of the grade right side up and nobody hurt. The man who had spoken of the worn shoe said nothing as they dismounted. The driver shot several inquiring glances at him, but he merely stood by quietly while the other looked over the harness and soothed his horses. Finally, the driver spoke:

"Mister, what's your name?" he demanded.

The traveler told him, and added:

"What do you want to know for?"

"Because you're the first doggoned man I ever saw that didn't say, 'I told you so!'"

At the beginning of this paragraph, The Woman wishes to say that she has not the very least sympathy with or belief in the theories and methods of the Christian Scientists. Nevertheless, it does seem to her that the movement which has been started in some parts of the country to make them liable to the law when death follows their treatment, savors of an injustice which ought to be foreign to both the thoughts and the acts of the people of the United States. As long as quack medicine men are allowed to pour their unspeakable mixtures down the throats of a populace ever eager to be gullied, with never a threat of the law held over their heads, can any reasonable, fair-dealing, justice-loving person see a Christian Science healer indicted for manslaughter without making a protest? It may be that the Christian Science healer has some guilt at her door. But, at least, she ardently believes all that she says, and has no end of faith in the efficacy of her methods. But the quack medicine man knows that he is deliberately and intentionally taking money under false pretences; that what he sells has in it, for most of those who buy, no curative powers, and that he does not care, except so far as it may effect his own pocket, whether its use results in ~~disease~~ or health,

generations was an achievement in war. It was 470 years ago that Joan of Arc effected the deliverance of Orleans, and last Monday the anniversary was celebrated in that ancient city with joy, bells and guns and music and processions, and huge gala crowds and flowers and flags and oratory. It is worth while to note that of all the things woman has accomplished in all the history of the race, the one thing which has been thought of sufficient worth to deserve celebration for 400 years is the one thing which it has been constantly said woman cannot do and ought to be ashamed to do if she could. But this paragraph is not to be taken by any "new woman," thirsting to do important things, as advice to go to the wars and try to be appointed brigadier-general. The sex has had one brigadier-general who was a great success, and is remembered by a whole nation with tenderness and pride, even though she was burned at the stake because she succeeded. And when an amateur gunner hits the bullseye the first time he picks up a gun, it is always wise for him to put away the weapon and shoot no more.

CABBY'S BLUNDER.

[West End:] You would think that Rudyard Kipling was one of the best-known men in the world, especially since his illness. But one evening—it was the evening when we had news that the crisis was past—I was reading my paper in the hansom that conveyed me home. As I stepped out I handed the paper to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," I said. The cabman took the paper, and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'awse," he said.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

It Was a Fine Shirt.

"SPORTY" looking man, who appeared to be a traveling salesman, was eating at a certain railroad station lunchroom in Chicago one evening not long since. He wore a flaming red necktie, and the colored man who waited on him could not keep his eyes from it.

He looked at it so long and lovingly that the man at last noticed him. "What's the matter, Jim," he inquired.

"Fine tie you got there, boss."

Without a word the man took off his necktie and handed it to the waiter, whose eyes fairly popped out at the unexpected action. Finishing his meal the traveler paid the charge and departed quietly, as if giving away his wearing apparel was an every-day occurrence.

Another man who saw the affair said to the colored brother, who was still chuckling and staring after the generous stranger: "What did you think when he gave it to you, Jim?"

"Well, boss, I was just thinking dat was a mighty fine shirt de gem'man had on."—[Chicago News.]

Refused a Twenty-five-cent Cigar.

SOME one tells a good cigar story on the ex-Governor which runs something like this: It was during the Cleveland-Blaine campaign, and Mr. Oglesby was making his first visit of any length in New York. For the first time Delmonico's attracted his attention.

"What kind of a place is that?" he asked.

"Come in and see," responded his companion. Uncle Dick went in, and the friend ordered a lunch, on which the two dined right royally. Luncheon finished, he asked the Governor to "join him" in a smoke. The clerk at the cigar counter handed out some fine Havanas. Uncle Dick was in the act of taking one, when suddenly he drew back and said:

"What's the price of these?"

"Twenty-five cents," said the clerk.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Uncle Dick; "put 'em back, put 'em back, quick!"

"But Governor, this is my treat," argued the friend.

"Daren't do it! daren't do it! Put 'em back!"

"But Governor—"

"See here, young man," returned Uncle Dick, "I daren't do it. Why, man alive, if they ever found out in Illinois that I smoked 25-cent cigars, whether I paid for 'em or not, they'd turn me out of the church, and it would ruin me, politically, forever. No, sir; 5-cent cigars at home and 10-centers in New York are good enough for me."—[Chicago Chronicle.]

His Holy Land Lecture.

THE following anecdote concerning the famous lecture on "The Holy Land," which, it is said, except Gov. Oglesby never succeeded in delivering as he prepared it, is related in Franc B. Wilkie's pamphlet on the life of the Governor:

He had been invited to deliver this lecture at a country town in Illinois and accepted. A large crowd gathered to hear him, and he was greeted with loud applause as he stepped forward to lecture. He was only to speak for one hour, and said in beginning he would preface his lecture with a few remarks on his experiences in Europe. At the end of two hours and a half he was still talking about Europe, and because the people seemed so delighted he announced he would deliver the lecture the next evening.

The same people came back, reinforced by many more, and at the end of another two hours he stopped without having said anything about the Holy Land, except to announce that as his subject. The third night there was a monster gathering, and Gov. Oglesby, after finishing up Europe, started to say a few words about Egypt and the Nile before beginning his lecture. At last he looked at his watch, and with a look of astonishment turned to one of his friends on the platform and said:

"Well, here it is 11 o'clock, and I'll be hanged if I've got to the Holy Land yet."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Didn't Want Stock.

WHEN Tom Johnson, son of Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia, was Collector of Customs at Savannah, an acquaintance called one morning to ask

his opinion on Central Railroad stock. "Why do you want to know?" said Tom. "Got any of it?" "Yes, I have, and I'd like to know whether it's worth holding on to or not. What's your honest opinion?" "See that old colored mammy sitting out there on the sidewalk with her little stock of goobers and chestnuts? She's blind. This morning I passed her and she held out her hand for something, and as I was feeling sorter blue I gave her a piece of paper I happened to have in my fingers. She crumpled it up, and, discovering it wasn't a bank note, said, 'Mars Johnson, what is dis yo's gibin' de ole mammy?' I told her it was 100 shares of Georgia Central Railroad stock, and she handed it back, saying, 'Mars Johnson, dis ain't no time fo' jokin'; please, sah, take dis back and gimme a nickel.'"—[New York Press.]

Between Six and Seven.

CASE was being tried in court, and the particular question at issue was the number of persons present when a certain event occurred. An honest but simple-minded German was in the witness box.

He had never taken an oath before, and was not a little disconcerted. The lawyer who conducted the cross-examination saw his opportunity and badgered him with questions, after the manner of his kind.

"How many did you say there was present?" he shouted, bringing his fist down upon the table as though the fate of empires trembled in the balance.

"Vell," merrily answered the witness, "off course I

gould not chust say, but I dinks der was between six and seven."

"Tell the jury what you mean by that?" roared the lawyer. "How could there be between six and seven? Were there six or were there seven?"

"Vell," answered the witness, "maybe I was wrong. Dere was more as six, but dere was not so much as seven. One vas a fery leetle boy."—[Facts.]

Died to Prove His Theory.

THE acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a few years ago at Lebanon, O. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them, after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket, turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shots had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self-inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Clement S. Vandaligham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vandaligham died.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Bunco Men Buncoed.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Leavenworth the late Len T. Smith, whom all old-timers remember, and Gen. Powell Clayton, the present Ambassador of the United States to Mexico. Smith was in New York one day when he was approached by a chap who said he had on the string a rich friend from Cuba, who was anxious to start a big faro game and wanted him to deal for him. He proposed to Smith that he would take up the offer—Smith should tackle the game and he would coöperate with Smith, so that together they could rob the Cuban of \$50,000. Smith sent upstairs for Clayton and told him what the gambler had proposed. All three started out to see the Cuban, and they found him surrounded by everything refreshing that money could buy. Smith and Clayton ate and drank and drove and went to the theater and had all sorts of fun at the Cuban's expense, for three or four days, all the time having under consideration the proposed conspiracy. Finally, when they were through with their business in New York they thanked the gamblers for their hospitality and suggested that they look for suckers elsewhere than among frontiersmen from Kansas. It was estimated that the gamblers spent at least \$1000 entertaining their intended victims.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Kipling Saw His Mistake.

YOU remember Kipling wrote two entirely different endings to "The Light that Failed," said a warm admirer of the gifted Anglo-Indian. "In the first he marries the blind hero to his selfish little sweetheart, and in the other, he makes her jilt him and sends the poor fellow to infernal suicide. Well, a friend, who is also a friend of Kipling's publisher, tells me an interesting story of those two widely divergent finales, and, whether true or not, the thing is good enough to repeat. Not long after the original appearance of the novel, Kipling was on a railway train, according to the yarn, and happened to notice a couple in an adjoining seat. They were evidently husband and wife, and the man was stone blind. He looked frail and ill, and his affliction had so intensified the ordinary discomforts of travel that his temper was on a wire edge. From one end of the journey to the other he grumbled and complained incessantly, but the woman bore his murmurings with all the patient tenderness that a mother might exhibit toward a petulant babe. She was continually doing little things to make him more comfortable, soothing him, cheering him up and guarding him against annoyance. Time and again he repulsed her with downright brutality, but her temper never ruffled for an instant, and that night the observant author declared to some friends that he had made a great mistake in his new romance. No such ferocious egotist as Masie, he said, could possibly resign herself to the companionship of a blind man. A sacrifice of that sort called for qualities of self-effacement and self-abnegation which she did not possess, and without delay he sat down and rewrote the last four chapters of his book. To my way of thinking, he vastly improved it, although I dare say the original ending was better suited to the popular palate."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

How Capt. Evans Won His Title.

HERE is some misapprehension," said a visitor from Washington, "as to the manner in which 'Fighting Bob' Evans of the Iowa really got his sobriquet. It was coined in the Annapolis school days, from a peculiar incident. When young Bob started for the academy, his mother, who was very devout, gave him a small, framed copy of the Lord's prayer and told him to hang it over his bed. So no sooner was he assigned to a room than he drove a nail in the wall with a shoe heel and followed orders to the letter. Now, as you may know, the rules at Annapolis are very strict in regard to room decorations, and nothing is allowed but the regulation kit—iron bed, washstand and a few other necessary articles. Consequently when the petty inspecting officer came around he promptly ordered Bob to take down the prayer. 'I won't do it,' said Bob, and the inspector, aghast, sent for the officer of the day. That dignitary arrived, red with indignation. 'Yank it down, orderly!' he roared at his assistant, but young Evans, springing to his feet, struck a pugilistic attitude before the offending tablet, and swore he would smash the face of the first man who touched it. The incident was so utterly unprecedented that the officer of the day concluded to refer the whole matter to the commandant, who in turn wrote to the Secretary of the Navy. Meanwhile Bob had written home, and his strait-laced old parents were filled with wrath and horror. Take down the Lord's prayer! Never! They spread the news, and the little town held an indignation meeting, forwarding a set of sultry resolutions to the President himself. The result of it was

that a special order was issued permitting the prayer to remain, and the plucky cadet got the honorary title of 'Fighting Bob.' The title stuck, and so did the prayer. I saw it only the other day in Evans's old quarters—room 81, corridor C."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Rough on the General.

FRENCH actor named Hyacinthe once illustrated

the saying, "Discretion is the better part of valor." It was in the month of June, and a company of the National Guard, of which Hyacinthe was a sergeant, was engaging a body of insurgents behind a barricade at the other end of a short street. One of the insurgents, in particular, from a corner of the barricade, was making remarkably effective practice on the assailants. At that moment up came a general.

"We must get him to expose himself," said the general. "One of you must clamber up on top of the barricade; then when our friend at the other end of the street shows himself to take aim, two or three of you fetch him down. Up with you, sergeant!"

"Beg your pardon, general, but, perhaps, you see, an insignificant non-commissioned officer like myself may have no attraction for him. But a handsome, distinguished man like you, in that stylish and becoming uniform—he'd be more than mortal if he could resist the temptation. I'll lend you a hand, general."—[Tid-Bits.]

Stevenson's Conditional Acceptance.

WHILE in Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in a great measure did as the Romans did; that is to say, as the Samoans did. It was Louis's custom to lie abed of a morning and spend the remainder of the time under a tree on the hill, clad in light pajamas, the dress of the native Kanaka.

With his wife it was the same; stays were unknown to her, and a curling-iron a dim recollection of a shady past. Among their manner of living, or existing, this pleasing and heretofore unpublished anecdote of Stevenson is told by Albert Heywood, the present commercial agent of the United States in the Hawaiian Islands, and printed by Kenneth Herford in the Detroit Free Press.

It was while Stevenson and his wife were living at Apia, in Samoa, that Mr. Heywood was appointed Consul there for this country.

Shortly after his arrival in the country he arranged for a reception to the English, German and American residents of the community that they might meet him in his official capacity and he them as "citizens of Samoa."

Of course an invitation was sent Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. Two days before the date of the function, Mr. Heywood was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Stevenson, sent by courier. The note read as follows:

"Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Louis Stevenson accept Consul Heywood's invitation with pleasure, and assure him that they will be present on the evening of the 23d, if, by that time, Mrs. Stevenson finds her other shoe. Ever thine,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

Today that note is the most highly-prized possession of our commercial agent in Honolulu.

Color of an Earthquake.

LITTLE Irwin — was seated at the table eating his dinner when the tremor was felt; when he heard his mother exclaim, "That's an earthquake," he looked around at the paled faces around him and innocently exclaimed, "What color is an earthquake, mamma?" and as no one felt like replying, he answered himself, saying, "It must be white, I think, 'cause everybody's face looks as white as anything."—[Santa Cruz Sentinel.]

PROPHETIC ABOUT SPAIN AND AMERICA.

[Notes and Queries:] Among the various prophecies recorded in these columns, the following seems not to have found a place. It occurs in the twelfth of Sir Thomas Browne's "Miscellany Tracts," published in 1688, folio, with a short preface by Thomas Tenison:

"When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When Jamaica shall be Lady of the Isles and the Main,
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico shall prove a Madrid,
When Mahomet's ships on the Baltic shall ride,
And Turks shall labor to have Ports on that side,
When Africa shall no more sell out their blacks
To make slaves and drudges to the American tracts,
When Batavia the old shall be contemn'd by the new,
When a new drove of Tartars shall China subdue,
When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure."

* When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade,
When men shall almost pass to Venice by land,
Not in deep water, but from sand to sand,
When Nova Zembla shall be no stay

Unto those who pass to or from Cathay,
Then think strange things are come to light,
Wherof but few have had a foresight."
These verses were sent to the Knight of Norwich by a friend, with a request that he would consider the prophecy, which he did in an "Exposition" of three pages. His chief prognostications are these: That the New England colony would in process of time invade the American Spanish ports by depredations or assaults, and would not improbably erect new dominions in places not yet thought of; that Africa would be civilized; that America would spend its gold and silver in great undertakings, magnificent structures and wars; and that its commerce would invade Europe, as that of the Greek colonies invaded Greece.

Comparing the date of the capture of Jamaica with that of the death of Sir Thomas Browne, I should place the prophecy not much earlier or later than 1670. Parts of it have been curiously fulfilled, and it deserves to be made more accessible than heretofore.

WORDS, IDLE WORDS.

The street car was already comfortably filled and a colored man had taken the last vacant seat. A few blocks farther on, a saffron-colored lady boarded the car, and seeing no vacant seat, reached for a strap. However, the kinky-haired gentleman promptly rose and proffered his seat. "Thank you, sir," she said, showing her dazzling white teeth in an expansive smile; "but really I hate to deprive you of your seat." "Oh, don't mention it," replied the gallant; "it's no depravity at all, I assure you."

THE NEW BOOKS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE.

Richard Realf's Poems.

UNDER the title, "Poems by Richard Realf," the Funk & Wagnalls Company has issued a volume which is entitled to a place among the important publications of the year. Richard Realf was a poet whose song, however much, it was sometimes marred by carelessness in the choice of words, was always sweet and true, while some of his single poems stand among the best that have been produced in this country. The book is edited by his personal friend, Richard J. Hinton, whom Realf named in letters written on the night of his suicide as his literary executor. Mr. Hinton has taken much pains to collect all the poems written by Realf. It has been a long and difficult work, and, together with the fact that he did not wish to bring out the book until after the death of those to whom its issue might cause pain, has delayed its publication until more than twenty years after the sad end of the poet's life. He has prefaced the poems with a memoir which is a human document of singular interest. He was intimately associated with Realf for many years and doubtless knew more both of his outer life of constant activity and effort and grievous error and of his inner life of aspiration, enthusiasm and suffering than any other of the poet's friends. He writes from the standpoint of the sincere friend who loved and admired both the man and the poet, but he has not been blinded to the vagaries of conduct and the occasional shocking lack of moral perception which make Realf's life a psychological problem. The story of that life is one of the saddest in all the history of letters, sadder even than that of Poe, whose temperament, in certain ways, Realf's somewhat resembled. But Realf was a much broader-minded man than Poe, with larger, deeper sympathies, with a more open, sunny outlook upon life and a better intellectual equipment. The resemblance between them lies in a certain curious introspective vanity, in ever assertive self-consciousness and in a morbid self pity. Although English by birth, Realf was essentially American in every respect. He identified himself so intimately in every possible way with the land of his adoption that he must be looked upon as one of our own. His sympathies and his efforts with both hand and brain were always with the oppressed and the unfortunate. He was an ardent member of the anti-slavery party and his work with that little free-soil band, whose grim determination that Kansas should not be given over to the slave power makes one of the red but splendid pages in the history of freedom, and his later service in the army show how thoroughly American was his feeling. In explanation of his many contradictory actions, of his strange disappearances, and of those vagaries of conduct which caused him to be branded by many opprobrious epithets, that of traitor among them, Mr. Hinton advances the very plausible theory that he was subject to recurrent fits of mental aberration. There was a strain of insanity in his mother's family, and there were many things in Realf's life which only the hypothesis of temporary mental irresponsibility can explain. But whether his sins and his errors were intentional or unconscious, he made long and bitter expiation of repentance and suffering, and even finally of death.

The best-known of Realf's poems, and one of the best that he ever wrote, is that one called "Indirection," and beginning:

"Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is falser;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter."

In the sheer music of its lines, in its simplicity of expression, in the beauty of its suggestion and in the reverent aspiration with which it seeks to comprehend the "divine essence of life," it is entitled to high rank among English lyrics. Another example of the exquisite lyrical quality of his poetic gift is the "Hymn to Pittsburgh," with its fine dramatic personification of the modern spirit of mechanical invention and vast execution. Its final stanza is a fair sample of its quality:

"I am swart with the soots of my furnace
I drip with the sweets of toll;
My fingers throttle the savage wastes,
I tear the curse from the soil.
I fling the bridges across the gulfs
That hold us from the To-Be,
And build the roads for the bannered march
Of crowned humanity."

His war songs are numerous, and most of them are worthy of high place among martial poetry. "Salve Milites," which was read at the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in 1873, is one of the best in its well-nigh perfect fitness of rhythm and words, and in its flashing spirit of valor and heroism:

"Ah, those were lofty days when, straight through our mincing and canting,
The soul of the Nation flashed, and gripped the hilt of its brand,
And drained its aleos like wine, and strode forth, kindled and panting,
Hewing, in forest of lies, clear space for the Truth to stand."

The sonnet was one of Realf's favorite forms of poetical expression, but he was not always successful with it. But the simple, exquisite beauty of those in which he was successful suggest that his frequent lapses were largely due either to the pressing work of bread-winning, which left little time in which to give the necessary polish, or to carelessness. In his sonnets he offends most by his frequent use of unmusical and unpoetic words. The same carelessness mars, more or less, the bulk of his poetical work. It passes understanding how a man whose ear was evidently so sensitive to the tilt of words and the music of rhythm should have let pass unmended the closing lines of this extract, which is taken from one of his sonnets to Abraham Lincoln. After the sol-

emn, stately beauty of the preceding lines they are a jarring discord which sets one's teeth on edge:

"Nathless, let not our cold ingratitude
Make sad the soul within thee; in the years
When the full meanings of our brotherhood
Roll their high revelations round the spheres,
The solemn passion of thy life shall be
A wonder and a passion unto all,
Whose eyes behold the Apocalyptic
Transfiguration of Humanity."

Perhaps the best, most finished of all his sonnets is the one beginning:

"I think that love makes all things musical,
As, melted in the marvels of its breaths,
Our barren lives to blossoming lyrics swell,
And the new births shine upward from old deaths,
Witching the world with wonder."

The triplet of sonnets which he wrote on the night of his suicide and which were found beside his bed of death are at once an exquisite finished bit of poesy and a curious psychological study. The lines seem to have welled up spontaneously from his heart and to have been written practically upon the spur of the moment, but in mechanism and execution they are as nearly faultless as anything that ever came from his pen. As to their spirit, their simple, pathetic beauty is enhanced by the knowledge that they were written at the very right hand of death, and that fact makes impossible the criticism of self-consciousness and self-pity which otherwise they would incur. The three sonnets are an epitome of the poet's life and character.

The book is finely illustrated by portraits of Realf at different ages, and by a portrait of his mother, an old lady whose face shows strength and sweetness of character.

[Poems by Richard Realf, Poet, Soldier, Workman; With a Memoir by Richard J. Hinton. Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York.]

"No. 5 John Street."

Richard Whiteing, a London journalist who has devoted much time to the study of social conditions in that city, has produced in "No. 5 John Street," a book that is unique in its conception and in the manner in which the work is done. In a way, the book is fiction, but it is nevertheless the truth itself from first page to last. It is told in the first person by a young nobleman of wealth and social position who, impelled by a chain of satisfactory reasons not necessary to recount, goes down into the slums of London to stay for six weeks



SELMA LAGERLOF,

Author of "Miracles of Antichrist" and "The Story of Gasta Berlin."
(Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.)

and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. No. 5 John street is where he lodges during his stay in the East End—a human hive that is buzzing with life and reeking with odors. He keeps his word to himself and lives for that time upon what he is able to earn, then goes back to Mayfair, and devotes nearly half of the book to the doings of his rich and socially distinguished friends. Afterward he returns to John street, gets another job of work and spends another season among the acquaintances he had made there. But this bare résumé of the skeleton of the story gives no idea of its intensely interesting quality, its constant charm and its high literary excellence. It is a social satire, as apparently unconscious as it is powerful, of the parallel column sort that leaves to the reader's intelligence the drawing of morals and the detection of meanings. In the depiction of life in John street there is no writing down from a superior position, nor writing at things and people from a distance, nor writing around them in general puzzlement. He narrates the story of their actual life from day to day exactly as it would appear to a man of much intelligence, warm heart and constant and genial sense of humor. And the characters that he has put into his pages are exceedingly delightful. Covey, his fellow-worker and temporary "pal," and Tilda, the Amazonian flower girl, are set forth with such vividness, such impersonal appreciation of their good and bad points and such delights in their humor, intentional or unconscious, that the reader wishes for more of them. An equal skill goes into the delineation of the characters and the life of the "upper ten," and the gilded youth, Seton, the son of Sir Marmaduke Ridley, is a masterly bit of character portrayal. If the reader has less desire to know more of him it is because he is intrinsically less interesting than Covey and Tilda. As a social study, Mr. Whiteing's picture of life in John street is of more value than a ton of theoretical treatises upon the life of the poor. He lays bare the hearts and minds of the people of the slums, brings his reader face to face with their life and makes him stand upon their point of view. The lover of literature will take as much pleasure in the book as does the social student. For it is almost as much a collection of brief and brilliant essays upon life and people as it is a social study or a piece of fiction.

Mr. Whiteing has bid defiance to all laws of novelistic construction and has gone about the work of writing the story in whatever way the mood of the moment moved him to do. And the result is one of those rare

and delightful books that one can pick up at any odd moment and open at any page with the surety of finding something that will give pleasure for the time and can be kept in the memory for occasional afterthought. The work is one which ought to please both those who value a book for the pleasure it gives them and those who prize it for the new knowledge of life they draw from its pages. It is meeting with good success in both England and America. In London, its ninth edition has been announced. Mr. Whiteing is the author of "The Island," a satire upon English government and social life, which appeared about eleven years ago and received much praise.

[No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. The Century Company: New York.]

* * *

A Detective Story.

For all who like clever detective stories—and the success of the Sherlock Holmes series shows that their number is legion—"The Sturgis Wager," by Edgar Morette, can be recommended. It is based on the Sherlock Holmes plan—the scientific detection of criminals by the intelligent observation and interpretation of the circumstances surrounding their crimes. The central idea of the book rather takes one's breath away by its audacity, but it does not overreach the possibilities. The conception of a man of high intelligence and unspotted reputation devoting all his intellect and energies to the wholesale commission of crime, goes beyond that which has actually happened only in the social and business standing which Mr. Morette has given to his character of Dr. Murdock. Sturgis is a newspaper man who has made the detection of crime his specialty and who has a theory that crime is sure to betray itself if the circumstantial evidence concerning it is only properly observed and interpreted. Dr. Murdock assails his theories and lays a wager with him that he will not be able to unravel a certain crime concerning which there are a few lines in the evening paper. The methods of the newspaper man in his work upon the case, the things which he discovered, and the ingenuity with which he worked out their meaning, make the book, in those respects, the equal of Dr. Doyle's famous detective stories. It is not equal to them, however, in the manner in which the story is told. The plot is cunningly made and very cleverly worked out. The author understands the value of those little suggestions upon which the reader is made to stub the toe of expectation and his frequent use of them keeps the interest at high pitch. He does make rather severe calls upon the credulity occasionally, not so much in the things which are done as in the manner of doing them. And in his absorption in the plot of his story he has neglected entirely to make his book worth while in a literary sense. He is quite satisfied with commonplace generalities in the drawing of his characters and in the picturing of their lives and surroundings. It is a fault which he shares with many another writer of detective stories, but it is a fault so great that it completely debars them, however ingeniously they may construct their plots and however skillfully they may work them out, from the credit of having produced anything of literary worth.

[The Sturgis Wager. By Edgar Morette. Frederick A. Stokes Company: New York.]

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Successful Houses.

For all who are planning or building new houses, or remodeling or refurnishing old ones, or are interested in such things, Mr. Oliver Coleman has written a very suggestive book bearing the above title. Its general usefulness is somewhat hampered by the fact that it deals, for the most part, with a style of building and furnishing considerably above that which the average purse can afford. Nevertheless, anyone possessing a little ingenuity and taste can adapt many of his ideas to less expensive materials and styles, while no one who is interested in home-building can study his small volume without finding it fruitful of suggestions. The book deals almost entirely with the interior finishing and furnishing of the home, and a chapter each is devoted to the hall, the drawing-room, the dining-room, the library, the smoking-room, and the bedrooms. Other chapters deal with floors, ceilings, windows and doors, with the use and misuse of portières, with small ornaments, artificial lighting, and walls and hedges. Every chapter is copiously illustrated with fine photographic reproductions of beautiful rooms, almost as valuable in suggestiveness as in the text. The whole book is marked by artistic taste and even its least important suggestions are of the sort that make for comfort, beauty, and refinement in the home.

[Successful Houses. By Oliver Coleman. Herbert S. Stone & Co.: Chicago. For sale by Stoll & Thayer.]

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"Riccart of Withens."

This is a story with so striking a resemblance to Blackmore's famous "Lorna Doone" that one wonders why any reputable author would write it, and so lay himself open to the charge of flagrant plagiarism, and why any reputable publishing house would be willing to bring it out. It is possible, of course, that the author has never read "Lorna Doone," and so does not know how openly he has imitated that beautiful story. But his publishers ought to have known better. The scene of the story is laid in England in the days of Prince Charlie, the Pretender, and the tale has to do with a set of people, just as in "Lorna Doone," who have taken possession of a lovely valley from which they issue forth to steal everything from the surrounding country which they can carry off—grain, fruit, cattle or women. The strong young farmer of the countryside, Kit Riccart, leads the movement to vanquish them, as did John Ridd in Blackmore's novel. But there is this difference between the plots of the two stories, that Lorna Doone had grown up with the outlaws, while the sweetheart of Riccart had been kidnapped and carried away to the glen.

[Riccart of Withens. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Town and Country Library. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

* * *

Magazines for May.

Very beautiful in its cover of green and gold, The Ebell enters upon its third volume with an attractive table of contents and a number of very artistic illustrations. Grace Atherton Dennen contributes part first of "The Feast of San Juan," and a poem on "Gold of Ophir Roses." Anna R. Boynton discusses Maeterlinck's plays, and Cecilia A. White, "Spain and Her Art," while Franklin Gray Bartlett's serial story of "Driftwood" goes through parts nine and ten. The usual departments complete a very dainty and charming number.

"Sports Afield," which is published by the Sports Afield Publishing Company, No. 358 Dearborn street, Chicago, covers very acceptably to the sportsman nearly the whole field of out-door sports in the United States.

There are articles and incidents and anecdotes about the hunting of all kinds of game, feathered and furred, in the plains, prairies, and mountains, a department devoted to fishing, another to cycling, one to rifle and trap shooting, and one of general interest to natural history. In addition to these features it contains a number of stories and special articles of interest to sportsmen.

The special features of the Review of Reviews are a series of illustrated biographical sketches of the members of the American delegation to the approaching peace conference at The Hague; an article on "The Scandinavian Contention," by Julius Moritz; a review of the international law points involved in the war with Spain, by Prof. John Bassett Moore, secretary and counsel of the American Peace Commission at Paris; a study of the new San Francisco charter, by Albert Shaw; an account of Mayor Quincy's administration of Boston, by George E. Hooker; and an illustrated forecast of the great conventions and other gatherings of 1899.

The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine contains an article on "Christian Faith and Christian Science," which is a dissection of Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health."

In The Gentlewoman is the opening installment of "The Elmwood Mystery," a serial by George Parsons Lathrop.

Harper's Round Table contains the beginning of a serial story by Molly Elliott Seawell, entitled "Gavin Hamilton," an article on "Pursuing the Sioux," by Buffalo Bill, and one on "Bicycle Polo," by A. H. Godfrey.

Books of Tomorrow.

"Imperial Democracy" is the title of a new book by David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University, which is to be published in May by D. Appleton & Co. The book is said to present a series of striking studies of the subjects so much discussed at present.

W. H. Mallock's new novel, "The Individualist," which will shortly be published in book form, appeared in the Fortnightly above the signature of "Wentworth Moore."

An elaborately illustrated biography of Oliver Cromwell, by Samuel Rawson Gardiner, similar in scope to the lives of Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria and Charles I., already issued, is in preparation and will be published by the Scribners.

Emile Zola's new novel, "Fecondite," will be published in this country by the Macmillan Company, early in the fall. Editions in German, Danish, Norwegian, Italian and Spanish will be published simultaneously with its appearance in book form here and in Paris. On the 10th of May the first installment was printed in the columns of L'Aurore of Paris. In English the work will probably bear the title of a literal translation of its French name and be called "Fruitfulness." It is to be the first of a series which will consist of the new novel and three others, "Work," "Truth," and "Justice." M. Zola's aim in "Fecondite" is to emphasize the importance of the home and its traditions as the only basis upon which a great nation may endure.

A new novel by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, author of "Nulma," "Mrs. Tregaskis," and "Outlaw and Law-maker," is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co. It is a picturesque tale of lovemaking and travel in the Orient.

The publication of "Eden vs. Whistler; the Baronet and the Butterfly," by J. McNeill Whistler, which was eagerly looked for last fall, but which was postponed by reason of Mr. Whistler's objection to the publicity given the forthcoming book, is announced for this week by R. H. Russell, the publisher.

Charles Henry Meltzer's English version of Gerhart Hauptmann's poetic masterpiece, "Die Versunkene Glocke" (The Sunken Bell,) is announced for publication about May 28. The English version follows the original, which is a dramatic fairy tale of extraordinary human interest, faithfully but freely, and will be in verse, alternately blank and rhymed. R. H. Russell is the publisher. The play will be presented next fall by E. H. Sothern.

Books and Authors.

Miss Mary Johnston, the young author whose historical romance, "Prisoners of Hope," attracted a good deal of attention last fall, has written a new story entitled "To Have and to Hold," which is to begin as a serial in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly. Its scene is laid in the time of Pocahontas and it is said that the story is remarkable for the fullness and accuracy of its historical description and detail.

Another translation of the Rubaiyat is promised for next fall. It is to be made by Mrs. Cadell and published by John Lane.

H. A. Vachell, author of "The Procession of Life," and several other good stories, has gone to England for a long stay. He has left his property near Santa Barbara in the charge of his brother. It is his intention hereafter to devote himself more exclusively to writing. He has now in hand a book relating the doings and experiences of the Englishman—in all his varieties—in America.

Prof. Harry Thurston Peck is soon to bring out a book of poems. Prof. Peck's principal vocation is that of professor of Latin in Columbia University, but in addition to this he is also one of the editors of the Bookman, and literary editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Bookseller and Newsdealer thinks that the remarkable sales of a large number of books during the last year have been due partly to the revival of business. It says: "An unusual number of books are having a large popular sale, and the demand for them seems to be waxing instead of waning, notwithstanding the large totals some of the sales foot up to. 'Mr. Dooley in Peace and War' has sold to over 70,000 copies, as has 'The Day's Work.' The two 'Jungle Books' together have sold over 100,000; 'Captain Courageous' further attests Mr. Kipling's popularity with the large sale to date of 35,000. 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' has reached 57,000, and 'Red Rock' has sold over 50,000. 'The Hon. Peter Sterling,' 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and 'Rupert of Hentzau' have all sold over that mark. 'The Choir Invisible' has gone quite a little over the 100,000 mark; 'Hugh Wynne' has sold to the extent of 70,000, and Dr. Weir Mitchell's later book, 'The Adventures of Francois,' has already sold over 30,000. Henry Seaton Merriman's 'The Sowers' must be included in the list, and, of course, the sensation of the hour, 'David Harum,' which has already reached the one hundred and twentieth thousand mark. 'The Christian' has been sold to the hundreds of thousands. These, with a number of others, like 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' 'The Celebrity,' 'The Pride of Jennico,' 'Hellbeck of Bannisdale,' 'The Gad Fly,' notwithstanding really immense sales, are still acutely demanded by the public."

Mr. Barrie has nearly finished the sequel to his story,

"Sentimental Tommy." A literary career, presumably that of "Tommy," is chronicled in this work.

Beer and Skittles.

In his recently published "Fragments of an Autobiography," Felix Moscheles says that the possession which Robert Browning most treasured was the manuscript of "Aurora Leigh," which he guarded lovingly. He wanted to have the manuscript bound, but could not make up his mind to part with it even for that purpose.

W. G. Gosling, a resident of Bermuda, has published some articles in Literature which seem to prove beyond much doubt that one of the Bermuda group was the scene of Shakespeare's "Tempest." A long series of quotations from the play shows not only the actual existence of the scene of the drama, but also the fact that its shipwreck was a real shipwreck, and that many of its incidents actually took place. It is supposed that Shakespeare learned these incidents and pictures in some London tavern from English sailors who had really been cast away upon the island.

In a recent conversation reported in the New York Sun, Mr. Howells said that he thinks the most significant tendency of literature at present is the decline of interest in poetry. In answer to the question which of his own novels is his favorite, he answered: "I don't know that that is a question which an author has a right to answer. I like 'A Modern Instance' for but one reason, and 'Indian Summer' for another. The reasons are purely personal. The public has liked best 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' 'The Rise of Silas Lapham' holds second place. It will probably live as long as anything I have done, as it is typical of so much that is American."

KIPLING AND THE OTHER TWO.

E. Kay Robinson in Literature.

WE ALL have, consciously or unconsciously, our favorite numbers, and Rudyard Kipling's is three. In most of his strongest stories he limits himself to three leading characters, as though he instinctively felt that he could handle that number with most ease and skill. We see the habit crystallized, as it were, in "Soldiers Three," but the influence of the same magic numeral pervades all his work, from his "Schoolboy Lyrics" upward; and, as nothing exists without a cause, we may ask why it should inevitably have been "Soldiers Three" and not "Soldiers Two" or "Four?" Mr. Kipling supplies a clue in his more recent creation of "Stalkey and Co." In a different rank of life "Stalkey and Co." are merely Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd in their teens. They bear just the same relation to their school as the three immortal Tommies to their regiment. At once its pride and its disgrace, always in trouble and always admired or feared by the others; thoroughly understood and highly valued by any sympathetic spirit placed in authority over them, but an uncommonly awkward team to drive in ordinary harness—pre-eminent in worldly wisdom, but always lagging behind the rest in the routine duty that wins professional or school rewards—in a word, these brilliant black sheep of their respective flocks, "Soldiers Three" and "Stalkey and Co." are the same persons.

And another very marked coincidence deserves notice—namely, that in each of the triple alliances there is one predominant partner standing head and shoulders above the other two in presence of mind, wisdom and resourcefulness. What Stalkey is to Beetle and McTurk, Mulvaney is to Ortheris and Learoyd. The stories might, in fact, be renamed "Mulvaney and Co." and "Schoolboys Three" without any loss of aptness; while, if we could drop the three schoolboys a few notes in the social scale and give them the soldiers' variant dialects, we might rename them Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, and read the two works as merely two sections of the lives of the same three characters. Moreover, this analysis of the relation which the individuals of each trio bear to each other holds more or less in all of Kipling's three-character tales. In each there is one man of commanding character, such as, to take one instance, Strickland. He is almost always a strange, but grandly sympathetic, figure like Mulvaney, and takes into his confidence and friendship a genial, quick-witted friend like Ortheris. The third person of the trio varies more; he is introduced of set purpose to make the story, but unconsciously to complete the trio. This third person is often the nominal hero, but more often, perhaps, the victim in the narrative; though, apart from the miraculously vivid description of the incidents which befall him, the whole power of the story is concentrated in the delineation of the character of the first person, as "Soldiers Three," in spite of the numerous episodes in which Ortheris and Learoyd are separately concerned, may be described as the history of Mulvaney. Even when Mulvaney is absent his influence is over it all. He is still the captain and the guiding star of "the other two." Strickland similarly dominates all the tales with which he is connected; and we may select, to illustrate this, that terrible nightmare sketch, "The Mark of the Beast." How little we think of Fleet, his sentiments and feelings! The grim resourcefulness of Strickland and his recourse to fearful measures of salvation, which the narrator scarcely dares to hint at, form the real theme of the story. It is Mulvaney, or Stalkey, on another plane, with his confidant Ortheris or Beetle dealing with a desperate emergency. Fleet is still Learoyd, although he has been stamped with "The Mark of the Beast," and has become a beast; for we need only to take the story of "Greenhow Hill," in which Learoyd conceived a cowardly plan to murder the minister, and imagine the measures which Mulvaney, had he been present, might have been forced to take, with the aid and approval of Ortheris, to cure him of his madness, to have a fair parallel to the story of Fleet's demoniacal possession and its remedy. Stalkey, too, would have stopped at no half measure had McTurk exhibited symptoms of the influence of the Evil One.

And this comparison carries us to another fact—namely, that the second person in each of Kipling's triunities is, consciously or unconsciously, himself. We are all guided in after life by the experiences of childhood, and Kipling naturally places himself in the position which he occupied at school, midway between two companions, one of whom he revered as leader. The hero-worship of boyhood never leaves us entirely, like the

measles or the love of sour apples; and in the attitude of Ortheris toward Mulvaney, of the "I" in the Strickland stories toward Strickland, or of Beetle toward Stalkey, we see Kipling's unconscious photographs of his own mind. That the narrative of "Stalkey and Co."—or, at least, the relation of the conspirators toward their schoolfellows and masters—is founded upon the actual experiences of Kipling's life at school, appears from one of his very earliest writings, "The Dusky Crew," incorporated in a tiny volume which was printed for private circulation in 1881, four years before the first edition of "Departmental Ditties" appeared. The volume is called "Schoolboy Lyrics," and is known to very few, even among Kipling collectors. The opening verse runs:

"Our heads were rough and our hands were black
With the ink stain's midnight hue,
We scouted all, both great and small,
We were a dusky crew.
And each boy's hand was against us raised,
'Gainst me, and the other two."

Here we have a very lifelike description of "Stalkey and Co." written by young Rudyard at the very time when he was the lieutenant in that now world-famous gang. And the accuracy of the likeness grows in the second verse:

"We chased the hare from her secret lair,
We roamed the woodlands through,
In parks and grounds far out of bounds
Wandered our dusky crew.
And the keepers swore to see us pass,
Me, and the other two."

This is a complete epitome of the opening chapters of "Stalkey and Co." and leaves no doubt as to the identity of that redoubtable trio with "the Dusky Crew." Among their other achievements, the Dusky Crew grow and eat lettuces and cress "in secret caves in the cold, dark earth," and "The radish red gave sweet repast to me, and the other two." But the hand of fate falls heavily upon them, as it falls at times in the story upon Stalkey and Co.:

"Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through;
We wander free in misery,
We are a wretched crew.
For a master's wrath has fallen on us,
On me, and the other two."

"He found our cave in the cold, dark earth,
He crept the branches through;
He caught us all in our Council Hall,
Caught us, a dusky crew;
To punishment he led us all,
Led me, and the other two."

That this represents the climax of the misfortune of Stalkey, Beetle and McTurk, or —, Kipling, and — at Westward Ho, there can be no doubt whatever; and a triumvirate of schoolboys which included in their number one who could thus verify their disasters must have had mirthful times when fortune smiled upon them. There are men in the services who distinctly recollect Kipling at school in the "Beetle" days, but none who anticipated the fame that awaited their short-sighted, undersized, and queerly gifted playmate. To the masters he was a conundrum, but to the "other two" he was what Ortheris is to Mulvaney and Learoyd, the "little man" with the ready tongue and bantam pluck, without whom no good fortune was complete and with whom no bad luck was beyond alleviation by cheery jest and eccentric philosophy.

If we bear all this in mind we can understand why, with infinite variety of incident and amazing range of fancy, so many of Kipling's tales are built on the same ground plan; and why the keynote of almost all is hero-worship, and the worship of that class of hero who is the British schoolboy's ideal. With no more respect for authority than is necessary to maintain the good repute of that which you honor—your school, your service, or your country—with no more scruples as to the employment of means than is consonant with the achievement of an honorable end; but with no meanness and no cowardice—the schoolboy's cardinal sins—and no shirking of the worst, if the worst must come—such are the qualities of Kipling's heroes. Such were Stalkey and Strickland and Mulvaney; and by the side of each stands a figure, sometimes clearly defined, like Beetle and Ortheris, sometimes indistinct, like Strickland's confidant, but always the same. Smaller in stature, but readier of tongue, faithful to his leader and to his leader's ideals, this is Kipling the schoolboy and Kipling the man.

The third figure of the Kipling trio merely exhibits qualities which make him a suitable comrade of the other two, or which enable him to fill the canvas at intervals with dramatic effect. Compared with Stalkey and Beetle, Mulvaney and Ortheris, or Strickland and "I," the third person is the "general utility" man of the company; and, save in such tales as those already referred to—"On Greenhow Hill" and "The Mark of the Beast," where the third person is the hero or victim of the story—his individuality could be spared from it. Any other person would have done as well. Thus the effect of "the other two" upon Rudyard Kipling and his work may be narrowed down almost to the effect of one only, the leader. Whether as Stalkey, Mulvaney or Strickland, he is a being apart from his kind, with virtues revealed to few; a man hard as nails and straight, where he sees his duty, as a carpenter's rule; a man without fear or favor; clear-headed and strong-armed, wise in thought and prompt in action. It may be that, like Stalkey, he sets all rules at defiance; that, like Mulvaney, he puts his foot through the letter of the Ten Commandments; that, like Strickland, he shrinks from no fracture of the Penal Code to attain his proper ends; but he remains a hero, worthy of hero-worship, a figure of superhuman size, with just such virtues as youth admires and just such defects as youth condones. Hence Kipling's enduring preference for the men of action, such men as the Indian frontier breeds, and such men as are sent to rule them. In each of his fine characters we see the incarnation of the ideal Stalkey grown to manhood; by his side we see, either as narrator or companion, the adult Beetle; and when the third is added, whether Learoyd or another, we merely have unconsciously crystallized, in immortal prose, the schoolboy relations of "Me and the Other Two."

**NATURE'S
GENTLE LAXATIVE
SYRUP OF PRUNES
— ALL DRUGGISTS —**

IN DIAMOND MINES.

HOW THE PRECIOUS STONES ARE BEING
DUG OUT OF THE RIVERS OF BRAZIL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BAHIA (Brazil,) April 10, 1899.—I had a chat with a diamond miner this morning. He had just come down to Bahia from the diamond fields of the Paraguassu River, which are in the wilds far back of Bahia, and he tells me he is going to make his everlasting fortune in diamonds. He expects to introduce dredges into certain diamond territory for which he has a concession and he will raise the diamond gravel from the bed of the river to the surface by means of a steam engine.

At present the most of the diamonds of this region are dug by native divers who scoop up the gravel in sacks and then carry it off to the shore. This is very costly. The best stones have long since been taken out of the low places of the river, and it is only during the dry season that any diving can be done. At such times the divers take a place where the current is not too rapid, and drive a pole down into the center of the river. They then row out to the pole and one of them who is naked dives to the bottom. He takes a sack with him which is kept open by a ring sewed in the top. There is a lot of mud or silt on top of the gravel. The man has to scrape this off, and then fill his sack with the gravel, removing all he can down to the clay. As soon as the sack is full he signals to the man in the canoe above and is pulled up by a rope, aiding himself with the pole.

After two or three bags have been emptied into the canoe it is rowed to the shore and the gravel is dumped out far enough away to prevent any loss by the sudden rise of the river. More gravel is taken out from day to day during the dry season and when the rains begin the stuff is all washed over for carbons and diamonds.

The divers are very expert. Some of them can stay under the water for more than a minute, but the labor is such that they cannot get out all the gravel nor work fast. By machinery the gravel can all be removed and the deep parts of the river, which have never been worked, can be mined.

Bahia is one of the chief diamond markets of Brazil. It is also the chief market for carbons, and it is the best place in Brazil to learn about the diamond trade. Brazil was for many years the chief diamond country of the world. It was in 1727, in the province of Minas Geraes, that diamonds were first discovered. They were being used there by the negro slaves as counters in playing cards. Later on mines were discovered in Bahia and for a time Bahia produced some of the best stones.

For years something like a million dollars' worth of stones were annually produced in Brazil and between 1722 and 1818 something like 3,000,000 carats-weight of diamonds were exported. The most of the stones were small, rarely exceeding twenty carats, although the "Star of the South," discovered in 1854, weighed before cutting 254 carats. When the South African diamond fields were discovered, in 1867, the Brazilian mines dropped into significance. At present they do not compare with the African mines. Still diamonds are being taken out every year and with modern machinery no one can tell what may be found.

There is, I believe, more money now in carbons than in diamonds. Carbons are impure diamonds of a black or brown color. They are about as hard as a diamond, but more porous. They are used to make fine boring machines and for polishing hard substances. They are found in all sizes, from little ones as big as a grain of sand to some which weigh hundreds of carats. A carat is a weight so small that it takes more than one hundred and sixty of them to make one ounce, troy. Not long ago carbons were selling for \$20 a carat, and one recently found was so large that it brought \$25,000. This weighed, I am told, 3,000 carats. It was sold in Bahia and sent off to Europe. Another one discovered more recently weighed 975 carats. It was sold in Paris for £100,000. These large stones have to be broken. This always involves great loss, as they have no line of fracture, so

that in proportion to weight the smaller carbons are more valuable.

Mining for diamonds and carbons is like gambling. Sometimes many bushels of gravel are washed over before a stone is found, and often a man may wash for a whole season and not find more than two or three. The washing is chiefly done by negroes, who use wooden bowls, looking the gravel very carefully over as they wash it. The divers, as a rule, do their work naked, although one American proprietor has recently imported diving suits for his men. In some places the diamonds are found in the gravel near the river and are washed down by hydraulic means.

We think of Brazil more as a land of coffee and rubber than gold, silver or iron. Parts of the country are full of metals. This State of Bahia, where I now am, has gold mines, and there are rich mines of manganese near here, awaiting someone to develop them. In Minas Geraes there is a gold mine which has been worked for more than fifty years. There are rich gold diggings in

to be rich in gold. About \$2,000,000 was taken out of the mines in one year, and at present there are many Frenchmen mining gold in that section. The country is a wilderness, without any government, but that of the gun and the revolver. The climate is bad and those who go there often have fevers.

I find Bahia interesting. It has about two hundred thousand people and is the second city in size in Brazil. It was for 200 years the capital of the country and it is still one of the most important cities as to trade and commerce. It has large cotton factories. It ships quantities of sugar, tobacco and coffee. It exports more than 10,000 hides every month to the United States, and sends a vast number of goat skins to Philadelphia to be used for making ladies' shoes.

The city has one of the best harbors on the South American coast. It is on a bay much like that of Rio de Janeiro. It is of the shape of a horse shoe, ten miles wide at the entrance, twenty-seven miles long and about twenty-three miles wide at the middle.

Bahia is built high upon bluffs on the east side of the harbor. You see it as you enter the harbor, its white buildings rising out of palm trees over a wall of dense vegetation. There are two parts to the city, one down on the shore and the other on the bluff. The part on the shore is the business section, devoted to importing



WASHING FOR DIAMONDS.

Matto Grosso and gold washing goes on on many of the tributaries of the Amazon.

Out of the Ouro de Morro de Fogo mines of Minas Geraes, about twenty thousand pounds of gold were taken before the independence of Brazil, and there is reason to believe that there is a vast amount left. The mines have never been sunk more than seventy-five feet on account of the water. This could easily be pumped out, and, if done, would probably result in great profits.

The gold mine I spoke of as having been worked for fifty years is the Morro Velho. It is one of the most important in Brazil and is managed after modern methods. It takes out about two hundred tons of ore a day, using 100 California pistons. It has five great stamping mills and it reduces the gold to bars right at the spot where it is taken from the mines. The mines are far back in the country and the gold output is sent to the railroad on carts. There are no soldiers with it, and it is evidence of the safety of property in Brazil that so far none of the trains have been robbed. The gold bars each weigh eight pounds troy. They contain about one-half per cent. silver and are each worth about \$3000.

Of late considerable interest has arisen as to gold mines north of the Amazon. In the corner of Brazil next to French Guiana there is a territory which is said

and exporting houses. This section is worse smelling than any part of Naples. There is a distinct and separate bad smell to every house, and as you walk through one narrow street after another you are greeted with new and strange varieties of stenches. The smell disappears to some extent as you rise up the bluff, but altogether the city is insanitary in the extreme.

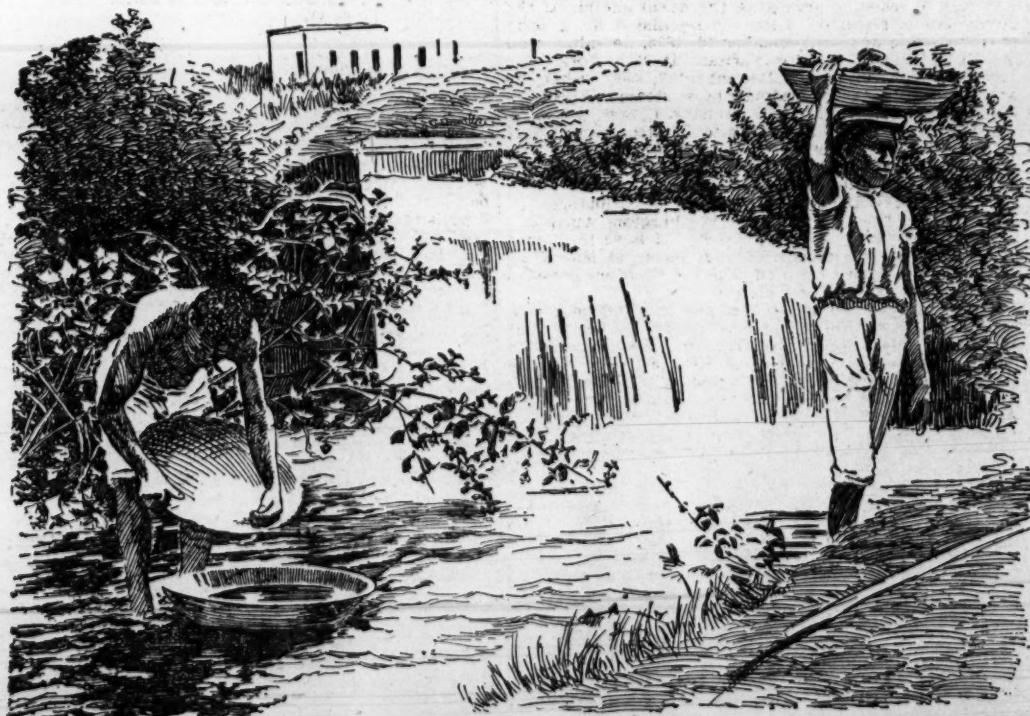
The chief thing that strikes you in Bahia is the negroes. They are everywhere. Nearly everyone you meet shows some traces of negro blood, if not in complexion in the wide nostrils and semi-flat noses. There are many blacks. The Bahia black women have become famous for their size throughout Brazil. They are the fattest women I have ever seen. Some weigh as much as 300 pounds, and their dress is such that you can easily see their forms are not padded. It consists of a long white chemise without sleeves, cut low at the neck, so that their satiny fat black arms and bosoms are somewhat exposed. They do not wear corsets and their big breasts shake like bowls of jelly as they move through the streets with heavy burdens upon their heads. Into the neck of the chemise each woman has a lace edging of beautiful design, through the meshes, of which the black skin shows out. Nearly all wear white or gay-colored turbans and not a few have shawls about their waists, which form an overskirt to their chemises. Many of them are barefooted, but more wear heelless slippers, so short that they can get little more than their toes into them, so that the heel of the shoe ends just under the instep. With ordinary Caucasians such shoes would not do, but the Bahia black women have insteps which make you think of the old darky song about his sweetheart, wherein he says:

"And de hollow ob her foot makes a hole in de ground." Many of these negro women are rich. Some wear a half dozen gold bracelets on each arm, a few have diamond rings, and many wear gold chains about their fat necks.

Bahia has perhaps as many negroes to its population as any other city of Brazil. This was the center of the slave trade. The kidnappers ran their cargoes of slaves from Africa into this harbor and from here distributed their human freight to all parts of Brazil. Thousands of negroes were sent from here to New Orleans. They were smuggled into the United States after the trade was prohibited and into Brazil long after the importation of slaves was forbidden.

Slavery existed here up to about ten years ago, and the result is that there are now more negroes in Bahia than whites. The color line is not at all distinct. The whites of Brazil have intermarried with the negroes, and you can find comparatively few white families which have not some negro blood.

Negroes have an absolute equality here. No one thinks of objecting to their presence at the tables in the dining-rooms of the hotels or on the steamboats. On the coasting steamer in which I came here, two-thirds of the passengers were colored, and many of the colored men were better dressed than I am. Some of them were very intelligent and not a few were property-owners. I find colored people in all sorts of positions down here. The editor and proprietor of one of the daily newspapers of Rio de Janeiro is a coal-black African, and at one of our American Minister's receptions I met the Bishop of Amazonas, whose face is a mahogany brown. His blessedness was dressed in a beautiful cardinal gown. He had a cardinal skull cap on his head and his big ring of office was covered with a pair of cardinal gloves. He



WASHING DIAMONDS.

spoke French fluently and proved to be a very intelligent man.

The walls of the Bahia streets look like mashed rainbows. The houses are painted all colors. There are scores of white houses, houses of rose pink and houses of sky blue. There are some buildings which make you think of the old song:

"I once knew a fellow,
He was not at all yellow,
But altogether green."

There are houses here as green as the palm trees which shade them, houses as red as blood and houses as yellow as gold. There are houses faced with porcelain tiles imported from Europe, tiles as fine as those about your fireplaces. Many of the windows are covered with a lacework of wrought iron, and over the doors are decorations of the same metal. The designs are original and the negroes are the designers.

These features make Bahia quite picturesque. Many of the houses are old, for the city is one of the oldest on the continent. Its babies had grown up and become gray-haired men and women before New York and Boston sprang into existence. Its bay was discovered eight years after Columbus first crossed the Atlantic and was settled by the Portuguese. Then the Dutch came in and tried to drive the Portuguese out. They built houses and left their marks on the town. The English also tried to take possession, but the Portuguese finally conquered, and Bahia is a Portuguese-Brazilian city today. It is a city of considerable culture. It has some of the best schools of Brazil, and its people pride themselves upon its medical colleges and hospitals. The country about it is but little settled and not much developed, and in the future it will probably have a much larger population.

I see many American gold dollars here in Bahia. They are used by the swells for buttons on their white vests, and are away above par. Our Consul tells me that there are something like 10,000 so used here. The people are crazy for them. The black women want them for chains, charms and bangles, and they are especially in demand to be hung around the waists of newly-born babies. These colored people have an idea that such charms bring good luck. The poorer babies have silver hung about their waists, and nearly every little boy I see on the street has a string of charms about his neck or loins, although he has, as a rule, nothing else.

Speaking of coins, all kinds of hard money are at a premium in Bahia. Even the nickels which you find in Rio and further south are not common. Their places are taken by street car tickets, elevated railroad tickets and private shinplasters. You see gold and silver only in the windows of the banks or on the counters of the money changers. The bank notes in circulation are those of Brazil, which are in denominations of thousands of reis. It now takes 1000 reis to make 15 cents of our money, but exchange goes up and down every day, and many people make money in speculating on exchange.

Our worthy Consul, Dr. Furniss, tells me that he has tried it, but that he will try it no more. How he came to do so was by the visit of the Oregon on its way around the continent to engage in our war with Spain. During its trip it stopped at Bahia, and its commander cabled from here to Washington. The Oregon carried with it for expenses \$100,000 in \$20 gold pieces. It took \$200 to pay for this cable, and the commander gave ten double eagles to Dr. Furniss to pay that cable bill. He could not resist the tempting look of the yellow coins and so he put them in his pocket and paid the bill in Brazilian money, holding the gold for a rise. As soon as the Oregon left, however, exchange began to go down. It continued to fall until now he will have to sell \$45 more gold to get as much Brazilian cash as he paid for the cable. He still has the gold, but as his board and wash bills are payable in Brazilian bank notes, he is just \$45 short.

And just here I want to say a word about this American Consul in Bahia. He is a colored man from Indianapolis, who was appointed by President McKinley. He is well educated and has made an excellent impression here. He seems to understand his business and is doing as well for American trade as any Consul I have met on this trip. He tells me much the same story I have heard everywhere. There is plenty of business for Americans down here if they will conform to the customs and send down men to fight for a show. They must not expect to get much the first year, but the results will pay in the end. One German commercial traveler took \$25,000 worth of orders at one visit out of Bahia last year. This was his third trip. The first visit did not pay at all, during the second he did better, and now he thinks he has a sure thing for years to come.

Consul Furniss tells me that there are very few failures in Bahia. He says the business men will not pay cash, but that their bills are good. He also repeats what I have stated before, that it is no use to send commercial travelers down here without they speak Spanish or Portuguese, and also that they must not expect to do much more than make acquaintances the first year. Our business men must remember that they are working for the trade of a continent, and that such trade cannot be whistled up like a dog. Once gotten, however, it will be easily held, as the South American merchants do not like to change.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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A PLEASANT THING.

[Harper's Bazaar:] "Wall, yes," replied a prominent citizen of Arkansas to the query of a prospective land purchaser, "we have considerable ague yere. It hain't the pleasantest thing in the world, mebbe, but it has its advantages. When yo' have a chill yore shakin' amuses the baby, an' it saves a right smart sum, in the cou'se o' a year, in the cost of rattle boxes."

QUITE SURE OF IT.

[Boston Transcript:] Stern Parent. Mabel tells me that you have proposed to her. It is proper for me to ask if you are in a position to marry?

The Suitor. Oh, you needn't be worried about that. I am in a position where nothing short of matrimony will get me out of it, so far as I can discover.

MAKING LIFE TOLERABLE.

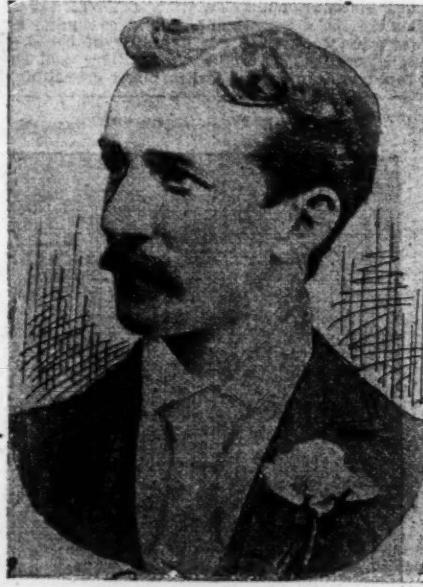
[Harlem Life:] "Why did you invite Bragden to spend Sunday with you? It nearly broke Bragden's heart when Jennie Harkins married you."

"I know it. I thought if Bragden came up and saw how Jennie and her mother rule things in the house over which I am supposed to preside, he'd be rather glad for himself after all."

FIRST VICTIM OF THE SPANISH WAR.

By a Staff Contributor.

GEORGE BURTON MEEK, the first American-born seaman to yield up his life in the Spanish-American war, was killed just one year ago last Thursday, and the first anniversary of that now historic event was a memorable occasion throughout Ohio, particularly at the pretty little town of Clyde, the boyhood home of the dead hero. The body of the young victim of Spanish guns was recently disinterred at Key West, Fla., and on Thursday afternoon it was laid away in beautiful McPherson Cemetery, in the shadow of the great monument which guards the grave of the brave commander after whom the burial-ground is named. The sad ceremonies were most impressive in character, and many thousands of people participated. The oration of the day came from the eloquent lips of Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, and brief addresses were made by Gov. Asa S. Bushnell, Lieut.-Gov. Asa W. Jones, Representative James A. Norton, and other distinguished speakers. The remains, inclosed in a steel casket, occupied a conspicuous place upon the platform, and at the conclusion of the services were buried with military honors. Preceding the exercise there was a monster procession from the town to the cemetery. While the occasion was one in which Ohio may feel especial pride—for she has re-



GEORGE BURTON MEEK.

son to be proud of her fallen son—it made a matter of country-wide interest by the circumstances.

George Burton Meek was a seaman on the United States torpedo boat Winslow, and was killed on the deck of that trim fighting craft off Cardenas, Cuba, May 11, 1898. A fierce bombardment from a fort on shore was directed at the little vessel, and a fragment of a Spanish shell sealed the fate of Meek, and also of Ensign Bagley, who expired some time afterward. Meek lived a half hour after having been wounded, and while his comrades were removing him to a place of safety his dying lips uttered these last words: "Tell my people that I died like a man." Then he passed away, and the body was wrapped in the starry flag for which he had fought and died, and buried in the sand at Key West. All efforts to have it shipped North proved futile until some weeks ago.

The young sailor who was destined to be the first to fall in that conflict and whose dust has been laid to final rest, was born in Riley township, Sandusky county, Ohio, March 6, 1873. On May 4, 1892, he enlisted on the U.S.S. Michigan, for a term of one year, as landsman. In March, 1893, he as one of the party of twenty men was sent to assist in arranging the naval exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. Later he re-enlisted for a term of three years, and on December 19, 1896, he enlisted on the United States monitor Puritan, at New York. He served on this ship until December 17, 1897, when he was transferred to the United States steamer Franklin. He served on this ship until January 4, 1898, when he was again transferred to the United States torpedo-boat Winslow, where he served until his death.

The late commander of the Winslow has written as follows to the father of the young hero:

"Navy Department, Bureau of Ordnance, Washington, April 2.

"J. F. Meek, Esq., Vickery, O.—Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of March 23, which is now before me, and which I shall endeavor to answer to the best of my ability.

"Your son was one of the best and most efficient men of the Winslow's crew, and had served on board that vessel from the beginning of the war. He had won the esteem of all of his shipmates, officers and men, for his possession of all the best attributes of a true seaman—energy, zeal, skill, courage and consideration for others; was ever ready to bear his share, and more than his share, of the arduous work of a cruise in war time; and was distinguished for his general excellent conduct and military bearing.

"Your son died at his post in battle in the performance of his duty. When the forward boiler and engine of the Winslow had been wrecked by the shells of the enemy, he sent him and others of the crew stationed in that part of the vessel on deck, as I deemed them safer there than below close to the machinery. He, with four others, was standing in a group at work preparing a hawser for use as a line in towing, when a shell, striking the deck at a small angle, exploded, killing all.

"He died at my side, within half an hour afterward, while in the care of the surgeon, and in the boat which at the close of the fight had been summoned from another vessel to remove the injured.

"All men, after a brief period of life, are summoned

to meet their Maker; and there are many ways of dying. I cannot conceive of any more glorious than that which has fallen to the lot of your son, who has been chosen by the Almighty to die for his country. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN B. BERNADAU,

Lieutenant United States Navy,

"Late commanding United States torpedo-boat Winslow."

LAY SERMONS.

THE more we study the plan of salvation the richer do we find it in its fullness and in its perfect adaptation to human needs. It lead us into no blind pathways where we may stumble and fall; into no byways of gloom and doubt that are full of pitfalls, where danger lurks and phantom hopes linger, but into the straight and narrow way where God's own light forever shines and the warm and tender breath of His love envelopes us like the soft airs of heaven.

This life would be worth nothing to us if it were not for the better life beyond. The only satisfaction that comes to us is found when we are in harmony with divine love. We are like little children who cannot walk alone, or like the flock which needs the care of the good shepherd. And we have our Shepherd, and if we will only trust ourselves to His care we are safe, and we shall want no good thing.

Do you want a creed, dear reader, something on which your soul can rest in perfect peace? Here is one that will be sufficient for you, for it is full of hope and the blessed assurance of God's care, and it has been rightly named "The Shepherd Psalm":

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Do you not hear the ring of triumph in this, and the blessedness of holy faith and trust? It is a psalm of appropriation, and he who can utter it with his whole heart will lack nothing. "The Lord is my Shepherd." Not "The Lord is a Shepherd, but He is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He who can say that with a full appreciation of its meaning will never be sorrowful, led as he always will be by the tender, loving Shepherd of his soul.

Someone has truly said: "Jesus waits to be appropriated. He is not content to be a Shepherd, a Good Shepherd, the Shepherd of the holy angels, the Shepherd and Bishop of countless redeemed ones. His travails over you will not be satisfied till you put your hand on Him and say, 'My Shepherd.' And you may do that if you will. There is nothing to hinder you. Do not tarry to inquire if you are one of His sheep; look away from yourself to Him, and see if He be not well qualified to be your Shepherd. And the first cry of 'Mine!' will be a certain indication that you are included in that flock which He is leading through many a tangled brake to the one fold of heaven." "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Let this psalm sing itself into your life, into your daily thoughts, your every hope. Hasten to lay claim to this loving Shepherd of the soul. Do not rest until you can say with joyous accents, "He is mine, I shall not want." How delightfully has the poet sung of Him:

"The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever."

"Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth:
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth."

"Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid
And home, rejoicing, brought me."

"In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me."

"Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy uncouth grace bestoweth,
And oh, what transports of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!"

"And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever."

A heart of mine be still! Hushed be all thy longings and thy fears, for I may say if I only will, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, O Lord, art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." In death I have nothing to fear, for it will only bring me into the visible presence of my Shepherd, within the green pastures and beside the still waters of endless life.

Geo. S. Dickey,

The renowned chemist, made the greatest discovery of the age when, nearly half a century ago, he invented the now famous liquid cosmetic.

CREME DE LIS,

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AMONG THE BLOOD-STAINED TRENCHES AT MANILA.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WOULD take a book to tell you of the "heroic incidents" you ask for, of the day, long foretold, on which the so-called insurgents made their grand assault on the American lines about Manila. The situation was a strange one. We were allies at the start, and became enemies through force of circumstances. For years they had suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards, had battled bravely and persistently for their freedom, had "bottled up" the Dons in Manila, Iloilo, and a few other fortified towns, and felt sure of ultimate victory. For reward their leader had promised them the sack of Manila, and there is little doubt indiscriminate massacre of the Spaniards would have followed. The hate of the Filipino for his long-time oppressor is something beyond description. The little islander has been aptly described as half child, half devil. He is fanatical as the Turk and more superstitious than the negro. He is a devout Roman Catholic, a wonderfully apt scholar, a most accomplished sneak thief, and, when it comes to fighting, an enemy as utterly without conscience and as full of treachery as our Arizona Apache. He will hoist a white flag and lure you to your death under its folds. He will don the garb of priest, monk or even sister of charity, come to you begging alms and stab you in the back or slit your throat with his keen "bolo," even as you are giving him aid. He will smile gratefully, gullibly up into the face of the surgeon who for weeks has been healing his wounds and then lay for a chance to shoot or knife his benefactor the very night he is discharged from hospital. He will come to beg a guard for his little homestead and vegetable patch, and shoot the guard the moment he is alone. He implored us to respect the holy character of his innumerable churches, and he made the very altar his arsenal—stored his Mausers and cartridges under the image of the crucified Savior and crammed the church itself with fighting men when the hour of outbreak came. Dozens of our wounded drifting back to the hospitals, and of our officers and orderlies riding to and fro among the buildings they had preserved and protected were shot down from within the walls of the sanctuary or those of the native homes. Manila and its suburbs were hotbeds of treachery, and these were the people whom for months past we had been ordered to treat with every courtesy and consideration. For three weeks before the outbreak their officers had been insulting in language and demeanor to our men. For six weeks before their assault in force Americans were arrested who sought to penetrate their lines, yet they were permitted to wander at will through ours. "Do everything in your power to avert conflict" were our orders, and in spite of all manner of aggressions they were faithfully observed. The line of demarcation between the insurgent territory and ours was roughly indicated by a cordon of blockhouses extending clear around the suburbs of Manila from above Tondo on the way to the north to old Fort San Antonio Abad below Malate to the south. Maj.-Gen. Anderson, with the first division, faced the insurgents between the Pasig River and the bay east and south of the city. Maj.-Gen. MacArthur, with the second division, did like duty east and north. I commanded the First Brigade of the First Division, covering the line from the Pasig to blockhouse 12, in front of the big towns of Pandacan and Paco. The narrow "estero" of the Concordia and the still narrower stream of the Tripa de Gallina formed the line between my troops and the Filipinos. We knew they had heavy redoubts and intrenchments on their side in front of the big village of Santa Ana, a mile away, but they were skillfully screened by trees and shrubbery. We knew they had Krupp guns, but we could not tell just where they were placed. The stone bridge over the Tripa in front of blockhouse 11 bore the brunt of all the incessant traffic between Manila and the score of towns along the river, on the delta and the south shore of the lake of which it is the outlet. This was the insurgent line of supply and communication. Santa Ana was the headquarters of Gen. Ricart's division and their arsenal as well, and this line, when the tables were suddenly turned upon them on the morning of Sunday, February 5, they defended for an hour with obstinate determination until they found themselves outflanked and caught in a trap. Then only the reserves escaped. The firing lines were killed, captured or driven into the Pasig and drowned. That, in brief, was the result of what is called the battle of Santa Ana, fought by the First Brigade, First Division, Eighth Corps, and Ricart's command of the insurgent army. The pursuit was not dropped until we reached the villages on the Delta the following day and secured their surrender, but the heroic incidents went all around the line through both divisions. I shall try to tell you of a few that occurred in ours.

It was 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning when the insurgents opened fire on my line, and long before dawn it spread clear across the front of Gen. Ovenshine's brigade, which, facing south, lay to our right. Not until 8 o'clock, however, could our division commander get the consent of the Governor-General to let us attack. Meantime we had to "stand and take it"—or, literally, the lines lay down and fired back across the Tripa as best they could. It was galling work. Many a brave fellow wears the mark of that night's battling and a dozen were killed outright before, at last, we got the word to go in and sweep the field. At that moment Co. A of the First Washington Infantry lay close to the stream facing the flashing lines across the Tripa. Erwin, its first lieutenant, had been borne to the rear, shot through the neck and arm. Two men lay dead in their tracks. Twenty were wounded. I had galloped forward to give the order, and I shall never forget how, though covered with mud and stit with the long constraint, those splendid fellows sprang to their feet, and then, crouching like Indians, dove down the bank and splashed waist deep through the estero. It was there I came upon their captain—tall, conspicuous and calm, and silent as ever—but covered with blood—his head bound up in a handkerchief. He staggered slightly as he toiled up the opposite bank, and, knowing what was ahead of us and that he must have been painfully wounded, I took the first chance to reach him and order him back to the surgeons. He could barely speak,

with his jaw bound tightly, but what he said was practically this: "It's only a scratch, sir. I can't let my men go in without me."

And yet a bullet had scored his face, scraped his cheek bone and ripped through his right ear. It was his maiden fight, too, but a veteran of 50 could have been no more composed. That was Capt. Albert H. Otis, Co. A, First Washington.

Ten minutes later the dash of two battalions of the Washingtons had cleared the rice fields to the south of the Santa Ana road, and the Californians, lining the low embankment on which it ran, were getting in a lively crossfire on the intrenchments to the north of it. The Krupp guns were firing rapidly at us from a redoubt close to the stream and near the east end of Santa Ana. The stone bridge across the Tripa seemed to be the main target, for shivered glass from the lamp posts and splintered stone from the parapets flew with the whistling bullets diagonally across the roadway. None the less two little mountain Hotchkiss guns had been run forward by hand almost to the arch, and there, coolly, placidly directing their fire—bursting his shells squarely in the Filipino works, and never even crouching to avoid the incessant flight of Mauser and Remington missiles, stood an officer who had already won a name for daring and skill in the face of a savage enemy. A Sioux bullet at the bloody fight at Wounded Knee eight years ago drove fragments of his watch through his body, but in no wise impaired his efficiency or daunted his nerve when the next campaign came on. Between the cool, scientific handling of these guns by Lieut. Hawthorne of the Sixth Artillery and the fierce and rapid volleys of the Californians crouching behind

against the fire-spitting intrenchments toward the river, and the Idahoos—except three companies sent in to back up Washington for the rush into Santa Ana from the south—were destined to act in support. We had exchanged cordial greetings early in the morning, McConville and I, when the regiment reported for duty in East Paco, and now his face was aglow, his eyes blazing with eagerness and excitement. It had been all planned that as soon as the Idahoos were across and deployed for the attack from the high road—the south—that Capt. Fortson, with his two companies of the Washingtons, should ford the Concordia and attack from the west the first and most formidable of the redoubts—now fully "located" on a singular mound rising from the midst of a level plain.

"Yonder are the works, major," were the words of the order. "Cross the fields in front of the Norwegian Consul's house" (a big stone affair that stood close to the stream 300 yards to the left of the road) "and charge everything into the river."

California was to support on the right, Fortson on his left, but he never stopped to inquire. Eagerly he answered "All right, sir," and hastened to the head of his men. Eagerly he led them over the field, and, in his eagerness, got mixed as to the Consul's house and passed behind, instead of in front of it, so that it took ten minutes to straighten him out, but then with cheers and volleys the lines rushed in. Just as the center of the Idahoos reached a little clump of trees and shrubbery half way across the plain they were greeted by a sudden and furious volley that staggered them. In an instant McConville leaped to the front, waving his sword over his head and shouting to his men "Come on! Come on, Idaho!" and then, as he turned and led the rush into the shrubbery, a shot struck him square in the breast, and down he went. Even then, they told me, he strove to crawl forward with the line, but the wound was mortal, and presently the brave old fellow realized that he had but an hour or two to live. I never saw him again. The order he received from my lips on the Santa Ana road was his last, and to the letter had he striven to obey it. Five insurgents lay dead



LIEUT. CHARLES E. KILBOURNE, JR.

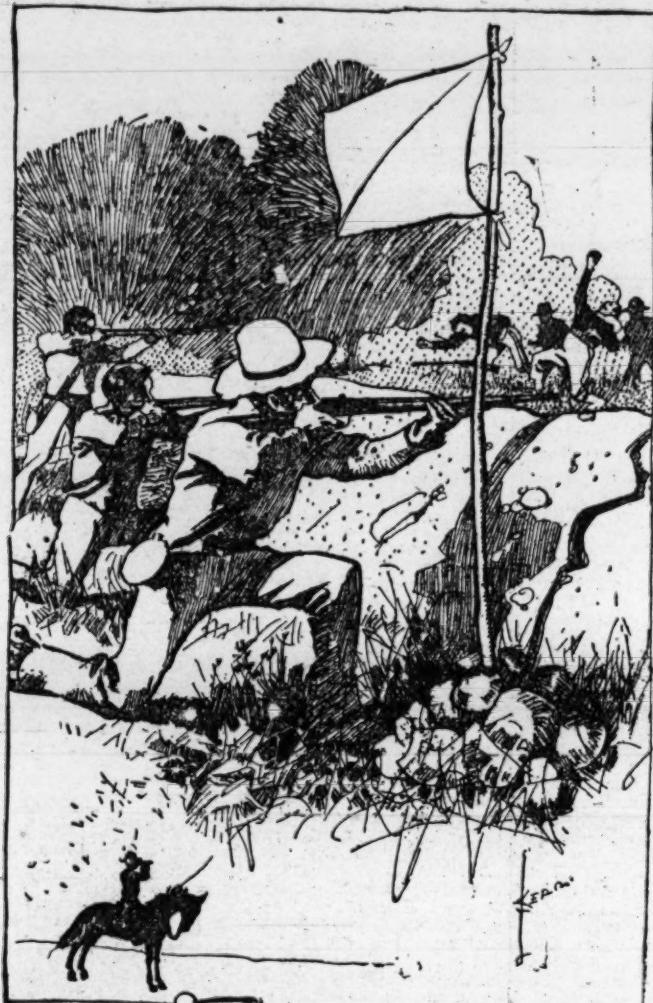
the road, the insurgents lurking behind the low ridges in the rice fields to our left front were driven to cover further back, and their shots flew wild. Then it was possible to rush the First Idaho across the bridge and form it for the attack on the redoubts. At the head of the Second Battalion strode a veteran soldier—Maj. Edward McConville. He had served as a private in the great war of the rebellion. He had later spent long years in the regular army as a private and non-commissioned officer. He at one time carried a musket in the company then commanded by Captain, now Maj.-Gen. Anderson, under whose orders he again found himself when he came as a major to Manila. He was probably the oldest man in the division—he certainly was in the brigade—but no duty was so wearisome or exacting that he did not carry out his share of it to the uttermost. The men looked upon him as a patriarch, but honored him for his devotion to every detail of his soldier work.

I think, now, that the brave old fellow must have become somewhat deaf. He had misunderstood an order I gave him when reporting to me for instructions as field officer of the day a fortnight before the fight. This had led to my writing out his orders the next and last time he reported for the same purpose, and the veteran soldier had taken this—in connection with a mild reproof I had given him for allowing his reserves and supports to be withdrawn before daylight—very much to heart. In a brigade made up exclusively of volunteers at the date of its maiden battle he was the only officer I had felt obliged to reprove—and he was an old regular.

But I can see him now as he came running to me on the Santa Ana road, just after crossing the bridge. A skirmish line was dancing out across the rice fields

about the Krupp in the middle redoubt, where, side by side, California and Idaho leaped into the capture, and a dozen lay strewn over the field in front of where the honored old major fell. The big redoubt on the mound to his left was littered with the bodies of the insurgents. Hemmed in between McConville, Fortson and the river, and unable to beat back the dashing charge of the "Americanos," they raised the white flag, and then shot dead the first soldiers to reach the work. The roar of musketry was resumed for three minutes, and followed by scattering shots as the fugitives ran for the stream, but there was a smile on McConville's grizzled face as they bore him off the field. Everything had been swept to the river. All these redoubts were won. Both the Krupps were ours, and there were places where the insurgents lay two deep in the trenches. As the main line made its grand wheel to the left, and charging into Santa Ana from the south, "rounded up" the insurgents who strove to escape along the bank, Capt. Cunningham of the First California caught sight of a big "casco" or barge crammed with the enemy "polling" over to the opposite shore. In less than no time he had his company lined up behind the convent inclosure through which they had fought their way and opened fire. In five minutes up went the white flag across the stream, and, under cover of the rifles of a whole battalion by this time ranged along the bank, Cunningham went over, found the insurgent captain and five men dead, several mortally and seventeen slightly wounded, and made the whole detachment prisoners.

But while the First Brigade had carried out its plan of battle without appreciable check, there was some hard work in front of the Fourteenth Infantry (regulars) of Ovenshine's Second brigade farther to the right. Here in the thick woods the insurgents had



"RAISED THE WHITE FLAG THEN SHOT DEAD THE FIRST SOLDIER TO REACH THE WORKS."

thrown up breastworks and possessed themselves of blockhouse 14—once occupied by our men, but later abandoned because of the length of the line and the small number of troops to defend it. Both in front of the First and Second Brigades, but especially in front of the First at Santa Ana bridge, the same condition of affairs was found to exist. The insurgent officers had taught their men to believe that the Americans were cowards, who dare not fight—who would probably run if attacked, and would certainly recoil before a determined stand. For weeks the little sinners—officers and men—would come out to the bridge, when their "bolos" on the stone parapet and dare our sentries to fight. As they drove or rode through our lines and our sentries saluted the officers as they were ordered, the latter often jeered and taunted them, though they behaved with exemplary propriety when meeting with parties of our officers. The Filipinos, seeing and hearing all this, were impatient for the attack to begin, believing all Manila would be theirs, and the Americans even easier victims than the Spaniards. This was the explanation of their dash and spirit when assaulting early Sunday morning and of their obstinate defense, for a while at least, when our lines advanced. Now, I can only tell from hearsay of the gallant act of a young officer of the Fourteenth regulars, but it is the talk of the First Division and has won him the recommendation for the medal of honor. A battalion of the regiment, checked by the fierce fire from the thickets in their front, and dispirited by its severe loss in killed and wounded, down for shelter. One of the best officers, Lieut. Mitchell, lay dying in their midst, when Lieut. Perry L. Miles, an Ohio boy, only four years out of West Point, was suddenly called upon to report to his commanding officer. In brief words the battalion chief gave him orders: "That blockhouse must be taken at once—and I want you to do it." Miles is one of the "quietest" young fellows in the service, and he probably went off without a word. As the story comes to me, it was decided that he should call for volunteers, and he did. The men looked at the bristling blockhouse a few hundred yards away and shook their heads. It was crammed with insurgents, and the only way to reach it was a straight road with dense bamboo and underbrush on each side. It was a lane of death, and the soldiers knew it. Only five men responded to the call, and with these five Miles made his dash. Full tilt they charged through the storm of hissing lead that greeted but could not stop them. First one, then another, two of the daring five dropped in their tracks, but Miles darted on, and the Filipinos, amazed at such dauntless courage and fearful of their fate when the Americans reached the blockhouse, came scurrying down from the upper stories. Possibly they were afraid it might be fired, and they be burned alive. Possibly they were awed by the prospect of hand-to-hand fight with big fellows who were proof against their Mausers, but down they came and out they went—the last Filipino rushing from the back-door as Miles, revolver in hand, sprang in at the front. It

was a desperate chance, and one of the bravest, pluckiest things of the day.

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In these caves the cow and pup seals lived the year round, and were visited by the bulls from the north in the fall, the bulls returning north in the spring.

The sealers go up the coast in the skiff and along the rocks and shoot the seals with rifles. The bodies are thrown in the skiff, and when a load is secured it is taken to the try-pot. The blubber is "fried" into oil and the tusks and whiskers are sold to Chinamen, who make various uses of them.

Chris, standing in the bow, is suddenly confronted by a big, venturesome bull, right at the side of the boat. He shoots quickly, but his aim is bad. The bellowing seal flops clumsily into the boat, snapping viciously at the men, who, in their efforts to avoid him, capsize the skiff. Chris clings to his heavy rifle, and sinks like a stone. He drowns like a true sailor, for they proverbially cannot swim a stroke.

It was near here, too, that a sealer whom the men knew well made a missstep and fell down from the top of the cliff above, one hundred feet down, down, turning somersaults and flips to the jagged rocks and death.

The men get candles and climb around into the caves. They are greeted by a medley of flopping and screaming, bellowing, barking and whining. By the flickering candle-light the pups are clubbed to death and dragged to the try-pot. After a time, when seals became scarce, the sealers fell to killing the cows, too, and thus the animals were exterminated. Seals are seldom seen about the island today.

Otter-hunters still make trips along the coast and among the scattered islands. But the sea dogs of the Pacific have gotten the habit of speaking the otter-hunter with suspicion. She is often really a smuggler's accomplice, meeting the smuggler at sea and receiving contraband goods and landing them at a port into which the larger boat could not enter without being carefully overhauled by the custom officer.

The honest otter-hunter is usually a small schooner or sloop with a crew of nine men and a cook. She has three skiffs, and she casts anchor well off-shore, and then her skiffs are launched, and three men clamber into each. Two men in each boat have rifles, and the third man's business is to look sharp for rocks, to row dexterously, and dodge about like a rabbit.

When an otter is sighted the fun begins. It is an exciting, unrelenting chase, for his skin is worth several hundred dollars. So he tries hard to save it. He dives and comes up just nose out of water, when out of breath. The hunters drive him into shallow water, and surround him if possible, and shoot each time his nose appears. A telling shot stains the water with his blood, and unless he is very fat he sinks. Usually his body can be seen on the bottom, so crystalline clear is the water, and one of the men dives for him, or perhaps they fish him up.

J. R. BRITTON.

RAISING GOLD FISH FOR A LIVING.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"You see, I am like Jennie Wren, Dickens's famous dolls' dressmaker," said Miss Anna Marsh, indicating the crutch she is compelled to use whenever she moves about. "Jennie had her dolls and I have my gold fish, both of them other people's playthings, but serious bread-winners for us.

"I first had my fish in an aquarium—that was during my brother's life time, and there was no need for me to work for my living; and when they multiplied I took the surplus and put them in a tub in the back yard. Why, you never saw any creatures increase in size and numbers as those tub fish did. I had as much as I could do to find people to take them off my hands, for of course I could not throw them away, and I am not cannibal enough to eat my pets. Then my brother died, and I was thrown on my own resources, with this place as a home, but no income and a very small bank account.

"I was feeling pretty blue one day, while I was feeding my fish in the yard. They had increased to four tubs full by that time. A gentleman passed and wanted to buy some of them. I sold him six large ones for \$5, and the very next morning I traveled over to New York with another half dozen in a bucket. I hunted up a man who stocks aquariums and offered him my fish. He was astonished, and I will always believe that he at first thought I had stolen them. He bought them, however, and bargained for more. We talked the matter over, and he advised me to go into the business."

"I set to work at once, having pools built and making preparations for breeding gold fish on as extensive a scale as my stock would permit. The next season I sold my crop, as I call them, and again enlarged my plant by having the third and largest pool built in my back yard. The next year I added the fifth and sixth pools, which is all there is room for."

"They are almost no trouble at all, and very little expense after the building and stocking of their pools. Of course the greatest trouble is in shipping them, and that is an expense, but I am always careful to require the prompt and safe return of my shipping tanks and their case, so I seldom have to purchase new ones. The first year my sales only amounted to a little more than \$50. That was before I regularly started in. The next year it climbed up to \$600. Last year it was something over \$1500, and at the end of another season, with the sale of my aquaria and other little animals coming from the pool I am building in the back yard, I hope to reach at least \$2000, which I consider quite a tidy income for a single woman with a home of her own."



"MILES, REVOLVER IN HAND, SPRANG TO THE FRONT."

in plain sight of half a dozen officers and a score of men sheltered by the walls up and down the blazing Calle Real. Then mounted and rode on about his other business. If that wasn't pluck and heroism I'm no judge of either.

BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES KING, U.S.V.

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A FORGOTTEN INDUSTRY.

HOW SEALS WERE KILLED ABOUT SANTA BARBARA ISLAND.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

During a recent cruise among the Santa Barbara Channel Islands I was surprised to find that Santa Barbara, the smallest of the group which includes Santa Catalina, San Clemente, San Nicholas and Santa Barbara, has been an extensive sealing place within a decade or so. The try-pot and other evidences of the exterminated industry are still to be seen high and dry upon a shelf of rock on the beetling east coast, and the oily odor still hangs about them. Sitting there one may easily lead himself to believe that he sees Chris and Bob and Jack and Tom coming in in a skiff from their schooner anchored some few hundred yards off the coast.

As the skiff near the rocks Bob swings her about stern on, and yells, "Steady, there!" and as she rides

AMONG THE BLOOD-STAINED TRENCHES AT MANILA.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WOULD take a book to tell you of the "heroic Incidents" you ask for, of the day, long foretold, on which the so-called insurgents made their grand assault on the American lines about Manila. The situation was a strange one. We were allies at the start, and became enemies through force of circumstances. For years they had suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards, had battled bravely and persistently for their freedom, had "bottled up" the Dons in Manila, Iloilo, and a few other fortified towns, and felt sure of ultimate victory. For reward their leader had promised them the sack of Manila, and there is little doubt indiscriminate massacre of the Spaniards would have followed. The hate of the Filipino for his long-time oppressor is something beyond description. The little islander has been aptly described as half child, half devil. He is fanatical as the Turk and more superstitious than the negro. He is a devout Roman Catholic, a wonderfully apt scholar, a most accomplished sneak thief, and, when it comes to fighting, an enemy as utterly without conscience and as full of treachery as our Arizona Apache. He will hoist a white flag and lure you to your death under its folds. He will don the garb of priest, monk or even sister of charity, come to you begging alms and stab you in the back or slit your throat with his keen "bolo," even as you are giving him aid. He will smile gratefully, guilelessly up into the face of the surgeon who for weeks has been healing his wounds and then lay for a chance to shoot or knife his benefactor the very night he is discharged from hospital. He will come to beg a guard for his little homestead and vegetable patch, and shoot the guard the moment he is alone. He implored us to respect the holy character of his innumerable churches, and he made the very altar his arsenal—stored his Mausers and cartridges under the image of the crucified Savior and crammed the church itself with fighting men when the hour of outbreak came. Dozens of our wounded drifting back to the hospitals, and of our officers and orderlies riding to and fro among the buildings they had preserved and protected were shot down from within the walls of the sanctuary or those of the native homes. Manila and its suburbs were hotbeds of treachery, and these were the people whom for months past we had been ordered to treat with every courtesy and consideration. For three weeks before the outbreak their officers had been insulting in language and demeanor to our men. For six weeks before their assault in force Americans were arrested who sought to penetrate their lines, yet they were permitted to wander at will through ours. "Do everything in your power to avert conflict," were our orders, and in spite of all manner of aggressions they were faithfully observed. The line of demarcation between the insurgent territory and ours was roughly indicated by a cordon of blockhouses extending clear around the suburbs of Manila from above Tondo on the way to the north to old Fort San Antonio Abad below Malate to the south. Maj.-Gen. Anderson, with the first division, faced the insurgents between the Pasig River and the bay east and south of the city. Maj.-Gen. MacArthur, with the second division, did like duty east and north. I commanded the First Brigade of the First Division, covering the line from the Pasig to blockhouse 12, in front of the big towns of Pandacan and Paco. The narrow "estero" of the Concordia and the still narrower stream of the Tripa de Gallina formed the line between my troops and the Filipinos. We knew they had heavy redoubts and intrenchments on their side in front of the big village of Santa Ana, a mile away, but they were skillfully screened by trees and shrubbery. We knew they had Krupp guns, but we could not tell just where they were placed. The stone bridge over the Tripa in front of blockhouse 11 bore the brunt of all the incessant traffic between Manila and the score of towns along the river, on the delta and the south shore of the lake of which it is the outlet. This was the insurgent line of supply and communication. Santa Ana was the headquarters of Gen. Ricarti's division and their arsenal as well, and this line, when the tables were suddenly turned upon them on the morning of Sunday, February 5, they defended for an hour with obstinate determination until they found themselves outflanked and caught in a trap. Then only the reserves escaped. The firing lines were killed, captured or driven into the Pasig and drowned. That, in brief, was the result of what is called the battle of Santa Ana, fought by the First Brigade, First Division, Eighth Corps, and Ricarti's command of the insurgent army. The pursuit was not dropped until we reached the villages on the Delta the following day and secured their surrender, but the heroic incidents went all around the line through both divisions. I shall try to tell you of a few that occurred in ours.

It was 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning when the insurgents opened fire on my line, and long before dawn it spread clear across the front of Gen. Ovenshine's brigade, which, facing south, lay to our right. Not until 8 o'clock, however, could our division commander get the consent of the Governor-General to let us attack. Meantime we had to "stand and take it"—or, literally, the lines lay down and fired back across the Tripa as best they could. It was galling work. Many a brave fellow wears the mark of that night's battling and a dozen were killed outright before, at last, we got the word to go in and sweep the field. At that moment Co. A of the First Washington Infantry lay close to the stream facing the flashing lines across the Tripa. Erwin, its first lieutenant, had been borne to the rear, shot through the neck and arm. Two men lay dead in their tracks. Twenty were wounded. I had galloped forward to give the order, and I shall never forget how, though covered with mud and stiff with the long constraint, those splendid fellows sprang to their feet, and then, crouching like Indians, dove down the bank and splashed waist deep through the estero. It was there I came upon their captain—tall, conspicuous and calm, and silent as ever—but covered with blood—his head bound up in a handkerchief. He staggered slightly as he toiled up the opposite bank, and, knowing what was ahead of us and that he must have been painfully wounded, I took the first chance to reach him and order him back to the surgeons. He could barely speak,

with his jaw bound tightly, but what he said was practically this: "It's only a scratch, sir. I can't let my men go in without me."

And yet a bullet had scored his face, scraped his cheek bone and ripped through his right ear. It was his maiden fight, too, but a veteran of 50 could have been no more composed. That was Capt. Albert H. Otis, Co. A, First Washington.

Ten minutes later the dash of two battalions of the Washingtons had cleared the rice fields to the south of the Santa Ana road, and the Californians, lining the low embankment on which it ran, were getting in a lively crossfire on the intrenchments to the north of it. The Krupp guns were firing rapidly at us from a redoubt close to the stream and near the east end of Santa Ana. The stone bridge across the Tripa seemed to be the main target, for shattered glass from the lamp posts and splintered stone from the parapets flew with the whistling bullets diagonally across the roadway. None the less two little mountain Hotchkiss guns had been run forward by hand almost to the arch, and there, coolly, placidly directing their fire—bursting his shells squarely in the Filipino works, and never even crouching to avoid the incessant flight of Mauser and Remington missiles, stood an officer who had already won a name for daring and skill in the face of a savage enemy. A Sioux bullet at the bloody fight at Wounded Knee eight years ago drove fragments of his watch through his body, but in no wise impaired his efficiency or daunted his nerve when the next campaign came on. Between the cool, scientific handling of these guns by Lieut. Hawthorne of the Sixth Artillery and the fierce and rapid volleys of the Californians crouching behind

against the fire-splitting intrenchments toward the river, and the Idahos—except three companies sent in to back up Washington for the rush into Santa Ana from the south—were destined to act in support. We had exchanged cordial greetings early in the morning, McConville and I, when the regiment reported for duty in East Paco, and now his face was aglow, his eyes blazing with eagerness and excitement. It had been all planned that as soon as the Idahos were across and deployed for the attack from the high road—the south—that Capt. Fortson, with his two companies of the Washingtons, should ford the Concordia and attack from the west the first and most formidable of the redoubts—now fully "located" on a singular mound rising from the midst of a level plain.

"Yonder are the works, major," were the words of the order. "Cross the fields in front of the Norwegian Consul's house" (a big stone affair that stood close to the stream 300 yards to the left of the road) "and charge everything into the river."

California was to support on the right, Fortson on his left, but he never stopped to inquire. Eagerly he answered "All right, sir," and hastened to the head of his men. Eagerly he led them over the field, and, in his eagerness, got mixed as to the Consul's house and passed behind, instead of in front of it, so that it took ten minutes to straighten him out, but then with cheers and volleys the lines rushed in. Just as the center of the Idahos reached a little clump of trees and shrubbery half way across the plain they were greeted by a sudden and furious volley that staggered them. In an instant McConville leaped to the front, waving his sword over his head and shouting to his men "Come on! Come on, Idaho!" and then, as he turned and led the rush into the shrubbery, a shot struck him square in the breast, and down he went. Even then, they told me, he strove to crawl forward with the line, but the wound was mortal, and presently the brave old fellow realized that he had but an hour or two to live. I never saw him again. The order he received from my lips on the Santa Ana road was his last, and to the letter had he striven to obey it. Five insurgents lay dead



LIEUT. CHARLES E. KILBOURNE, JR.

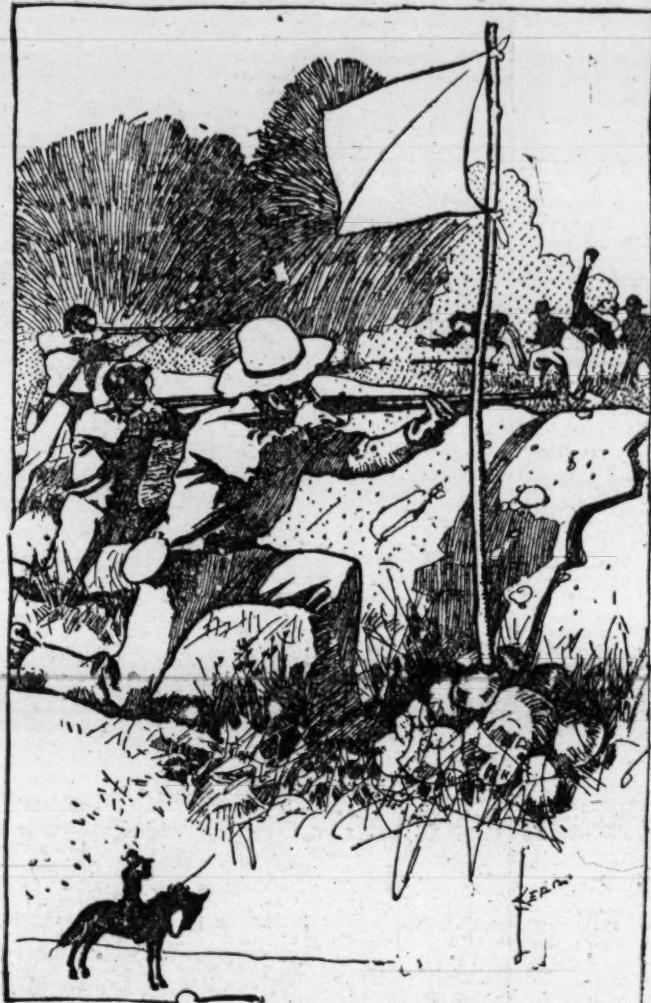
the road, the insurgents lurking behind the low ridges in the rice fields to our left front were driven to cover further back, and their shots flew wild. Then it was possible to rush the First Idaho across the bridge and form it for the attack on the redoubts. At the head of the Second Battalion strode a veteran soldier—Maj. Edward McConville. He had served as a private in the great war of the rebellion. He had later spent long years in the regular army as a private and non-commissioned officer. He at one time carried a musket in the company then commanded by Captain, now Maj.-Gen. Anderson, under whose orders he again found himself when he came as a major to Manila. He was probably the oldest man in the division—he certainly was in the brigade—but no duty was so wearisome or exacting that he did not carry out his share of it to the uttermost. The men looked upon him as a patriarch, but honored him for his devotion to every detail of his soldier work.

I think, now, that the brave old fellow must have become somewhat deaf. He had misunderstood an order I gave him when reporting to me for instructions as field officer of the day a fortnight before the fight. This had led to my writing out his orders the next and last time he reported for the same purpose, and the veteran soldier had taken this—in connection with a mild reproof I had given him for allowing his reserves and supports to be withdrawn before daylight—very much to heart. In a brigade made up exclusively of volunteers at the date of its maiden battle he was the only officer I had felt obliged to reprove—and he was an old regular.

But I can see him now as he came running to me on the Santa Ana road, just after crossing the bridge. A skirmish line was dancing out across the rice fields

about the Krupp in the middle redoubt, where, side by side, California and Idaho leaped into the capture, and a dozen lay strewn over the field in front of where the honored old major fell. The big redoubt on the mound to his left was littered with the bodies of the insurgents. Hemmed in between McConville, Fortson and the river, and unable to beat back the dashing charge of the "Americanos," they raised the white flag, and then shot dead the first soldiers to reach the work. The roar of musketry was resumed for three minutes, and followed by scattering shots as the fugitives ran for the stream, but there was a smile on McConville's grizzled face as they bore him off the field. Everything had been swept to the river. All these redoubts were won. Both the Krupps were ours, and there were places where the insurgents lay two deep in the trenches. As the main line made its grand wheel to the left, and charging into Santa Ana from the south, "rounded up" the insurgents who strove to escape along the bank, Capt. Cunningham of the First California caught sight of a big "casco" or barge crammed with the enemy "poling" over to the opposite shore. In less than no time he had his company lined up behind the convent inclosure through which they had fought their way and opened fire. In five minutes up went the white flag across the stream, and, under cover of the rifles of a whole battalion by this time ranged along the bank, Cunningham went over, found the insurgent captain and five men dead, several mortally and seventeen slightly wounded, and made the whole detachment prisoners.

But while the First Brigade had carried out its plan of battle without appreciable check, there was some hard work in front of the Fourteenth Infantry (regulars) of Ovenshine's Second brigade farther to the right. Here in the thick woods the insurgents had



"RAISED THE WHITE FLAG THEN SHOT DEAD THE FIRST SOLDIER TO REACH THE WORKS."

thrown up breastworks and possessed themselves of blockhouse 14—once occupied by our men, but later abandoned because of the length of the line and the small number of troops to defend it. Both in front of the First and Second Brigades, but especially in front of the First at Santa Ana bridge, the same condition of affairs was found to exist. The insurgent officers had taught their men to believe that the Americans were cowards, who dare not fight—who would probably run if attacked, and would certainly recoil before a determined stand. For weeks the little sinners—officers and men—would come out to the bridge, when their "bolos" on the stone parapet and dare our sentries to fight. As they drove or rode through our lines and our sentries saluted the officers as they were ordered, the latter often jeered and taunted them, though they behaved with exemplary propriety when meeting with parties of our officers. The Filipinos, seeing and hearing all this, were impatient for the attack to begin, believing all Manila would be theirs, and the Americans even easier victims than the Spaniards. This was the explanation of their dash and spirit when assaulting early Sunday morning and of their obstinate defense, for a while at least, when our lines advanced. Now, I can only tell from hearsay of the gallant act of a young officer of the Fourteenth regulars, but it is the talk of the First Division and has won him the recommendation for the medal of honor. A battalion of the regiment, checked by the fierce fire from the thickets in their front, and dispirited by its severe loss in killed and wounded, was lying down for shelter. One of the best and bravest officers, Lieut. Mitchell, lay dying in their midst, when Lieut. Perry L. Miles, an Ohio boy, only four years out of West Point, was suddenly called upon to report to his commanding officer. In brief words the battalion chief gave him orders: "That blockhouse must be taken at once—and I want you to do it." Miles is one of the "quietest" young fellows in the service, and he probably went off without a word. As the story comes to me, it was decided that he should call for volunteers, and he did. The men looked at the bristling blockhouse a few hundred yards away and shook their heads. It was crammed with insurgents, and the only way to reach it was a straight road with dense bamboo and underbrush on each side. It was a lane of death, and the soldiers knew it. Only five men responded to the call, and with these five Miles made his dash. Full tilt they charged through the storm of hissing lead that greeted but could not stop them. First one, then another, two of the daring five dropped in their tracks, but Miles darted on, and the Filipinos, amazed at such dauntless courage and fearful of their fate when the Americans reached the blockhouse, came scurrying down from the upper stories. Possibly they were afraid it might be fired, and they be burned alive. Possibly they were awed by the prospect of hand-to-hand fight with big fellows who were proof against their Mausers, but down they came and out they went—the last Filipino rushing from the back-door as Miles, revolver in hand, sprang in at the front. It

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Chris, standing in the bow, is suddenly confronted by a big, venturesome bull, right at the side of the boat. He shoots quickly, but his aim is bad. The bellowing seal flops clumsily into the boat, snapping viciously at the men, who, in their efforts to avoid him, capsize the skiff. Chris clings to his heavy rifle, and sinks like a stone. He drowns like a true sailor, for they proverbially cannot swim a stroke.

It was near here, too, that a sealer whom the men knew well made a misstep and fell down from the top of the cliff above, one hundred feet down, down, turning somersaults and flips to the jagged rocks and death.

The men get candles and climb around into the caves. They are greeted by a medley of slopping and screaming, bellowing, barking and whining. By the flickering candle-light the pups are clubbed to death and dragged to the try-pot. After a time, when seals became scarce, the sealers fell to killing the cows, too, and thus the animals were exterminated. Seals are seldom seen about the island today.

Otter-hunters still make trips along the coast and among the scattered islands. But the sea dogs of the Pacific have gotten the habit of speaking the otter-hunter with suspicion. She is often really a smuggler's accomplice, meeting the smuggler at sea and receiving contraband goods and landing them at a port into which the larger boat could not enter without being carefully overhauled by the custom officer.

The honest otter-hunter is usually a small schooner or sloop with a crew of nine men and a cook. She has three skiffs, and she casts anchor well off-shore, and then her skiffs are launched, and three men clamber into each. Two men in each boat have rifles, and the third man's business is to look sharp for rocks, to row dexterously, and dodge about like a rabbit.

When an otter is sighted the fun begins. It is an exciting, unrelenting chase, for his skin is worth several hundred dollars. So he tries hard to save it. He dives and comes up just nose out of water, when out of breath. The hunters drive him into shallow water, and surround him if possible, and shoot each time his nose appears. A telling shot stains the water with his blood, and unless he is very fat he sinks. Usually his body can be seen on the bottom, so crystalline clear is the water, and one of the men dives for him, or perhaps they fish him up.

J. R. BRITTON.

RAISING GOLD FISH FOR A LIVING.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"You see, I am like Jennie Wren, Dickens's famous dolls' dressmaker," said Miss Anna Marsh, indicating the crutch she is compelled to use whenever she moves about. "Jennie had her dolls and I have my gold fish, both of them other people's playthings, but serious bread-winners for us.

"I first had my fish in an aquarium—that was during my brother's life time, and there was no need for me to work for my living; and when they multiplied I took the surplus and put them in a tub in the back yard. Why, you never saw any creatures increase in size and numbers as those tub fish did. I had as much as I could do to find people to take them off my hands, for of course I could not throw them away, and I am not cannibal enough to eat my pets. Then my brother died, and I was thrown on my own resources, with this place as a home, but no income and a very small bank account.

"I was feeling pretty blue one day, while I was feeding my fish in the yard. They had increased to four tubs full by that time. A gentleman passed and wanted to buy some of them. I sold him six large ones for \$5, and the very next morning I traveled over to New York with another half dozen in a bucket. I hunted up a man who stocks aquariums and offered him my fish. He was astonished, and I will always believe that he at first thought I had stolen them. He bought them, however, and bargained for more. We talked the matter over, and he advised me to go into the business.

"I set to work at once, having pools built and making preparations for breeding gold fish on as extensive a scale as my stock would permit. The next season I sold my crop, as I call them, and again enlarged my plant by having the third and largest pool built in my back yard. The next year I added the fifth and sixth pools, which is all there is room for.

"They are almost no trouble at all, and very little expense after the building and stocking of their pools. Of course the greatest trouble is in shipping them, and that is an expense, but I am always careful to require the prompt and safe return of my shipping tanks and their case, so I seldom have to purchase new ones. The first year my sales only amounted to a little more than \$50. That was before I regularly started in. The next year it climbed up to \$600. Last year it was something over \$1500, and at the end of another season, with the sale of my aquariums and other little animals coming from the pool I am building in the back yard, I hope to reach at least \$2000, which I consider quite a tidy income for a single woman with a home of her own."



"MILES, REVOLVER IN HAND, SPRANG TO THE FRONT."

in plain sight of half a dozen officers and a score of men sheltered by the walls up and down the blazing Calle Real. Then mounted and rode on about his other business. If that wasn't pluck and heroism I'm no judge of either.

BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES KING, U.S.V.

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A FORGOTTEN INDUSTRY.

HOW SEALS WERE KILLED ABOUT SANTA BARBARA ISLAND.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

During a recent cruise among the Santa Barbara Channel Islands I was surprised to find that Santa Barbara, the smallest of the group which includes Santa Catalina, San Clemente, San Nicholas and Santa Barbara, has been an extensive sealing place within a decade or so. The try-pot and other evidences of the exterminated industry are still to be seen high and dry upon a shelf of rock on the beetling east coast, and the oily odor still hangs about them. Sitting there one may easily lead himself to believe that he sees Chris and Bob and Jack and Tom coming in in a skiff from their schooner anchored some few hundred yards off the coast.

As the skiff near the rocks Bob swings her about stern on, and yells, "Steady, there!" and as she rides

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE next musical event prepared for the enjoyment of Los Angeles music-lovers and one that will be of the first importance, will be the two chamber concerts by the world-famed Kneisel Quartette, on the evening of Friday, June 2, and Saturday matinée, June 3, at Simpeon Auditorium. The personnel of the quartette, which has just entered upon its fourteenth season, is: Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; L. Svecenski, viola, and Alvin Schroeder, cello. Although this is the second appearance here of these great musicians a few words in regard to the history of the organization will doubtless be of interest. The musicians are all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which Kneisel has been concertmaster for a number of years.

When Henry L. Higginson engaged Mr. Kneisel as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he at the same time asked him to form an organization for the performance of chamber music. In November of the year 1885, the public career of the Kneisel Quartette began, when it originally announced a series of concerts to be given at Chickering Hall in Boston. The opinions of the press and the public in regard to the performance of master compositions of chamber music by the quartette were so favorable, that the interest of a very large circle of music-lovers was directed to their concerts. All agreed that the performance of each of the masterpieces was distinguished by an artistic balance, smoothness, and completeness second to none, and by the evident care and thoughtfulness of real artists, men of mind and of feeling. No musical organization ever gave more varied or more pleasurable emotions to the listener. The next season the audiences grew steadily in number and soon the quartette extended its field to the large cities of the United States and Canada, and up to the present time the organization has given the remarkable total of nearly eight hundred concerts. Regular series of subscription concerts are given every season in Boston, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Hartford, Worcester, and a series is also given at Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other universities.

The Kneisel Quartette has so broadened its sphere as a concert-giving organization that its patrons have been afforded the opportunity of hearing some world-renowned artists from abroad, such as Paderewski, Rosenthal, D'Albert, Miss Aus Der Ohe, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel, Mrs. Joachim and many others. Of well-known resident artists, who have appeared at these concerts, may be mentioned Joseffy, Baermann, McDowell, Perabo, Foote, Mrs. Beach, Miss Emma Juch and others. The great composer, Antonin Dvorak, was so enamored of the performance of master works by the Kneisel Quartette that, while in this country, he gave to them some of his manuscripts for their first public performance.

Not only has the Kneisel Quartette performed at its concerts the standard works of the classical composers, but it has produced for the first time all the important novelties in chamber music of both European and American composers. To illustrate still further the extent and variety of its repertoire it may be stated that two years ago, in the midst of a busy concert season, it experienced no difficulty in playing at Mrs. H. L. Higginson's private musicals all the string quartettes by Beethoven, in a series of six concerts.

Encouraged by the unanimous and highly favorable opinions of its playing, advanced by some of the very ablest musical critics in America, as well as by musicians and music-lovers, the quartette resolved to give a series of chamber concerts in London. These were given during the months of June and July of 1897, the organization playing before large and enthusiastic audiences and with result that placed them uppermost in the minds of all European critics.

The London Courier of May 27, 1897, says: "The famous Kneisel Quartette is with us, and although concerts just now are so numerous, it is safe to say that none merit the attention so well as those given by the four musicians from Boston. London is singularly blessed in the matter of chamber music, but such exquisite playing as that heard last Saturday at St. James's Hall it has never been our pleasure to enjoy heretofore. The ensemble is absolutely perfect, the tone marvelously full and rich, and the delicacy of treatment rendered more exquisite by the power and strength which underlies it. It is difficult to avoid extravagance in speaking of their playing, and it is impossible to criticize, for the faults cannot be found."

Apropos of the production of Liza Lehmann's celebrated song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," at Blanchard Hall, on the last Wednesday evening of this month, under the concert direction of J. T. Fitzgerald, a word or two as to the scope and character of this beautiful and interesting work, may serve to correct some mistaken notions as to the proper and legitimate manner of performing it.

The work is written in concert form, and for the concert stage only. Scenery and costumes would be wholly out of place, and serve only to detract from the effectiveness and enjoyment of the performance. It is to be sung by a quartette—Soprano, contralto, tenor and bass—with piano accompaniment. Any addition in the way of more voices, or increased number of instruments, would not only mar the beauty and charm of the music, but would altogether destroy the graceful character of this exquisitely beautiful composition.

The composer has carefully, and even elaborately, indicated the tempi and minutest detail of shading and expression, both as to mezzo voce and fortissimo, in order that the true oriental character of Omar Khayyam's famous quatrain may be preserved in the performance of her musical setting. There are twenty-two numbers in the cycle, four of which are quartettes, one a duet for soprano and tenor, two solos for soprano, two solos for contralto, three solos for tenor, and two solos for the bass, the remaining numbers being beautiful passages of recitative for the different voices.

There is but one opinion among musicians and critics as to the high character of this song cycle. To quote from a well-known authority, "The music is extremely melodious, graceful and effective, and reproduces in the most intimate fashion the tenderness, the depth, the philosophy of that fine old Persian poet of the twelfth

century, whose 'divine despair' (as Tennyson aptly quotes it,) has been made alive to the modern world by the translation of Edward Fitzgerald."

Tuesday afternoon, May 23, at the Los Angeles Theatre, the symphony orchestra under the direction of Harley Hamilton, will present the tenth concert, which completes this season's series. The orchestra has labored against adverse circumstances to establish itself as the leading local musical organization in this city and the results obtained artistically have been many, while financially both seasons have been a failure. However, greater results have been obtained this year than last, in that many students of music have been educated by being present at rehearsals and attending each performance, and although Director Hamilton and his colleagues are out of pocket at the close of this season, they can look back and realize that the best series of concerts ever heard in this city, have been presented this year, and that they have so conclusively demonstrated their ability to give finished performances that next season the moneyed citizens will undoubtedly come forward and give proper subscriptions to keep up this excellent musical organization and make it one of the educational features of this city.

The vocal soloist for this tenth and last concert will be the well known soprano Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, who will present Weber's Recitative and Aria from "Der Freischütz." Her work is so well known here that it is not necessary to speak further concerning this number. The instrumental soloist will be Herr Arnold Krauss, who will present Max Bruch's Scotch fantaisie in four movements. As a violinist, Herr Krauss is already well-known in this city. During last season he was a member of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and this year has repeated his eastern success with our local symphony orchestra and added much to the enjoyment of each programme. The sale of reserved seats will open May 18. The programme is as follows:

Selected excerpts from "Lohengrin" (Wagner.)
Recitative and aria, "Der Freischütz" (Weber.)
Scotch fantaisie, grave, adagio cantabile; tanz, allegro; andante sostenuto; final, allegro guerrero (Max Bruch.)
Symphony in B minor, unfinished; allegro moderato in B minor; andante con moto in E major (Schubert.)
Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini.)

"The Ideal Opera Company" was organized Monday evening for the purpose of producing several operas by the best local talent. It is expected that two operas which have recently been finished by well-known California composers will be among the number, and both are said to be excellent musically and dramatically. The officers of the company just elected are: Franklin Campbell, president; Owen Foster, vice-president; Hope Brown, secretary and treasurer. The company will include about twenty soloists, and a chorus of not less than forty voices.

The London Daily Telegraph says, in speaking of a late symphony concert given in that city:

"Miss Ellen Beach Yaw was there to sing florid airs with charm of voice and finish of execution that left nothing to be desired. Miss Yaw does not sing in opera. If she did, certain Italian works need not remain on the shelf for want of a successor to the brilliant stage vocalists of the past."

C. S. de Lano's Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club are preparing for their next concert, to be given soon. Miss M. Gertrude Hards will assist as reader. The club will give a number of concerts during the summer, including two at Catalina, one at Santa Monica, and one at the Soldiers' Home.

Beginning Sunday, May 21, Unity Church will inaugurate a series of Sunday afternoon song services, to be held at 4 p.m. In addition to the large chorus choir, under the direction of Prof. Huebner, some of the best professional talent will be engaged for each concert. Those engaged for May 21 are: Grace Millmore Stivers, soprano, and the Rogers-Jennison trio.

A juvenile musical, to be given this afternoon in the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium at 3 o'clock, is announced by the younger pupils of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Arts. Soloists ages limited from 3 to 11 years. Children of these ages studying music are freely invited to attend. An attractive programme has been prepared.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyle of No. 1310 Downey avenue gave an evening of song, in honor of Mrs. Joseph Strong, who has recently come here from the North. Her powerful voice was heard to advantage in operatic selections. Mrs. Strong promises to be an acquisition to Los Angeles music circles.

When, last April the Musicians' Club of San Francisco offered prizes for the best composition in chamber music, open to music writers anywhere in the State, Charles E. Pemberton of this city sent a string quartette. The compositions were all forwarded to the East and passed over by Dvorak, MacDowell and Arthur Foote of Boston. Mr. Pemberton now finds that he is the fortunate winner of the silver medal, no small honor, and one for which congratulations are due him.

Last Wednesday evening Frau Leopoldina Harvey gave one of her interesting pupil recitals at Blanchard Hall, which was filled with an enthusiastic audience. The attention, applause and a profusion of beautiful flowers went to show an appreciation of the work of the performers.

Mrs. Albert Russell, pupil of Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, sang with great success at a musical given at the Soldiers' Home last Wednesday evening. Her singing was the feature of the programme and was greeted with an enthusiastic encore.

MUSICAL MELANGE.

Octave Feuillet, the French novelist, could write intelligently of music when he chose, says Musical America. In one of his tales he puts wise words into the mouth of a teacher cautioning a pupil: "Delirium is not strength." "Never think that you will find true, lasting inspiration in the emotions of a disordered life." "Evoke those illustrious high priests of our art who perhaps have been the only musicians to penetrate the glowing maze of the ideal. Palestrina, our Moses; Beethoven, our Homer; Mozart, who is both our Moliere

and our Shakespeare. These men were not only great men—they were prophets."

The essential difference between English and American bands is wood as against brass. The highest aim of the English bandmaster following Lieut. Dan Godfrey's standard, is to eliminate brassy effects and to give the reeds, flutes, clarionets, oboes and piccolo the predominant note. In this way a softness of tone is obtained, and it was this feature which caused the New York Herald to remark of Dan Godfrey's Guardsman, "The band opened the eyes and ears of the public to a new and unexpected world of music. There was an entire absence of harshness of tone which seems to be irrepressible in most American bands. Cornets soft as lutes, clarionets sympathetic and melodious as the violin of Ole Bull, the brasses thrilling with expression and velvety richness, and over all a precision and an equality of sentiment, a oneness of idea and an ensemble so complete and so perfect as to appear phenomenal."

The Springfield Republican prints the following:

"The all-devouring department store seems to be in a fair way to gobble up music. The piano trade has been much exercised over the enterprise of Mr. Wanamaker in securing the agency of a number of piacars, and a department store in New York offers daily concerts by professional artists of reputation, so that good piano, violin or cello playing may be heard at any time. When the grand opera octopus has effectually disposed of the concert business we may see such notices from the dry-goods stores as this: This week only; Paderewski in rear basement; 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; come early and avoid the rush; stylish taffeta silk-trimmed dress skirts, \$6.47.

"Why not? To listen to the F minor Concerto of Chopin while purchasing a silk polonaise, cut bias, would be the acme of happiness for some girls."

The London News says that a feature during the earlier portion of the Covent Garden opera season will be made of a special series of representations of half a dozen Wagnerian works, to be sung in German, and an already strong company has been reinforced by the engagement of Lilli Lehmann. The dates definitely fixed are as follows:

Monday, May 8, "Lohengrin;" Thursday, 11, "Tristan und Isolde;" Monday, 15, "Tannhäuser;" Thursday, 18, "Die Walkure;" Tuesday, 23, "Der Fliegende Holländer;" Saturday, 27, "Die Meistersinger;" Monday, 29, "Holandor;" Friday, June 2, "Die Walkure;" Tuesday, June 6, "Meistersinger;" Friday, 9, "Tristan;" Wednesday, 14, "Lohengrin;" and Saturday, June 17, "Tannhäuser."

The company engaged for these representations is as follows: Sopranos, Frau Gadsky, a German dramatic prima donna; Lilli Lehmann, the original Floësilde in the "Ring" at Bayreuth; Mme. Litvinne, Frau Mottl, Mme. Nordica and Fr. Saiffert of Zurich and Mme. Contraltos, Frau Schumann-Heink and Fr. Olitzka. Tenors, Jean de Reszke, Van Dyck, Dippel, Schramm and Simon. Baritones, MM. Bertram, B'spham, Muham and Van Rooy. Basses, Edouard de Reszke, Pringle and Plancon. This, it need hardly be said, is a much stronger troupe than even Bayreuth can boast.

The other evenings at Covent Garden, down to the end of July, will be devoted to the ordinary repertory, with Puccini's "La Bohème," for Mme. Melba, Goldmark's "Prisoner of War," and, toward the end of the season, Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys." Mme. Melba will also resume her old part in "Pagliacci." The company has been strengthened by the engagements of Marie Engle, Mr. Homer, Herr Bertram of Munich and Richard Green.

The death of Ernst Kleber Schmidt, a well-known cellist of New York, is a loss deeply regretted by the many musical organizations with which Ernst Schmidt had been identified. During a professional career of twenty years he had been connected with the Mendelssohn Quintette, the Thomas Orchestra, the Boston Symphony and the Seidl Orchestra. He was also the cellist of the once famous Schmidt Quintette, founded by his father, which organization was the first to introduce the classics of chamber music on the Pacific Coast. It was composed entirely of the family, consisting at that time of Louis Schmidt, the elder; his three sons, Louis, Ernst and Clifford Schmidt, and his daughter, Alice Schmidt-Fritsch. Of the gifted five there now remain but two, Louis Schmidt, a violinist of reputation in New York, the organizer of the Schmidt-Herbert Quartette, and Mrs. Schmidt-Fritsch, the pianist of the quintette and favorite pupil of Leschetizky. As a cellist, Ernst Schmidt was distinguished for his tone and breadth of delivery; as a man he was noted among his colleagues for a spirit of gentle humor and many lovable qualities.

With the end of this month an old musical landmark of Berlin will disappear as such and will make room for a modern department store, says Otto Floersheim in Musical Courier. It is the old Concerthaus, situated in the Leipziger Strasse, which for nearly half a century played an important role in the musical life of the Prussian capital.

It is now nearly fifteen years since Bilse disappeared from this place of activity in which for nearly twenty years he held full sway. But also aside from the popular Bilse concerts, the Concerthaus has done important services to music in this city, as, before the erection of the Philharmonic, it was the only concert hall in Berlin which could seat an audience of a thousand or more people, which was not the case either with the Singakademie before it was rebuilt and extended. Hence, the greatest virtuosos of our times have been heard in the Concerthaus. Aside from the historic Wagner concerts of the years 1873 and 1875, which Richard Wagner conducted there in person, among others, Anton Rubinstein, Camille Saint-Saëns, Hans von Bülow, Sophie Menter, Josef Joachim, Sarasate, Annette Essipoff, and many others have concertized there. When Bilse quit Berlin the star of the Concerthaus began to pale. His different successors did not have the powers of attraction to carry on successfully the Bilse inheritance. Carl Meyer gave it the last dying kick, and now the building erected for music will yield to the demands of business necessities.

A new form—or is it a revival?—of the "old fiddle swindle," is reported from Vienna, says the London Chronicle. Some days ago a young fellow carrying a fiddle under his arm entered a ham and beef shop. Having made his purchase, he discovered he had not enough money to pay for it; so he begged the tradesman to take his fiddle, which he was going to have repaired, as security while he went home and fetched the balance. He had scarcely left the shop when a well-dressed gentleman stepped in to make a purchase, and

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cast his eye on the violin. After a few minutes' inspection, he exclaimed: "This is a fine instrument, by one of the old masters; I'll give you 150 florins for it." The shopkeeper explained that he could not sell it without consulting the owner, and so the connoisseur went off, leaving 5 florins to secure the refusal of the treasure. Presently the original customer came back, and being informed of the offer, agreed to a deal, provided he had 80 florins down. The sum was at once paid by the innocent middleman. Needless to say, he has never seen the virtuoso again, and the value of the fiddle turns out to be 5 shillings.

[Musical Courier:] R. Arpeggio, the nom de guerre of an individual writer on the London Musical Standard, has something to say of Brahms, which is refreshing after the expression of so much that is prejudiced on the subject. He finds the Brahms mind a peculiar one. It has not the "directness and simplicity of Beethoven's" and it has not the "colored passion of Wagner's." R. Arpeggio thinks the most endearing quality of Brahms is that he is "not always on stilts." The writer phrases it thus:

"That was a little the fault, as it was the strength, of Wagner. Brahms, however, speaks to one as a human being living his life in this world—a great, noble human being. He does not ask you to follow him to heights where emotion and passion pass the human limit. And this humanity, so noticeable in the character of his themes, which are not exactly big, but are full of sentiment and tenderness, such a different utterance to the energetic, sometimes outwardly harsh Brahms, is precisely the quality in his music which you cannot be made to appreciate as a matter of culture, but must wait for its appeal until your nature has gone through the experiences which make up the real education of life."

The London Daily News says that Mascheroni's ballad, "For All Eternity," the copyright of which has just been sold by private contract for £2240, was originally offered to a London music publisher for £10, and was refused. But, then, the publisher could not, of course, have had the remotest idea that the song would afterward take the fancy of Mme. Patti, who, by singing it, made its fortune. The incident, however, is by no means without precedent. The late Mr. Boosey refused to buy Michael Maybrick's "Nancy Lee" for a £10 note, though, pitying the young composer's evident distress, he laughingly offered to publish it on commission. Mr. Maybrick's share, it is said, during the first year exceeded £2000, though the composer himself was so doubtful of it that he issued it under the name of "Stephen Adams." That "To Anthea" was sold for £2 2s, and "Kathleen Mavourneen" for £5, are further examples of the musical chances of war. On the other hand, barely one drawing-room song in a hundred, covers the expenses of printing and publishing.

Under the caption, "What Classical Music Really Is," Alfred Metzger in Musical Courier says:

"In coming across a great many people of musical talent and ability, I have not only found the lack of knowledge of good music, but the inability to express their opinions on 'classical music.' I have often thought over this subject, and at last came to the conclusion that I had a few ideas as to what 'classical music really is.'

"First of all, there must be a certain amount of love for music if we wish to study profitably. Each new step that is taken in the right direction suggests a new possibility. To be strictly classical, a musical composition must be written according to the standard rules of art. For instance, there are certain rules of counterpoint and harmony which are laid down, and unless these rules are observed the music is not up to the standard. Counterpoint in music is really when the musical characters are placed in such a manner, each with respect to each, as to show how the parts answer one to another. A piece may be very simple, it may have but slight elaboration, yet it must contain the elements of true musical inspiration before it is classical.

"The airiest of Bach's gavots, the most emotional of Beethoven's andantes, and the most brilliant of Mendelssohn's overtures, are as strictly classical as the most ponderous and sublime of symphonies or sonatas. To be classical is simply to be grammatical. When you can bring to your musical study the same sensitiveness and appreciation with which you regard the study of a language, you will find that you care only for 'classical music,' or what I consider the best music."

The Cornhill Magazine discourses thus of music and matrimony: "Luther declared that it was no more possible to do without a wife than to do without eating and drinking; but there have been a good many unmarried musicians for all that. Still, they have for the most part given assent to the theory so far as to make some effort toward attaining the blissful state. It is usual to represent Handel as a cold-hearted misogynist, because he was a bachelor. But Handel was certainly more than once engaged to be married. First, it was to an Italian lady with whom he fell in love while a young man in Venice. Afterward he would almost certainly have married an English lady, but for the rude way in which the mother interposed; and finally, he was engaged to a lady of large property, who insisted, as a condition of the union, that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their profession by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart, because the father of his inamorata, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again, certainly had desires toward matrimony. 'O God!' he exclaims, 'let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue.' But Beethoven had none of the art and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well, both for the art and the woman.

"Gluck, the founder of the modern opera, had also to contend with the Philistine father, in this case a rich banker and merchant, who had no very high opinion of the financial resources of musicians. Fortunately for Gluck, however, the banker died while the composer's love was still fresh, and consequently there was a Mme. Gluck left to mourn him when he said farewell to the world. Chopin's 'sentimental amenities' with George Sand have been the subject of more speculation than the love affairs of any other musician who has ever lived. It was a heartless business altogether on the side of the lady, who not only left the composer to his cough and

his piano after winning all the affection he had to give, but represented him to the world as a consumptive and exasperating nuisance."

Wagnerian singers are not easily disturbed, says an exchange. In a recent performance of "Das Rheingold" in New York, Fraulein Pevny took the part of Wielgunde, one of the Rhine daughters. Shortly after the curtain rises young women are represented as swimming in the river below the surface. The audience was startled to see Wielgunde take a sudden dive for the bottom that certainly didn't seem to be in the opera. And it wasn't, either. One of the wires of the swimming apparatus had broken precipitating Fraulein Pevny a distance of nearly twenty feet. Fortunately, two stage hands succeeded in catching her before she reached the floor, or she might have been seriously, if not fatally, injured. All those behind the scenes who witnessed the accident were scared half out of their wits except Fraulein Pevny herself. She got her cue to sing just as the wire broke, and began the phrase while she was falling. She sang it right through to the end, and then, instead of fainting or making a fuss, she did all she could to help in quickly readjusting the apparatus so that, although she could not be raised or lowered, she was at least kept in view of the audience, and the "picture" was not spoiled.

NOTES.

Eugene D'Albert, the piano virtuoso, has been giving recitals in Italy and the south of France.

Siegfried Wagner, in a telegram to the Neue Wiener Tageblatt, contradicts the report of his matrimonial engagement.

Mile Cecile Chaminade, composer and pianist, who had expected to come over to this country last autumn, but was obliged at the last moment to cancel the engagement, expects to make a tour here next season.

Paderewski was greeted by an audience of 4000 at his last recital in Glasgow, which brought his tour in Scotland to a close. He plays in London this month, at Queen's Hall, and will make a tour of America next season, sailing October 18.

A well-known firm of London music publishers received, a few days ago, a letter from the organist of a church in New London, Ct., preferring the following request: "Would you kindly inform me how a letter will reach Mr. Ben Jonson, author of song words, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes?'"

John Philip Sousa's new march, "Hands Across the Sea," was played for the first time by his band in Philadelphia recently. The name of the march was selected several weeks ago, but owing to the exigencies of the international copyright law, it was not made public until a few hours before its production.

The following is a remark occurring in a letter I received lately from Xaver Scharwenka, says Otto Fleischmann, in the Musical Courier: "The news of my death was a strong exaggeration. I still live, and if this should be disagreeable to anybody, I beg such party's pardon." Isn't that Xaver Scharwenka all over?

Sir Arthur Sullivan, who is at Biarritz, is well forward with the music of the comic opera which he is writing for the Savoy with Basil Hood. The elated-named gentleman, who is a captain in the army, will have a formidable task in competing with the high level of lyric writing which W. S. Gilbert has set for the light opera stage.

According to a statement recently made, German music-publishers had a busy time in 1897. In the course of that year they issued 7231 compositions, and 384 volumes of musical literature. Of the instrumental pieces no fewer than 2547 were for the piano-forte; there were 520 for orchestra and 555 for the mandolin. The organ came last with 148 compositions. Songs and male-voice choruses formed the bulk of the vocal works.

SINGABLE OR UNSINGABLE.

WHAT DOES THE TERM MEAN WHEN APPLIED TO SONGS, AND WHY?

SINGABLE songs—what are they? says Carl A. Field in Musical Courier.

What is meant when a singer, teacher or publisher so designates modern musical compositions? Surely not a song such as I saw recently advertised in the columns of a provincial newspaper as "presenting in the score no technical difficulties for either the singer or the accompanist," for what singer possessing any ability would enjoy singing such a work, to say nothing of how useless it would be to a teacher in carrying out his aim as instructor.

Many singers in applying the form "singable" or "unsingable" to a song composition use the adjective with the mental reservation "for me," for my own voice, compass or range."

Some good singers have a voice range of but ten notes, who can produce full, clear tones only from A to E in the next octave.

To a singer of such limited tone production many songs written in the so-called "medium" range are "unsingable" that yet may be quite "singable" to another voice of more extended compass.

In this we have been considering compositions on merely technical grounds.

There is another meaning applied to the term "singable" or "unsingable"—the suitability to the occasion on which it is to be sung, or the amount of musical culture in the region in which the singer is exercising his art.

To ears untrained Wagner's vocal numbers possess no beauties, nor do the strains of Verdi's "Otello" appeal to the musically uncultured; to such persons these and many other of the world's masterpieces in musical art are "unsingable" compositions.

The large class of people who "criticise" music and musical compositions know nothing of the technics of the art, and in their ignorance despise what they do not understand.

It is not only among the confessedly uninformed that we hear this belittling of the importance of technic, but among the supposedly well equipped corps of musical critics on even metropolitan papers there has often been shown, especially in this last season, a "fine scorn" of the technician.

Yet the men who so criticise are supposedly honest,

but prejudice and preconceived opinions bias their judgment. Nine times out of ten (I cannot myself name the tenth, but for the sake of argument, grant that he may exist,) if you inquire into that critic's training in the severe school of complete mastery of the subject matter he so wisely writes of to complain that "emotion," "poetic grasp," "inspiration" are lost in the display of virtuosity, you will find that this same critic may have heard every great pianist, composer or singer—in his capacity of "critic"—during the last decade; he may write learnedly of tone poems, symphonic overtures, concertos, in compositions; "bel canto," "tone production," "unstudied abandon," "sonority," etc., in singers whose industry, talent and technical skill in the mastery of their art has placed them in the front ranks of an ever-striving throng of competitors, but this critic who leads or picks up the phrase "too much technic" has himself had no real groundwork for the knowledge: he attempts to display.

Today false criticism is doing more harm to the cause of musical art in America than any other one thing—a good deal more harm than a perfect technician can do.

Notwithstanding, however, the hypercriticism of the "non-technician" it needed but the advent of several real virtuosos in our midst to give to trained ears and understanding minds the object lesson—deep and abiding—that poetic sentiment, artistic interpretation, delicacy of taste, refinement of feeling, can only be expressed by one who has so completely mastered the technical difficulties of his art that he needs not to even think of the mechanical work involved.

How many times do music-lovers, who have listened, enthralled, to the rendition of a favorite musical masterpiece, try to repeat for their own pleasure a composition that they have heard rendered by a master, having themselves an artistic temperament, refinement of taste, and, as they say, "knowing how it should go," yet are baffled and discouraged by technical difficulties they have not learned to master?

A great stride forward has been made in America today in the standard now demanded of public performers on the piano.

It will no longer be possible to accept as artists men who, no matter what their reading, knowledge of the laws governing progression and harmony may be, are not first "letter perfect" in the art they profess to illustrate.

This cant of false criticism is all about us—from the school girl student who speaks of this and that artist she hears sing at a matinée as "not half so bad" to the "know-it-all" teacher who comes to this country from Europe—that comprehensive place that may mean London, Paris or Dublin, at a tender age—19 or 20—and who, as time passes, though not being able to avail himself on account of financial reasons of instruction from any of our competent instructors, prates of Leschetizky, whom, it is needless to say, he has never seen; Viardot, Bouhy and other great teachers learnedly.

It is a common occurrence, and one not at all to their credit, to hear American vocal teachers criticise American songs as "unsingable," simply because they possess difficulties—in other words, require study and technical skill—said teacher cannot impart for their proper reading.

You will find, too, that such teachers are not teaching Wagner's songs nor often Schumann's nor even Gounod, but teach instead the time-honored operatic arias from Bellini and the simple duets of Abt and Kücken.

I have heard American teachers say, boastfully, "I never give my pupils American songs." Why not? They are giving at the time "popular" songs—not masterpieces from the classics—that are today being produced in England by exactly the same element that exists in America.

Without being invidious any musician can name composers—men and women—whose works are being produced and published in London that are in no sense of a higher grade than those songs issued by our own best publishers of American work.

It is a very common occurrence to hear critics decrying the merits of this and that American composer and yet these same "critics" in the same breath will ask if you think a knowledge of Bach is essential to a musician's culture, and incidentally remark that they have never studied harmony nor counterpoint and know nothing (and care less) for the rules of progression; yet they will undertake to pronounce a song that has been passed upon favorably by men who technically are prepared to say whether it is good or bad—experienced publishers and their paid "readers" who invest their capital in these same "unsingable" songs.

Shame upon the small-minded, jealous, carping, self-constituted "critics" who so discourage, retard and undermine true art!

In the soul of the true artist in all branches of creative work, be it music, painting, sculpture, poetry, or the sister arts, is deeply implanted a "still small voice" that bids him ever aim for ideal perfection. And this same inward voice proclaims to each one his fitting meed of approbation over good work accomplished.

It has taken 100 years for the world to crown Berlioz, and we are still "patronizing" Wagner.

Fortunately to every true artist there is in the exercise of creative work "a joy no man taketh from him," and this is his true reward.

I would not acknowledge it in Europe on account of national pride, but we have heard much from foreigners in reproach in regard to the "commercial instincts" of our men. How does it happen that the fair sex in our own beloved country (and I say it in fear of a wrathful rejoinder) look with such a "commercial spirit" upon the achievements of their artist sisters?

Our women have had for years superior advantage of wealth and culture, yet nine times out of ten—yea, ten times out of ten—they will say: "Do her songs pay?" of the work of a young composer; "Do they really pay for poetry in the magazine, I wonder?" when shown a literary output.

O woman, woman, you are not so uncalculating, poetic, spirituelle as we have sometimes dreamed that you were, and your own voice awakens us from our delusions!

The fund for the permanent Philadelphia Orchestra is steadily growing, and the committee in charge of subscriptions feel greatly encouraged. The amounts received vary in size from \$50 to \$1000 and over, and, fortunately, quite a number of the subscriptions received contain the four figures. But the sum to be raised by these ladies is a very large one, and they will require very general co-operation, unless they should be fortunate enough to discover some unsuspected Col. Higginson in their midst, says Musical America. The committee feel confident, however, of ultimate success.

MAY 14, 1899.



AT THE THEATERS.

ONE more grand opera is to be tried on Los Angeles. Tomorrow evening the Lambardi Grand Italian Opera Company will open a week's engagement at the Los Angeles Theater, with Mascagni's masterpiece, "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Some of the most famous of the standard Italian operas of the old school have been selected for the remainder of the week's repertoire, and, judging by all reports that have come from Mexico, the presentations should be adequate in every respect. The Lambardi company comes directly from Milan, Italy, under subsidy from the Mexican government, and it comes heralded with unusually high praise. As in the case of the Del Conte Opera Company, this organization is said to be rich in fresh, beautiful, thoroughly-trained voices, but, profiting by the mistakes of the former company, it has taken the pains to come thoroughly equipped in the matter of scenic settings, costumes, and all the other devices of stagecraft which go so far toward making the popular and financial success of production.

Mr. Modini-Wood, himself a trained musician, has been for some time in the City of Mexico, negotiating for a grand opera season in Los Angeles, and he speaks in most unqualified terms of the general excellence of the Lambardi company. The fact that the organization has been induced to come here argues a good deal of enterprise on the part of Messrs. Wood and Wyatt, as the expenses will necessarily amount to an uncomfortably high figure, and the loss will be heavy if the season is not a financial as well as an artistic success. Unfortunately, past experiences with the Los Angeles public have warned the boldest of managers that cash is by no means invariably the reward of artistic excellence when displayed in the sunny south.

Frequenters of the Orpheum whose tastes in musical selections soar a bit above the perennial coon song and its like, will remember, with many other music lovers of this city, the engagement at the vaudeville house last year of Sig. and Signora de Pasquali, with Sig. Abramoff, the famous basso. They sang then the great prison scene from "Faust." They return to the Orpheum tomorrow evening, having just closed a successful tour of the Eastern States, at the head of their own opera company. They are to sing the exquisite garden scene from "Faust" this week, assuming the roles of Faust and Marguerite respectively. Of a concert given in New York, which included this scene, the Musical Courier said:

"In the first part of the programme, Signora de Pasquali sang the Michaela aria from 'Carmen.' A charming dainty picture of girlish prettiness she made. With the first note we heard a voice, fresh, beautiful, evidently trained in a splendid school. . . . The garden scene from 'Faust' constituted the remainder of the programme, and the De Pasqualis sang delightfully. The idea has become general that only artists with big names and big reputations and very big salaries can possibly sing operatic music, and yet I am inclined to believe that few better individual performances could be given than that of Signora de Pasquali in this scene. Her coloratura work is beautiful; it is interesting, and wherever she studied it is evident that artistic finish and quality of tone development were carefully cultivated. The 'Jewel Song' was given with fine dramatic appreciation, and evoked a storm of applause. There are sopranos in the Grau Grand Opera Company who neither in voice nor appearance can approach this young artist."

The feminine folk who revel in dress "symphonies" and "creations" that require a small fortune to be brought into being, will doubtless be interested in the Worth gown that Lillian Burkhart is to wear in "Extravagance" at the Orpheum the coming week. The role requires that an expensive and beautiful dress be worn, and Miss Burkhart has carried out to the letter the natural result of "Extravagance." In other words, the gown in which she appears would give the average husband a shudder over its cost.

Pink is its color. The bodice is décolleté, and fastens in the back, after the manner of French gowns. It is garnished with Venetian lace, gray with antiquity, and is made effective by a knot of black velvet in the back and front. On the right shoulder Miss Burkhart wears a big, black-gauze butterfly with silver-tipped wings. The skirt fits closely to the figure, in the sheath style, about the hips, flowing into a mass of draperies. Superbly done is the embroidery on this gown—roses appliquéd in velvet, red silk and satin, each outlined with tiny ruffles of mouseline de soie. The skirt has a scroll in two rows of velvet ruching, which cannot be duplicated in this country. Four supplementary skirts are worn with the outer one—a taffeta, a net, a chiffon and mouseline de soie. The former has three wide ruffles of Valenciennes lace, edged with apple-green taffeta ribbon. The whole is exact duplicate of a gown made in Paris for Mrs. George Gould.

Of "Extravagance," it may be said that it is a piece purely farcical in tone, and the direct opposite of "The Lady of the Rowan Tree," in which Miss Burkhart has been appearing since last Monday. It was adapted for the comedienne by two Louisiana girls, who do not deny that Rosina Vokes' famous comedy, "My Milliner's Bill," was in part the inspiration of their efforts. Of her performance in this sketch in San Francisco, Ashton Stevens wrote:

"This week, as last, the most artistic feature of the bill is Lillian Burkhart in a short comedy. This one is named 'Extravagance,' and the programme candidly states that it is a farcical reminder of 'My Milliner's Bill,' a little piece memorable for its performance by Rosina Vokes. 'Extravagance' is not notable for any of the delicacies and fancies that marked Miss Burkhart's fairy gem ('The Lady of the Rowan Tree') of last week. It is obvious farce, and naturally makes a heavier dent in the appreciation of the Orpheum-goers. The part of the thoughtless, extravagant bride of an embarrassed young stock-broker is worked out with considerable consistency, and displays a charming phase of Miss Burkhart's comedic power. She is the best

actress that I have ever seen in vaudeville. She has grace, humor, a fine personal spell, and a voice that makes music of every line. Come to think of it, in our present plethora of comic opera and farce comedy, Miss Burkhart at the Orpheum is the only player in San Francisco who may be reckoned with seriously. I wish we might have hours of her instead of minutes."

Charles E. Callahan, the well-known author of "A Romance of Coon Hollow," who introduced Minnie Palmer, Minnie Maddern Fiske and Lizzie Evans to theatrical fame, has had several uncut diamonds under his wing. But, unfortunately, failed to detect the brilliance of the rough stone until they had passed from his management. Two instances that he relates will demonstrate this, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"About twelve summers ago a young lady called on me at my New York office. She informed me that she had been playing with a wild and woolly repertoire company, and was anxious to secure a better engagement. The young girl was strikingly handsome, and her physique was just suited to a small part that I had vacant, so I engaged her. We opened our season at Providence, and her performance was so egregious I was compelled to wire for another actress. I gave her two weeks' salary in lieu of notice, and advised her to give up the stage. She did not accept my advice, however. The young lady appeared in this city a few weeks ago in 'A Lady of Quality,' and her name is Julia Arthur.

"On another occasion we were playing in Memphis. The leading lady fell ill, and, as I had no understudy

boys! This new mode of warfare is far ahead of the old way, with powder and ball!"

(Curtain.)

Tim Frawley is making a success of it with his stock company at the Columbia Theater in Washington. He has a great company of players, nearly all ex-stars, and a repertoire of plays that made the old Frawley company one of the most popular several years ago, and above all as a reason for his present success is the fact that he does not attempt to act himself. In his company are such noted players as Burr McIntosh, Harry Corson Clarke, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Selene Johnson, Georgia Welles, Mary Van Buren and others equally well known.

Danjino is the greatest Japanese actor, and is said to have received \$25,000 as his share for four weeks' engagement at Yaka last year. His earnings for the season were about \$60,000. The Japanese stage used to be controlled by about ten families, each of which owned a certain number of characters. These parts descended from generation to generation. Nowadays, however, any one may take a role in a play, a fact which is much deplored by actors of the old school.

N. C. Goodwin, so they say, has determined upon a bold step for next season, when he will charge \$2 apiece for orchestra seats wherever he may appear. This is the recognized tariff in New York, but in other cities it has been found difficult to make the exactation,



SIGNORA PASQUALI AT THE ORPHEUM.

for the part, I was in a quandary. The local manager suggested a young society amateur of the city. I jumped at the proposal, and went to see the young lady in question. Like all amateurs, she was delighted at the opportunity to appear with a professional company. I gave her the part, and all the rehearsal possible in an afternoon. That night the theater was packed with her friends. Making all due allowance for quick study and nervousness her performance was awful. However, her friends seemed pleased, and packed the theater nightly, so I had no cause for complaint. My leading lady recovered by the end of the week, and it was not necessary for the young lady to face an unkind audience. She told me that she intended to adopt the stage as a profession. I dissuaded her as strongly as possible, for, to my mind, she had not the slightest ability for her chosen vocation. It seems that I was mistaken. At the present time that young lady is one of England's greatest actresses—Miss Maud Jeffries."

A retired Detroit actor, says the Free Press, is reported as having under construction a modern military drama, one of the scenes of which shows a small force of United States troops retiring before the advance of a whole regiment of Spanish soldiers, and leaving behind them a large stock of contract canned beef. After a long wait, not seeing or hearing anything of the enemy, our troops return to their evacuated camp and find the entire Spanish command either dead or writhing in the last agonies of death, from having banqueted on the beef. As the arms, etc., of the Spanish are being secured, the officer in command of Uncle Sam's boys stamps the captured regimental flag under foot, waves the Stars and Stripes, and shouts: "Ah, ha! me brave

excepting in connection with the visits of the greatest foreign stars. Maude Adams has succeeded in commanding this price, and so has Richard Mansfield. If Mr. Goodwin is equally fortunate it is quite likely that all the leading attractions will follow suit in due course.

Marshall Wilder found a hearty welcome on his first professional visit South recently, says the Dramatic Mirror. The leading Memphis newspapers considered his coming to be worthy of editorial comment.

One thing the paper especially noted was that Wilder's success has demonstrated that it isn't necessary to be coarse in order to be funny. "He has shown," said the editor, "that the purest and best humor is that which is allied to refinement and decency."

In that respect the little humorist has offered a striking contrast to those theatrical managers who have been dealing in public filth for a season or two.

Felix Morris is en route to the Coast, having closed today a week's engagement at the Orpheum in Omaha, where he is reported to have scored one of his most pronounced successes. He is to open at the San Francisco Orpheum May 22, and will at this rate reach the Orpheum here in June, instead of July, as before announced.

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

Monday evening, at the Los Angeles Theater, Lambardi's Grand Italian Opera Company, from the La Scala Theater at Milan, Italy, accompanied by the Mexican Typical Orchestra, from the President's band of the City of Mexico, will open a week's engagement in grand opera. This company in the last two months has charmed the music lovers of the City of Mexico, and



ADALGISA ROSSI,
First dramatic soprano of the Lambardi Opera Company, at the Los Angeles Theater.

has just finished a triumphant tour of the Mexican provinces. The repertoire includes a selection from the best-known masters of music, opening Monday evening with a double bill, presenting Mascagni's famous "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," with "Lucia di Lammermoor," Tuesday evening; "Ernani," Wednesday evening; "Manon Lescaut," Thursday evening; "Rigoletto," Friday evening, repeating "Lucia di Lammermoor" for the matinée, and closing Saturday night with "Il Trovatore." The company numbers sixty-two people, twenty-three of them stars in their profession. They carry their own orchestra, complete costumes and orchestrations for over forty operas, and all the necessary accessories to render them complete.

The dramatic sopranos are Signorina Blanca Barducci and Signorina Adalgisa Rossi. The leading lyric soprano is Signorina Amelia Sostegni; the light soprano, Signorina Italia V. Repetto and Signorina Beatriz Franco; the leading contraltos are Signorina Zelma Puletti and Signora Elisa Nerozzi; the leading tenor, Signor Fernando Avedano, made the most decided hit that has ever been made in the Mexican capital, as Radames, in "Aida." Such a cast was never before presented in that city, Aida being sung by Signorina Rossi, Amneris by Signorina Nerozzi, El Rey by Signor Carlos Vizzardelli, Amonasro by Signor Salassa.

The dramatic tenor, Signor Juan Badarraco, is also an excellent artist. The principal lyric tenors include Signor Domingo Russo, and Signor Ricardo Petrovich; the dramatic baritones are Signors José Ferrari, Gaudenzio Sallassa, P. Bugamelli and Carlos Vizzardelli. The principal basso is Signor Baldo Travaglini, and the basso buffo is Signor Luis Bergamini. Among the second sopranos are numbered Signorinas Ernestina Uberto and Gilda Marqueti; the second tenors are Signors Vincenzo Formari and Carlos Fantinati; the second bass, Signors J. P. Ascotti and N. X. Uberto.

* * *

The devotees of vaudeville will find abundance of entertainment, of the usual diversity and high class, in the Orpheum's new bill for the coming week. A clever farce comedy, a scene from grand opera sung by gifted artists, some daring acrobatic work, a spicce of real negro min-

strelsy, with a flavor of comic songs and stories, make up the programme for the week.

Sig. and Signora de Pasquali are given the place of honor at the head of the bill, as the leading newcomers. They are considered to be as capable singers as vaudeville has ever been able to secure from the concert or operatic field, which is saying considerable when the names of Tavares, Guille, Abramoff, Murray and Lane, and many others are recalled as having figured in Orpheum programmes. The Pasqualis are in the full flush of their powers, with youth, beauty and fresh, well-trained voices as part of their equipment. They are to present the garden scene from "Faust," with appropriate costumes and scenery.

What is considered one of the most remarkable acrobatic performances in the world is that given by the Four Nelson Sisters. They work in ordinary feminine attire, and do everything in the way of tumbling and balancing attempted by male acrobats, with several feats in addition that are peculiarly their own.

A characteristic variety skit is expected in the act of the Dillon Brothers. They are billed to sing, dance and exchange repartee, all calculated to amuse, if not to edify.

Lillian Burkhart will appear in a new comedy, called "Extravagance." It is not common for comedians whose stock in trade is of the "sketch" order, to present new comedies in such measure as Miss Burkhart is apparently able to do. When here last year she appeared in "A Passing Fancy" and "Dropping a Hint," both successful pieces and of the sort that an ordinary actress would probably feel justified in repeating on a second visit. But during her three weeks' stay at the Orpheum this year, Miss Burkhart is to stage three absolutely new comedies, not falling back upon previous successes in any measure.

George W. Day will probably do a black-face sketch, though this is not certain. At any rate, his contribution will include new songs and stories, told in his own inimitable way. The Andersons will introduce new songs, and the Rio Brothers will perform new acrobatic feats.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Dr. Conan Doyle has resolved to call his new play "Halves."

London has an "American coon song" at one of its music halls, and the chorus is sung by thirty genuine British soldiers, with their faces blackened and wearing the uniform of the United States army.

Eddie Foy is to join David Henderson's company again in New York.

Clyde Fitch has completed his "Courtship of Barbara Frithie" for Julia Marlowe.

In London it is announced that Kyrie Bellew will be a member of Julia Arthur's company next season.

Charles Klein is writing an American melodrama, the scenario of which has been accepted by Charles Frohman.

Several vaudeville companies of the rougher type are ready to start for Alaska with the Klondike as their objective point.

"Marie Antoinette" will be added to the Modjeska repertoire for next season. John E. Kellard has been engaged as leading man.

Richard Mansfield may revive "Henry V" next year upon the same scale of magnitude with which he is presenting "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Blanche Bates is to be one of the next season's stars in a new play by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. If Modjeska is nearly right in her opinion of her she should be an immediate success.

Gen. Lew Wallace specifies in his contract permitting the dramatization of "Ben Hur" that the figure of Christ must not be used, and that the scenes relating to the crucifixion be left out.

Lucille la Verne, who played here with Frank Mayo, and later on with his son, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," is to star in May in a new play written for her by George Foster Platt. It is called "A Woman's Politics."

A traveling observer of stage events mentions a sign which he saw in the wings of a Minnesota town theater that read: "Don't kick about the stage being dirty, or the dressing-rooms cold, for if you were Booth or Barrett you wouldn't be here."

Reginald de Koven has received about \$75,000 from "Robin Hood." Barrie will probably take \$100,000 or more from "The Little Minister." Bronson Howard has had over \$200,000 from "Shenandoah." David Belasco took \$100,000 from "The Heart of Maryland," and beyond doubt he will earn an equal amount in royalties from "Zaza."

The dreadful report is current that after twenty-one years of service upon the stage of this country, Maurice Barrymore will tarry a short time in the vaudeville houses, and then depart for his native England, there to remain until the end of his days. The reason given is that he believes an actor more likely to receive steady recognition in England than he does here.

SARA BERNHARDT'S MEMOIRS.

LEAVES FROM A PROMISED, BUT AS YET UNPUBLISHED, VOLUME.

[FROM THE TOLEDO BLADE.]

For some time past Mme. Sara Bernhardt has been engaged in writing her "Memoirs," and an Italian journalist, Sig. Gaetano Barbesi, was recently fortunate enough to be permitted to copy some interesting passages therefrom. As the "Memoirs" will soon be published in Paris these extracts will surely prove of interest to the numerous admirers of the great actress.

Many will be glad to know how and why Sara Bernhardt became an actress, and they cannot learn better than from her own words.

"Put her in a millinery shop," said my godfather. "That will be her business. Lace and rags will be her element. The little one is too smart not to succeed in it." An old friend of my mother, however, who was then minister, remarked that the theater offered to me a great probability of success, and my mother was of the same opinion. I was not ugly, and I had what is better, namely, a sweet voice and beautiful teeth, so that I could smile. I was growing very rapidly, with a pronounced tendency to become fat. Nobody could suppose then that my leapiness would in after years give journalists such a grand opportunity to make fun of me. To be brief, it was arranged that Emile de Girardin should introduce me to M. Auber.

"My mother being Dutch, and not having the slight-

est idea how I should begin my theatrical career, it was necessary for my aunt to explain everything to her in Dutch. The two talked a long time to the minister. I was sitting alone in a corner of the drawing-room with the fear of the unknown ever before me. I was thinking, what will be my future? Happy dreams filled my imagination, though meanwhile, as I listened to my two little sisters playing in the next room, I could not help feeling sad. The rude accents of the Dutch language were beating in my head, and the mysterious voices of the speakers in the next room produced in me a real uneasiness. I heard my godfather and the minister talking, and I felt so unhappy that I burst into tears. Just then my mother and aunt and the two men approached me.

"Why do you cry?" asked my mother, caressing me tenderly. "Don't you want to be an actress?"

"I want to be a nun," I whispered through my sobs.

"You are a fool!" exclaimed my aunt, shaking me by the shoulder. "Girls nowadays are really very stupid," remarked my godfather.

"Go and dress yourself," said my mother, "and don't cry."

"I kissed my mother tenderly, without being able to utter a word, and as I left the drawing-room I somewhat regained my composure.

"On the following day I was introduced to M. Girardin, who found me nice and charming, and a little like Rachel. He promised to take care of me, and he kept his word. In fact, two days after my mother received a letter from him, asking her to be at the Conservatorium on such and such a date. Then came the dressmaker, and instructions were given to have a black silk dress ready for me to wear on that eventful day. On the same day a hairdresser was called in, and he curled and twisted my hair as much as possible, the result being that when the task was over my godfather declared that I looked like a grown girl and no more like a mad dog. The short skirt showed my embroidered underwear, and in the sleeves, which were made expressly large, my very thin arms swung loosely. A coral necklace attempted to cover in some measure the thinness and length of my neck.

"I have not forgotten the powder, of which my eyebrows and ears were full. Tricked out in this fashion, I was simply horrible, and when I was introduced to Auber in company with many other girls who were white and pink and nice, he shook his shoulders and, muttering 'Why, Girardin is a fool,' he did not deign to give me another look.

"My nurse let me understand that the ceremony of introduction was finished, and we went away. The usher put down my name and informed Mlle. de Brandeber, my nurse, that the examination for admission would take place in a few days.

"What lessons shall I prepare for it?" I asked him.

"Whatever you like," was his reply.

"As soon as I reached home a discussion began as to the subject which should be selected for the examination. My mother, being a foreigner, was unable to select anything. My piano teacher, being the daughter of a theatrical celebrity, suggested that I should learn some verses. My godfather, on the other hand, suggested a fable. The discussion grew very lively. Somebody thought it stupid to recite a fable, yet my godfather's advice prevailed. He had heard Rachel recite La Fontaine's 'Fable of Two Pigeons,' and this was finally selected.

"At once a search was made for the book of fables, and, while my mother was embroidering and my friends were playing, while my piano teacher was whispering to the Count de K., and my godfather was coughing, I began to study the 'Fable of the Two Pigeons.'

"That was one of the most dreadful evenings of my whole life.

"At last the great day arrived. My hair on this occasion was not arranged by the hairdresser, and I appeared at the Conservatorium in my usual style, with my little girlish face and my customary childish self-possession. Many other young girls were there, handsome, nice and charming, some talking with animation, others pale and trembling. Each had hope in the heart and fear in the eyes.

"When I was called upon I was frightened, and I felt a strong desire to run away. I went into the room more dead than alive. All around a large table sat several gentlemen, talking and arguing. At the end of the room was a young man dressed in black and with two large black eyes. This was Leotard.

"What are you going to recite?" he asked.

"The 'Fable of the Two Pigeons,' I murmured, in a very low voice.

"This is not the place in which to recite fables," he replied, with a laugh.

"Then, as a bell rang, he whispered, 'Make a bow,' and I looked around among those who were facing me in search of some one who might inspire me with confidence. For a second I hoped that Auber would be the one, but his mocking smile deterred me. He saw how I felt, and he pointed me out to M. Auguste Brohan, who began to laugh. Tears filled my eyes and only a gentle look of Camille Domet gave me a little courage. I began the fable, and I went through it in one breath.

"Little one," said Auber, "do you know anything else?"

"Yes," I replied, "I know the scene from 'Agreste,' but not too well."

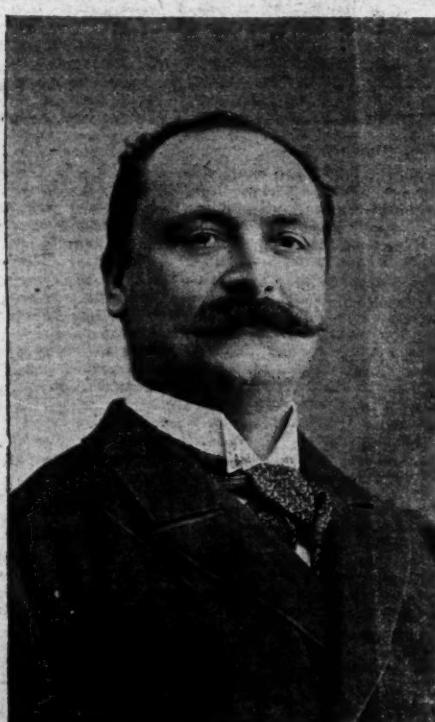
"Well, recite what you know."

"When I was through, and about to leave the room, Auber turned to the other gentlemen, and said, 'She is a very nice little girl.' Another gentleman said, 'I will take her in my class and make something of her.' The speaker was M. Provost. I kissed him and ran away, very happy. I was accepted.

"The first time I went to my course at the Conservatorium, M. Provost made first the boys and then the girls recite something. When my turn came I was trembling with shame. I had learned the role of Junia in 'Britannicus,' and immediately I became for Provost subject of sad mockery. I could not vibrate or pronounce with such emphasis as to give me a German accent. After I had recited a few verses Provost made me sit down, and declared he would not give me any more lessons until I had learned how to vibrate. I was consoled by Mlle. de Brandeber, but I tried hard to succeed.

"I was continually chewing rubber balls in the hope of thus learning how to vibrate. My mouth was horribly open, and from morning till evening and often from evening till morning I did nothing but pronounce alone in my room ti, di, ti, di, di. Oh, what joy was mine when at last I was able to accomplish this difficult task."

The "Memoirs," it is said, will contain a complete account of the author's career on the stage, and, if only for this reason, it is safe to say that they will prove highly interesting to the reading public.



FERNANDO AVEDANO,
First dramatic tenor of the Lambardi Opera Company, at the Los Angeles Theater.



CARE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

THE MORPHINE HABIT. While morphine has, doubtless, been of much service to humanity, in lessening suffering, it is, on the other hand, a question whether the evil produced by the drug among those who have become slaves to the habit has not more than offset the benefits which mankind has derived from its use.

The morphine habit—which is as much worse than the liquor habit as opium-smoking is worse than tobacco-smoking—is becoming alarmingly prevalent in this country. Scarcely a week passes without mention in the local papers of some miserable victim of this consuming poison. Only a few days ago a man was arrested in Los Angeles who, two years ago, was earning good wages, when he was prescribed morphine by a physician; since which time he has become a miserable wreck. He begged the court to send him to jail for sixty days, so that he might have a chance to overcome his craving for hypodermic injections.

A correspondent of The Times pertinently calls attention to the loose manner in which morphine, cocaine and other poisons are sold by many local druggists, without registering the sales in the books provided for that purpose, and sometimes without even labeling the packages. In San Francisco, where most things are supposed to run more or less "wide open," the city prohibits the sale of these poisons, except on physicians' prescriptions, which cannot be repeated.

As soon as the City Council shall have got through with the liquor question and the nickel-in-the-slot machines, it might be a good idea for it to devote a little attention to the question of the careless sale of poisons by druggists. Meantime, physicians would do well to remember that in prescribing morphine, cocaine and similar drugs, to those who have not been accustomed to their use, they assume a grave responsibility.

NATURAL VS. ARTIFICIAL STIMULANTS. Work is carried on at such high pressure in the United States that it is not surprising to find a great demand for artificial stimulants. These are by no means confined to alcoholic beverages, but include coffee, tea, sauces, condiments and even highly-stimulating foods, which are used to relieve conditions for which they are largely responsible. A writer in Popular Science says:

"All artificial stimulants and unnecessary food, in health, create excitement, uneasiness and extra work in the system. If the individual feels better after indulging in stimulants, it is either due to temporary paralysis of the nerves of sensation, which, like sentinels asleep on duty, fail to report to the brain the damage done by the enemy, or else there is a reckless expenditure of vitality, which the individual can ill afford."

"The habitual and excessive use of artificial stimulants is liable to cause disease of the vaso-motor system of nerves, chronic congestion of the brain and viscera generally, followed by inflammatory or degenerative structural changes in the blood vessels and other organs, often terminating in apoplexy.

"All nervous energy generated in excess of that needed for the performance of function should be utilized in work. It should not be stupefied by narcotics, wasted in high and reckless living, or turned in upon the brain to ravage the system with worry, according to the individual temperament. The unrest, the acute and painful consciousness of which neurotic persons complain, may be forgotten in light, suitable and varied work. Habitual work has specialized all our organs, and temporarily performed, it will give stability to the higher nerve centers. The neurotic person's salvation lies in cultivating his individuality by thinking and doing, and in the strictest observance of temperance and moderation. If he must have artificial help, give him some mild nerve, which will not lead to the formation of a drug habit, or cause depressing reaction."

Apropos of this subject, one of the best natural stimulants for those who are jaded and overworked—a stimulant which is at the same time a nourishing food—may be found in hot milk. Many who are aware of the valuable nourishing properties of milk are unable to avail themselves of it because they do not take it the right way. When swallowed rapidly, it is almost certain to disagree with the average stomach, but if taken hot, and sipped slowly, especially when the stomach is free from other food, it will nourish and stimulate quicker than anything else that can be taken. A writer in an exchange says:

"If one comes in at noon, tired and worn out, and half sick, he cannot do a better thing than to take a cup of hot milk and lie down and rest for a few moments before he takes his regular meal. If the housewife finds herself tired and weary as the time to prepare the evening meal draws nigh, a cup of hot milk and a few moments' rest will work wonders. If one feels nervous and used up at night, a cup of hot milk taken just before retiring will, many times, secure a night of rest and sound sleep, which otherwise would have been one of wakefulness and tossing. If, on arising in the morning, one feels faint and debilitated, as is often the case with those who are troubled with a weak stomach, a cup of hot milk taken as soon as dressed, or if very weak, before one gets out of bed, will impart a strength and vigor which will be a surprise to those who have never tried it. If one is about to engage in something which is likely to tax his strength to the utmost, and feels the need of a stimulant to brace him up for the trying ordeal, a cup of hot milk will be found equally as helpful as the alcoholic stimulants which are frequently resorted to on such occasions, and there will be no depressing after-effects, or any possibility of fastening upon one an injurious habit. If the stomach is

filled with gas and the breathing irregular and labored, a cup of hot milk will relieve the distressing symptoms in a few moments. In all cases the milk should be perfectly sweet and without a hint of any kind of a taint. It should be heated until it is just ready to boil, but not permitted to boil, and be taken at once, just as hot as one can sip it, a teaspoonful at a time. One should never drink a glass of milk down at one or two swallows, as many do. It should be taken a small quantity at a time, and we firmly believe that it would be a good plan to adopt the rule never to drink any milk that had not first been raised to the boiling point. The writer would about as soon think of ordering a glass filled out of the swill pail as a glass of milk at a hotel or a restaurant."

A method of feeding milk in cases of weak digestion or intolerance of milk, suggested and proposed by Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, of New York, appears to be founded on a common-sense basis, and is worthy of investigation. The principle of the plan is thus presented by the author as published in Modern Medical Science:

"The activity of the stomach is such, as shown by the well-known experiments on Alexis St. Martin and others, that with the least excitation gastric juice is immediately poured out, which, of course, at once coagulates some portion of the milk; and from this it would continue until all the milk was attacked, coagulated and digested. The problem is, therefore, to introduce the milk in such a manner that there shall be no stomach activity and no secretion of gastric juice. Plainly, then, it must be given quite apart from all solid food, or any substance or condition which could excite gastric secretion. Even the least amount of acidity from a preceding meal would coagulate some of the milk and so start on the whole process of coagulation and digestion."

"The stomach in health does not ordinarily secrete gastric juice except under the stimulus of food. At a varying period after the taking of food, the stomach has finished its task, and is empty, awaiting further cause for activity, and its surface is bathed with more or less of an alkaline secretion, this constituting 'the alkaline tide.'

"Since the blood is alkaline, the chyle alkaline, and normal milk also alkaline, if the milk be presented to the absorbents in an alkaline state, under the alkaline condition of the stomach, and at the bodily temperature, absorption takes place immediately, without the intermediate process of digestion.

"It will often be difficult to be sure that the stomach has reached the alkaline condition, at which only the milk can be taken with advantage. The general rule is not to have it taken longer than an hour before the coming meal. Occasionally, if the digestion is sluggish, it is necessary to administer pepsin or other digestives freely and repeatedly, to secure an empty stomach early enough; and at times when there is any doubt, I have taken one or more doses of bicarbonate of soda half an hour or so before taking the milk. It is often advantageous to put a little bicarbonate of soda into the milk, if there is any question as to its perfect alkalinity or as to the alkaline state of the stomach. But these measures will not be successful if there is food or any remains of an acid digestion.

"The temperature of the milk is also an element of importance. The effort to warm cold milk in the stomach will often give occasion for an attempt at stomach digestion. My directions, therefore, are that the milk shall be made of the body temperature, by heating it carefully in hot water, if possible; if boiled so as to produce the slightest scum on the surface, and this is taken, it acts prejudicially by exciting gastric action, and the aim of the process is defeated. It is often desirable to warm the milk by the addition of hot water, as absorption is even more readily effected thus than when the milk is too rich and thick.

"In hundreds of cases the author has carefully directed this plan of taking milk and has observed and recorded the facts. Constantly, those who have been quite unable to use milk in the ordinary way, have followed the plan proposed, with the most satisfactory results. In the author's own person, milk taken in the ordinary manner and with food invariably disagrees, causing sick headache and functional liver disturbances; whereas, following the plan proposed, he has taken a quart of milk daily for ten and more years with the greatest benefit. I could give many, many instances where the transformation of the patient by this simple procedure has been really marvelous.

"The soporific qualities of warm milk at bedtime or in the night are sometimes remarkable. It is also an interesting fact, based on physiologic reasons, that when thus taken successfully, it greatly improves the appetite. If a particle of food, as a cracker, is taken with it, or if for some reason or fault it does not act exactly rightly, then the appetite is impaired, because there is then a process of digestion, which takes longer time than the half hour required for absorption, and the stomach cannot be ready for fresh food again so soon. But by the quick absorption of milk the pressure of the blood in the capillaries is increased, and a richer blood is offered for the production of the gastric juice. The improvement in the appetite under this plan of treatment has been observed by myself and others in dozens of instances."

TO FIGHT CONSUMPTION. The great prevalence of consumption in England has led to the formation in that country of a "Society for the Prevention of Consumption," which is under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who recently invited the society to meet at his London residence. The society does not propose to seek any compulsory powers, but will enlist the cooperation of patients themselves, and induce them to observe certain precautions.

It is of special interest to Southern California, which has achieved a wide reputation as a resort for consumptives, to note that the society attaches great importance to the open-air treatment of consumption. If there is any section in the world where this treatment may be successfully tested, Southern California is certainly that place. It is, however, no new thing here. Hundreds of patients who have come to Southern California far advanced in consumption, after having tried numerous

systems of cure, have regained their health by going up into the mountains and leading a life in the open air, with plain diet. On this subject of the open-air treatment of consumption, a speaker is quoted as saying at the meeting held in Marlborough House:

"Your Royal Highness has visited Falkenstein, and can bear witness to the provision there made for the open-air treatment of phthisis, and of the success which attends it. Your Royal Highness may, therefore, well reproach us for lagging behind Germany in a matter of such importance. America also is in advance of this country, but it is only lately that the medical profession here has been convinced that the open-air treatment of consumption could be successfully carried out in this country. We have thought it necessary to send our patients on long voyages, or to the south of France, or to the germ-free atmosphere of the high Alps. Now, however, experience gained in such diverse parts of the country as Edinburgh, Norfolk, and Ireland, to say nothing of the different winter resorts on the south coast, has demonstrated that most satisfactory results can be obtained at home. The chance of recovery, formerly the privilege of the favored few, is thus open to all classes of the community. The association, therefore, will advocate the erection of sanatoria for every large center of population. The poor law authorities will sooner or later find that it is more economical to provide sanatoria where tuberculous paupers may recover than to send them to infirmaries to die. Meanwhile a beginning is to be made in London by a self-supporting sanatorium, which will minister to the needs of the class which lies between the rich and the poor."

One cause of the increase of consumption is strongly emphasized by the English society. This is the use of milk from cows afflicted with tuberculosis. Some astonishing statistics have been published, to show the great prevalence of this disease among dairy cattle. It was shown, by the Prince of Wales, that recently, on the home farm of the Queen, the cattle were tested, and that no fewer than thirty-six of these carefully nurtured beasts were found to be tuberculous, and were immediately destroyed. As a safeguard against the dangers of milk from tuberculous cows, it is recommended that all milk should be sterilized.

DIET AND CONSTIPATION. At a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, a paper by Dr. George Rowe Lockwood was read, on the non-medical treatment of habitual constipation, a sickness which is very common nowadays, especially among people who lead sedentary lives. It is also the starting point for many more serious diseases. Dr. Lockwood asserted that the well-known laxative drugs give only temporary benefit, and set up a train of symptoms which often indicate serious damage to the intestinal tract. The better method of treating constipation was, therefore, that which comprised attention to diet, exercise and general hygiene.

In regard to the dietary treatment of constipation, Dr. Lockwood gave the following advice. His opposition to the use of raw fruit will certainly meet with much dissent from the many who have found the good results of a habitual consumption of fresh fruit, in such cases. Otherwise, the dietary suggestions include some valuable points:

"The chief articles of diet especially suitable for those suffering from constipation were the coarse vegetables, coarse breads, and cereals; the sugars, as secretion exciters; buttermilk, fats, and organic acids, as peristaltic exciters. Coarse vegetables, such as spinach, turnips and sprouts, should constitute a large portion of the diet, and to avoid irritation of the stomach it was well to have these prepared in puree form. To these should be added the cereals. The breads should be coarse, porous, and one day old. Whenever inflammation existed, bulky foods must be excluded; they were also contraindicated in cases of muscular insufficiency of the stomach, when associated with gastroparesis, as the bulk of the food mechanically overloaded the weakened stomach. A point in the diet which was frequently overlooked was the necessity for excluding all constipating food. For instance, one glass of claret would neutralize the effect of an entire meal of otherwise carefully selected food. Similarly, if tea was taken at all, it should be well made and never strong. It was not known whether the action of sugars was due to the fermentation undergone, or whether they acted like saline cathartics by exciting increased exudation through the intestinal wall. The sugars were best given in the form of honey or milk sugar. A teaspoonful of honey in half a glass of warm milk, on rising in the morning, was an excellent corrective of constipation. Lactose should be used instead of ordinary sugar in tea and coffee. Another excellent remedy was made up of two parts of prunes and one of figs. Raw fruit, the speaker did not approve of. Huckleberries and cranberries were to be studiously avoided. Among the liquids that might be taken were buttermilk, kumyss and cider. To get the laxative effect of buttermilk, three glasses of it should be taken daily. Kumyss had a similar action, increased somewhat by the stimulating effect of the contained carbonic-acid gas. White wine might be allowed in moderation. Fats were administered with difficulty. One-eighth to one-half pound of butter might be given daily. Cream rarely agreed. In debilitated subjects cod-liver oil was advantageous. The effect of taking water with meals was still a mooted point. Undoubtedly a glass of cold water on rising in the morning was of great service in increasing peristalsis, but the speaker believed that during meals little water should be drank. In general, the drier the diet the greater the mechanical stimulation of the intestinal wall."

THE AFTER-DINNER NAP. There is much difference of opinion concerning the desirability of an after-dinner nap. Those who advocate it cite the example of animals; but these gorge themselves with food whenever opportunity offers, and are heavy and drowsy in consequence. A short rest is, however, different from lethargic sleep, and often appears to do good. A writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch says:

"Brain work should certainly be forbidden after dinner; the interval between it and bedtime should be devoted to recreation and amusement. In the ease of elderly people, a short nap after a late dinner often aids digestion, but as a general rule it is better for such persons to make their principal meal at 2 p.m. The diges-

tive powers of most elderly people are at a low ebb in the evening. When sleeplessness is troublesome, relief should be sought for in the discovery and removal of the cause, whenever possible.

"The condition is often due to indigestion, and when this is the case the ordinary remedies for inducing sleep are worse than useless. The nervous relations between the brain and stomach are so intimate that disorder of the one organ is almost certain to affect the other. Excitement, worry and anxiety, which have their seat in the brain, interfere with the functions of the stomach, and, in like manner, anything that unduly taxes the power of, or irritates the stomach, disorders the circulation and nutrition of the brain.

"The sleeplessness often complained of by gouty persons is due to the poisonous effect of the morbid material upon the nervous system. Excessive smoking, too much alcohol tea and coffee often, resorted to by over-worked persons, are frequent causes of sleeplessness. In all these cases the cause is removable, while the effect may be counteracted by appropriate treatment. Nothing is more mischievous, however, than to continue the habits, and to have recourse to drugs to combat the effects. A due amount of exercise tends to induce normal sleep, and such exercise need not be of a violent character. A walk of two or three miles daily is sufficient, and is, perhaps, as much as a busy man can find time for.

HARDENING CHILDREN. A Boston doctor has created some comment by his vigorous assaults, in public and private, on the prevailing use of flannels. He says they do more harm than good, that they make the body tender and susceptible to colds, and that the true way is to wear as few clothes as possible. Commenting upon this, the Medical Brief says:

"The real truth seems to be that flannels are good for some and bad for others. The enthusiastic parents of a delicate little boy having a poor capillary circulation, and tendency to congestion of the mucous membranes, imbibed the idea of hardening the child. They began by stripping him of his flannels at night, and substituting muslin night-drawers. Soon the mother began to notice that the child no longer slept soundly, and began to lose flesh. In much alarm, she called in the editor, who drew out the above fact. This child did not generate enough heat naturally to supply the body's needs, and required artificial aid. The general friction of the flannel against the skin kept him comfortable. It is probable this child would have become permanently catarrhal, had he been long deprived of the warmth and comfort essential to health. In other cases, where the cutaneous circulation is very active, the burning and irritation caused by flannels is a serious drain on the nervous system, the sweat glands are kept unduly active and systematic resistance is undoubtedly lowered. Speaking broadly, the bilious and lymphatic temperaments require more heat than the nervo-sanguine.

"What applies to flannel is equally true of bathing, or eating, or sleeping, or any of the other acts of life. Cold baths are better for some, hot baths for others, tepid bath for still others."

In addition to this, it should be said that one of the best methods of hardening the constitution of children is to allow them to run around as much as possible barefooted, a practice which is possible in this climate almost every day in the year.

THE BREATH. A bad breath sometimes defies all the skill of the physician, but often it depends upon some little irregularity in the digestive tract or air passages, that need only to be recognized to be removed. The causes of the trouble are almost infinite in their variety, and sometimes are so trivial in their nature that they are discovered only after most painstaking examination. A writer in the Youth's Companion says:

"Many volatile substances taken into the system in the form of food and drink, or as medicine, are excreted by the lungs, and impart an odor to the breath." As familiar illustrations of this, we need only mention alcohol and onions.

"Certain diseases also taint the breath, and in the case of some of them the odor is so peculiar that a physician may even guess the nature of the disease upon entering the sickroom, before he has examined the patient. Of more practical interest, however, are the causes of a more or less permanent bad breath in people who are apparently in fair health, for if these causes are recognized they can often be removed.

"In most cases the trouble is in the mouth or digestive tract, particularly the mouth. The first care should be to look to the teeth. These should be freed of all food particles after each meal by a toothpick, or better still, by a strand of dental floss silk, and should be brushed morning and night as well as after eating."

"The use of a mouth-wash containing borax, and scented with thymol or some other agreeable odor, is also desirable. No unfilled cavities should be allowed to remain, and the tartar should be scraped away once or twice a year."

"If there is indigestion, a charcoal powder taken after eating may sweeten the breath, and all the digestive functions should be carefully regulated."

"If, after the teeth and digestion have been attended to, the breath still remains foul, here is probably some catarrhal affection of the tonsils or of the nose and throat, or possibly some lung trouble."

"In children a bad breath is almost invariably a sign either of digestive trouble, frequently worms, or of a fever."

"A peculiar cause of odor in the breath, occasionally met with in adults, is grief or some emotional disturbance."

"Sometimes no cause can be detected after the most thorough search, or the condition is dependent upon some affection which is beyond remedy. In such cases the only thing that can be done is to use an antiseptic mouth-wash faithfully and disguise the odor by chewing some aromatic."

THE HOT SAND BAG. Many people appreciate the value of a hot-water bag to relieve pain or improve the circulation. It is said that a hot-sand bag is still better for this purpose. A physician gives the following directions:

"Get some clean, fine sand and dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove; make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and also enable you to heat the bag quickly



Summary of the First 300 Cases Treated.					
CHARACTER	No.	Cured	Improved	Not Improved	Total
First Stage....	98	98	0	0	98
Second Stage....	123	77	40	6	123
Third Stage....	70	12	30	28	70
Total	300	187	79	34	300

by placing it in the oven or on the top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle or a brick. The sand holds the heat for a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid."

ANAEMIA. Some persons, who present a bloodless, listless appearance, are unable to distinguish any particular disease, but complain of a general "run-down" feeling. This is frequently due to anaemia, a disease which consists in a decrease in the quantity or a deterioration of the quality of the blood. A writer in the Youth's Companion says:

"The red corpuscles are reduced in number, and those that remain are deteriorated. In the disease known as pernicious anaemia the number may be very greatly reduced, sometimes to one-tenth of what it is in health. In the ordinary form of anaemia the reduction is less excessive, but the red corpuscles are usually diseased, and are unable to take up as large a volume of oxygen as they should in order to supply the tissues properly.

"All the symptoms of anaemia are readily explained by this poverty of the blood.

"Ordinary anaemia is also called symptomatic anaemia, because it is really only a symptom of some other disease, to find which and to cure it, if possible, is the task of the physician.

"Anaemia may be caused by an un nutritive diet, by living in badly ventilated rooms, by lack of exercise, overwork, worry, and the like. It also exists in cases of consumption, when slight hemorrhages from the lungs occur repeatedly, or in cases of ulcers of the stomach, or in connection with any other disease in which loss of blood is common.

"An anaemic person is usually weak, listless and pale. He gets out of breath on slight exertion, the pulse is rapid and weak, and sleep is often disturbed, although some patients are drowsy all the time. The feet and hands are generally cold, the ankles are swollen at night, and there is often puffiness under the eyes in the morning. The cure is helped by tonics and a generous diet, but the essential thing, and one that may baffle the skill of the best physician, is the discovery and removal of the underlying cause."

CARE OF THE EYES. Many hygienic rules which have been observed for a long time are nowadays questioned. We have always been told that it is a very bad thing to read while in a recumbent position. This idea is now disputed. A writer in Harper's Bazar says:

"Oculists now tell us that if the light be good and the type of the printed page clear we may safely indulge in the luxury of lying down and reading at the same time. But while our oculist tells us this, he also warns us that we may not use our eyes before breakfast, as the strain on the optic nerve will seriously affect the sight. So she who reads before she rises in the morning must have her cup of coffee and a roll or slice of toast brought to her bedside.

"Unless one has unusually strong eyes, one must not read when one is extremely weary. Exhaustion and fatigue affect all the nerves of the body, and the optic nerve is so sensitive that it should receive particular consideration. Nor should any one ever be guilty of the carelessness of reading or writing facing a window. This, too, is a cruel strain on the sight.

"Washing the eyes morning and night in water as hot as it can be borne is a wonderful tonic for those useful servants which are so easily injured. When we consider how we neglect their welfare by using them by fading daylight and insufficient artificial light, by forcing them to do work when they are weary, and by denying them the rest for which they long, we have come to wonder, not that they sometimes become mutinous and refuse to fulfill our demands, but that they are ever faithful in our service. They will, as a rule, be as good to us as we are to them."

Another writer, in an exchange, advises the occasional use of eye massage, in order to strengthen the eyes. He says:

"Whenever your organs of sight feel weak do not claw at them with the knuckles, so to express it. You must not massage your eyes the same way you would the stronger parts of the body. They need help from

The Koch Medical Institute For the Cure of CONSUMPTION

And all diseases of the respiratory organs. We herewith append a report of the first 300 cases of pulmonary tuberculosis treated at this Institute by the WHITMAN METHOD. These patients all came under our treatment during the first two years of our special work and they are today in full possession of health restored. Many can be seen in this city, others may be communicated with. We have their addresses.

Our Home Treatment
Has long since passed the experimental stage, and we now unhesitatingly recommend its use to all consumptives who are unable to come to the Institute. Call or send for question blank, report of cured cases and our booklet on "Consumption, Its Cause and Cure," free. Address,

The Koch Medical Institute
43½ South Spring Street,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

the hands, but this help must be administered in a very gentle and delicate method.

"John Quincy Adams had a way of treating his eyes which, it is said, preserved their vision to old age without the help of spectacles.

"This was to place his thumb and forefinger each upon an eyelid, and gently rub them toward the nose a number of times each day. The action encourages circulation of blood in that locality, does away with the tiny spots that sometimes float before the vision, and prevents that flattening of the lenses which causes dimness of sight at a certain focus.

"It is wonderful how much good can be done the eyes of people of all ages by using this simple exercise ten or fifteen minutes each day.

"If you are where it may not be convenient to measure time, as in the dark, it is well to count the number of passes made by the fingers over the eyes until you have reached the number that you have demonstrated by experiment that time will allow.

"For instance, when you awake in the night, and have the blues because your 'sight is failing,' spend a little time massaging the eyes instead of worrying about them."

TRIALS OF THE STOMACH. Under the title "The Conscientious Stomach," Mary Henry Rossiter has an amusing skit in a recent issue of Health Culture; from which the following extract is made:

"The digestive organs awoke with a start. The mouth felt bad, and sighed for a drink of water. The tongue was so thickly covered with germs that the salivary glands made fun of it. Their merriment, however, was of short duration, for the tongue retorted that they looked rather empty themselves, and the mouth remarked sternly that they had better be about their business if they intended to moisten the breakfast. The pharynx and esophagus were not very amiable, having a vivid recollection of some blistering salad that had made them smart the night before. The stomach examined its various pits and depressions with great anxiety. Its wrinkles deepened when it discovered the cause of the disturbances which had broken its rest for hours. A mass of decaying and fermenting food was still moving over its lower surface, while millions of germs were dancing about and multiplying at a tremendous rate.

"'This is terrible!' groaned the stomach, 'but what can I do? My muscular tissues worked as hard as they could for five or six hours, and the gastric juices dissolved everything possible. It is the imperative business of the pylorus to keep its orifices shut against everything but chyme; certainly this stuff is not ready for the duodenum.' And the stomach churned up a long string of connective tissue and several pieces of wilted celery.

"'Good morning,' said a peptic gland to a pyloric gland near by.

"'Good morning,' replied the other, as both began to bestir themselves for the day's work.

"I do hope that our dear stomach will not have so much to do today as it did yesterday.'

"'Yes, indeed,' rejoined the second, putting the final touches on a drop of juice. 'It was so exhausted last night when the last bit of chyme squeezed through the pylorus that I am sure it couldn't have contracted another time, no matter what came into it.'

"'And the worst of it is,' continued the peptic gland, 'there is a wretched residue of indigestible things that could not get through the pylorus at all, and they have been here all night. Those hateful germs are swarming all over the stuff, and are getting disgustingly fat and happy. I did hope that we were going to starve them out, but the chance is evidently gone for the present.'

"'It's all, on account of the chicken salad, olives, coffee, ice cream and cake that came rushing down here, pell-mell, late last night, just as we thought we had everything tidy and ready to leave,' said the pyloric gland, which was a very domestic and neat little body. For my part, I think the mouth didn't do just right. It knew very well that the stomach had not had a moment's rest all day, and I think it might have been a little more considerate.'

"'But, my dear child,' remonstrated the peptic gland, which was more of a philosopher, 'the mouth could not help it. The poor thing has to do just what the man says, and you know yourself that he is a perfect tyrant.'

WOMAN AND HOME.

SALT WATER COSTUMES.

GAY TOILETS WILL BE CONSPICUOUS AT THE SEA-SIDE THIS SUMMER.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, May 10.—The Spanish fleet that made even the boldest bather shrink last season, is no longer a bugbear to daunt the spirit of sprightly mermaids, and in consequence the manufacture of the gayest of swimming dressed goes forward with a rush. Are you going to have your water gown made of Dinard serge, Scotch Winsey, or English Jersey cloth? Is what every woman asks every other woman, for those are the goods par excellence for bathing dresses. In addition there are flowered French flannels that make an almost irresistible appeal, and a mohair with a white silk warp that cannot be ignored.

Having selected any one of these responsible goods, bear in mind that it is your duty, as an ornamental, progressive woman, to have your dress made up with a gored skirt and smallish sleeves; and nobody has a word any longer to say against your braving the waves in bloomers with no skirt drapery over them. Women who take to the sea for exercise are courting the idea of a divided swimming skirt, and from the blouse belt at the waist elastic bands now extend, beneath the kirtle and knickers, to fasten on and support the stocking.

Some nice bathing outfits seen recently consisted of three pieces, a skirt and blouse with stockings and drawers in one. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the last-mentioned garment was but a pair of black tights, covering the feet, woven with no opening save at the top, where it was finished by a belt full of button holes, thereby making it fast to the blouse belt. Another style, for women who do not wish any extra bulk at the waist, consisted of tights and hose in one, but woven—with elastic woolen straps that were slipped on the shoulders. Those who have tried these new undergarments pronounce them most comfortable for water exercise.

A large majority of the short bathing skirts are arranged to button up the front, as the walking skirts of the smart dresses all fasten, and while the upper half of the garment is a close fit the lower half flares fashionably. As a usual thing the hip half and the flaring half are in contrast of color and united by handsome stitching, or an ornamental pattern is cut from light goods and applied, by means of machine stitching, where the upper and lower portions of the skirt meet. A popular fancy is to cut the upper part of a skirt of solid dark blue goods and the deep flounce of white serge picked out in blue dots. The blouse is cut from the blue with a collar and sailor vest of dotted white flannel.

An ordinary round, floppy sailor blouse no longer satisfies the craving for an attractive appearance on the sands, and there is a respectable showing of waists made with plain, easy French backs, or what are called shirt waist yoked backs. The front pouches gracefully, with handkerchief points very often extending from under the arm, and knotting in careless grace over the bust. Sometimes the handkerchief knot is formed under the droop of pointed or square buttoned revers, turning back of a vest of dotted goods and the waist is then a most becoming complicated affair.

Women who swim for swimming's sake or who bathe for comfort, not appearances, are having their dressmakers build regular shirt waist blouses for them of dotted or plain French flannel, and a lining or twilled cotton reaches to the arm pits inside. This buttons

snugly, but not too closely over the bust, and gives a stout woman a firmness of figure without hampering her movements for deep bathing. Just a very few of the smart suits seen so far are open in the throat. They are all cut out flat at the base of the neck and then, if you feel you need a becoming finish, you simply knot a little blue or red polka dotted kerchief about your throat.

The nicest suits of the season, to practical eyes, have sleeves cut to reach the wrist, finished by a stitched band, and then rolled over and over washerwomanwise when the bather wishes to bare her arms. The roll, thus made on the shoulder by the turned back sleeve, serves as a quaint finish, and yet at any time, when protection against the sun is needed, the sleeve comes at once into use.

A bathing stocking with a foot reinforced all around by three overlays, is one of the good things of this season, as well as the pretty red, blue and yellow shoes that were first evolved for the benefit of French women at Trouville and elsewhere. They are made of thin, but apparently very good rubber, lined inside with a prepared skin of silk and shaped to fit the foot like an Indian moccasin with a coquettish bow over the instep. These can be worn into the water without injury to their rubber composition, but they are meant for assumption on coming from the water when the bather wishes to move about dry shod into her own bath-house.

Kimono-shaped wraps of gray crash, white, red or blue flannel, else brown or white Turkish toweling are the bath robes chosen for this summer. Whatever color is used a facings of bright Turkey red stuff runs down the fronts of the garments, and a sash of the same holds the robe about the waist. The Kimono sleeves are also faced and turned back with red and a startling red bandana is the proper headgear for the bather. She either ties the big gay square of madras about the base of her oiled silk or rubber cap, or completely covers her cap with the kerchief.

Nearly every woman this summer will adorn her white throat, when she goes for a dip, with one, two, or even five strings of pretty glass beads. The beads may be green, or blue, cloudy and opalescent as moonstones, or rosy as coral, else clear as the water itself. Their color is a matter of individual choice and they are worn simply because they are always becoming and form a graceful finish for a flat-necked bathing dress.

The stouter a woman may be the more sedulously must she avoid any noticeable gayety in her bathing dress if her appearance on the beach is with her a serious study. A corset that has not a bone in it, but is made of tough line tape two inches broad, is what she should adopt under her blouse. This stay only laces up in front and is quite short on the hips. A woman with bones well padded looks well enough in a swimming suit done in two shades of blue or in dark blue and black, the blue as a shade nearer the deepest corn flower instead of the sober navy blue of which we are so justly weary.

The burden of flesh ought not to be covered by too full a blouse and the skirt must completely conceal the knees of full knickers, if they are worn. Flesh dresses to vastly better advantage with tights beneath the skirt, and dressmakers are taking a pretty advantage by scalloping or cutting in a series of blunt points the bottoms of bathing skirts for their plump patrons. They are as well, braiding blouses for the same customers with narrow black mohair braid in lines that run from bust and shoulders down, and simple as these devices are they exercise a beneficial influence that cannot be disregarded or ignored.

MARY DEAN.

HOW TO HAVE RICH, THICK HAIR.
ADVICE AS TO ITS CARE DURING THE APPROACHING SEASON.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Curiously enough, women, as a rule, do not take proper care of their scalps and hair. The scalp, like the pores of the face, must be kept clean to be in a healthy condition. The head, if inclined to be oily, should be washed every week in summer time, if not, once in two weeks will do.

The growth of hair in a healthy scalp is from eight to ten inches a year, growing faster in summer than in winter. The hair stretches in wet weather and shrinks in dry, which is the cause of artificially curled hair becoming straight in moist air.

If you will use the curling irons during the summer,

be sure to supply the follicles with a little extra nourishment in the way of a brilliantine to make up for that which the heat abstracts.

The following recipes furnish the best possible emollients, the first of which is non-greasy:

Lavender water	1 ounce
Glycerine	1 ounce
Clarified honey	2 ounces

First mix the honey and glycerine together, then add the lavender water or eau de cologne, and last of all the spirit.

The second recipe is intended to give a more or less glossy appearance to the hair, as well as to strengthen it:

Castor oil	2 drams
Rectified spirits	5 ounces
Tincture of cochineal	2 drams

The best way of using these preparations is to put a few drops into the palm of the hand and then rub the bristles of the brush across it, and so apply to the hair.

All greasy preparations, it must be remembered, will darken the hair, as will also too constant and frequent brushing; therefore, those whose hair is very light should use the brush with moderation, employing a comb with coarse, smooth teeth for the ventilation and disentanglement of their tresses.

Again, white of an egg, though excellent for cleansing the hair, tends to darken it also. Those who have blonde, light brown, auburn or chestnut hair, will do best to wash their heads with borax and warm water—an even teaspoonful of the former, to a teacup of the latter. Rub this well into the roots of the hair with a piece of clean flannel until every particle of dandruff has been removed. Then dry it thoroughly, allowing it to hang loose for an hour or two, and the next day—not the same, remember—rinse with warm water first, then in cold, and again dry thoroughly—in the sun if possible—and finally comb gently with coarse-toothed comb.

This simple wash should not be used oftener than once a month. Borax should on no account be used by those whose hair is gray or white, as it will tinge the hair yellow. A little indigo put into the rinsing water for gray hair imparts to it the most clean and beautiful appearance and in no way injures the hair.

Brunettes cannot do better than to use the rosemary wash for cleansing the hair, which it not only does effectually, but checks any falling off of the hair, especially if this is occasioned by excessive heat of the scalp, or severe headache.

Boil from six to eight minutes one pound of rosemary leaves in a quart of water, straining and adding a lump of camphor, and if the hair is inclined to be dry, a teaspoonful of cocoanut or olive oil.

Ammonia should be omitted from any recipe if the scalp is very dry. During the hot weather many people suffer from loss of hair, due to overheated heads, which weaken the scalp. If this occurs, use the following hair wash every morning for a fortnight, then three times a week:

Oil of sweet almonds	1 ounce
Spirits of chloroform	1 ounce
Laurel water	1 ounce
Spirits of rosemary	1 ounce

Mix these ingredients carefully together, and dab among the roots of the hair; a diminution in the fall will follow after a few days' application.

To counteract the dryness and dandruff, which is a characteristic weakness with so many heads of hair, use the sage tea emollient:

Sage leaves (freshly gathered when possible) ..	1/4 pound
Boiling water	1 pint

Stand on one side for a day and a half, then strain through filter-paper and add:

Glycerine	1 ounce
Spirits of rosemary	1 ounce
Camphor	1/4 ounce

Use daily a fortnight, and at night massage the scalp with the pomade below, putting a small piece on the finger and kneading into the roots.

Sulphate of quinine	12 grains
Tincture of capsicum	1 dram
Soft wool-fat compound	1 ounce

To prevent the hair falling after severe headache, excessive perspiration, or weakness of the scalp, caused by illness, try the following lotion, which must be well



TRIMMED WITH ARABESQUES.



MIXED FLANNEL COSTUMES.



THE LAUNDRESS DR.

rubbed into the roots of the hair three or four times a week for a month or six weeks:

Eau de cologne	8 ounces
Tincture of Jaborandi	1 ounce
Oil of lavender	½ dram
Oil of rosemary	½ dram

A soft bristle brush and a coarse, blunt comb are the only two things that ought to be used on the hair. Violence breaks, splits and loosens the hairs, causing them to fall out. Never use a fine tooth comb; it irritates the scalp and frequently leads to disease. Whenever the hair looks ragged at the ends, cut off about an inch every new moon. This strengthens it.

HOW THE DUCHESS MADE PEACE.

CONSUELO OF MARLBOROUGH HAS WROUGHT A MIRACLE IN THE CHURCHILL FAMILY.

[BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, May 12.—The rare sweetness of character which the young Duchess of Marlborough has shown since she became a member of the exalted English nobility, has endeared her to British hearts, and she is the most popular Duchess in the kingdom. It is her nature to be lovable, and she so deeply desires to have everyone about her happy that she has smoothed over many rough places for members of the Churchill family, who are usually in some degree of hot water with each other.

But the most remarkable thing which the young Duchess has accomplished is that of bringing together those two arch enemies, the wives of the late Duke of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Blandford, and Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, who was Mrs. Hammersley of New York.

The Marchioness of Blandford divorced her husband, the Marquis of Blandford, who was afterward Duke of Marlborough.

When, however, the American Duchess made herself so agreeable to her stepson, the present Duke of Marlborough, that he preferred to spend his time at Blenheim with his stepmother rather than with his own mother, the Marchioness was deeply indignant, and she showed her resentment by using her influence in court

LAUNDRY NOTES.

USEFUL HINTS FOR AMATEURS AS TO THE BEST WAY TO WASH STOCKINGS, ETC.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

The first essential in washing stockings is to have an absolutely clean soap solution in tepid water. Put in your stockings, right side out, rub well, turn and rub on the wrong side. If the color is at all delicate, rub the feet first, then the legs, so as not to leave the latter long in water. Rinse thoroughly in water of the same temperature, wring dry, and hang from the tops of the stockings, so that if any water settles, leaving a slight discoloration, it will be in the toe instead of the leg. If the colored stockings show signs of running or fading, the color may be set with alum or salt, bearing in mind that alum is as apt to set the dirt as the color.

Silk stockings should be washed and rinsed in luke-warm water and wrung between towels. Silk underwear should be soaked twenty minutes in warm suds and ammonia water, allowing a tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water. Rub gently with the hands—squeezing, pressing but never scrubbing. Do not be too lavish in the use of soap, and never rub directly on the garment—always use it in solution. Rinse through two clear warm waters of the same temperature as the suds, adding to the last water a trifle of ultramarine blue and teaspoonful of liquid gum arabic. Smooth out and hang carefully as possible, so as to avoid the wrinkles, so hard to iron out of silk without injury to the fabric. When nearly dry press under muslin.

Dollies should be washed gently in warm suds, using only the purest soap. If the colors are inclined to run, rinse until entirely clear; take out of water without wringing, lay on a heavy cloth and lay another over it to absorb the moisture. If ironed while damp, linen needs no starch, just a suspicion in the last rinsing water is all that should be used.

Shawls and other crocheted or knitted wools may be washed in warm suds, in which a tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water is used. Let the article soak about twenty minutes, then squeeze it in the water until clear. Rinse in clear water, being careful that the temperature remains the same, and do not stretch too much in ironing or pulling.

Never use smaller or lighter irons than a seven-pound

is trimmed—this for the artist who will make a picture of it for the fashion journal, and also to paste on the paper pattern to show how the garment will look when finished. The other half is left untrimmed, and it is from this half that the paper patterns are cut.

After the designer has finished her work the forewoman may not approve of it, in this case all of the designer's time and labor are lost to the house, not to her, for she draws a salary. But her pride and heart are in her work, and she feels more distressed over its refection than the house does. The forewoman must exercise a great deal of care, for there are others above her who must pass upon the work.

This care is ultimately to the benefit of the designer; it stimulates her to do good work. A careful history of the patterns of each designer is kept from start to finish. When it has finally gained the approval of the superintendent it is sent forth on its journey through the world. If it is successful here, and the women adopt it, the firm sees that the originator of the idea is a valuable person to have. They know that other pattern houses are keeping careful tab on them and their successes. That it is by no means impossible to find out who their best designers are—a salary that will be an inducement for the good people to stay where they are, is the result.

The women who are employed to decide upon patterns sent from the designing rooms, are skillful, trained, scientific dressmakers; and are forced, by the responsibility that rests upon them, to keep thoroughly up-to-date in their business.

The unbleached muslin garment goes to the artist. Sometimes the picture is made by putting it upon a lay figure, but more frequently a living model is used.

When the artists are done with the unbleached muslin garment it goes to two dressmakers who "prove" the work. The entire garment is ripped to pieces, one woman reads the manuscript description, while the other checks off the pieces described. The number of yards of goods linings and trimmings called for are also "proved." These women mark the places for the notches, perforations, and other essential points.

From here the pattern goes to the "grader." This person must not alone understand dressmaking, but he must as well be schooled in a knowledge of where and how the human body develops, as the years go on.

Finally, from the women who rip and "prove," the unbleached muslin pattern goes to the factory in which the paper patterns are cut by machinery—hundreds of them at each stroke of the knife. RUTH EVERETT.

A MENDING FACTORY.

TINY LABORATORY WHERE WORTHLESS FRAGMENTS OF GLASS AND CHINA ARE RECONSTRUCTED.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Buried in the heart of the quiet residence portion of Boston is the oddest little factory in the world. There, in a little alcove overlooking Gov. Walcott's mansion and adjacent dwellings of fashionable Back Bay, unbeknown to many of its nearest neighbors, is a reconstruction factory, a tiny laboratory where heaps of worthless fragments of glass and china are annually reconstructed into hundreds of thousands of dollars in the form of beautiful vases, highly prized statuary, and other precious bric-a-brac of stone or vitreous material.

From the outside you would never recognize the little factory; for the single window, though fronting the street, is at the top of a fine old mansion, and is bordered by ivy without and a trailing vine within—back of which are lace curtains.

A glance into the interior after laboratory hours would scarcely suffice, even Sherlock Holmes to tell its true character; for all that anyone sees is a luxurious divan, a harp, a carved bookcase, a heavy mahogany table, and a leather-covered chair. But should you happen to visit it when the proprietress is there, and the door of a rather spacious closet is open, you would see within kaleidoscopic rows of precious plaques and vases, ancient and modern, upon the shelves; drawers full of piebald pieces; and here and there a pile of fragments assorted so carefully that even you yourself could reconstruct the form of the original cup or statue.

Day after day shattered remains of rare ornaments that have once beautified high places of the earth are collected here. Some come from India and far Cathay; some from ancient Egypt; some from caves and ruins of Etruria; some from modern courts of Europe and the Vatican; and some from the famous art centers of America. They are first sent to a great emporium of Boston, which immediately packs them in a bandbox or something similar, and delivers them to the queer little factory by a private messenger, just as a Paris milliner delivers his marvels to wealthy patrons of his fashionable establishment. When they emerge from the factory, they have been fitted together with such marvelous skill and rare artistic judgment that none but the most practical eye could tell that they had been fragments.

Labor and capital are in perfect harmony in this little factory, for the two functions are united in a single person, Miss Anna B. Smith, proprietor. Consequently one workman, or rather workwoman, is all that it can boast; but judging from the value of her finished products, and her luxurious style of living, wages there must exceed those of an ordinary laborer.

This laboring capitalist, or moneyed laborer, just as you are pleased to call her, is perhaps the most aristocratic factory girl in the world. Besides earning a competence that she would be foolish to exchange for that of her neighbor, the Governor, she is a graduate of Wellesley College, has a coachman of her own, and travels with the smart set of the Hub.

The little factory is now working under contract for a large department store of Boston, for whom it annually saves many thousands of dollars by mending damaged and shopworn statuettes, and other valuable porcelains, so neatly that it is only with great difficulty even a scratch can be distinguished. Frequently it has its hands full with fine work from the Boston Museum.

At present the force is engaged in putting together a lot of iridescent glassware from Egypt, and other rare bits of old pottery that are soon to be added to the collections in the famous art archives of the Hub. By next summer they will be placed on exhibition, and visitors to the museum will marvel at their beauty and their wonderful state of preservation. But the swallows in the woodbine about the little factory window will twitter knowingly; and if you could be one of them when delicious breezes from the Back Bay blow the lace curtains aside, you might see a bust of Homer, a Peruvian urn inlaid with an Inca's gold, or one of those delicate marvels by a Bavarian glass-blower rise out of the heap of fragments on the mahogany table, like Phoenix from his ashes; for the odd little workshop will probably be in full blast just about that time.



circles against the American Duchess of Marlborough, with the result that Her Grace was almost ostracised during the life of the Duke.

At the death of the late Duke, the Marchioness of Blandford thought that her son, the present Duke, would immediately reinstate her in Blenheim Palace, which had been restored and beautified by the millions of Mrs. Hammersley, but here the young Duke's love for his stepmother asserted itself, and he not only refused to let his mother take up her abode in Blenheim, but spent the most of his time visiting his stepmother at her new home, Deepdene.

Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, was instrumental in bringing about the young Duke's marriage with Consuelo Vanderbilt, and this was a great blow to Lady Blandford, as she had taken the most violent dislike to Americans, and had planned a marriage for her son with an English girl of the nobility.

When the Duke brought home his American Duchess, Lady Blandford refused to meet her at first, and there was a great deal of bitterness in the Churchill family, which was a great sorrow to the little Duchess, with her loving and harmonious disposition; and she determined to overcome it all and create a better feeling. She has never ceased to use her influence and to smooth out the family wrinkles, with success far beyond her fondest hopes, for all the Churchills adore her and Lady Blandford is sincerely devoted to her once-despised daughter-in-law.

But more remarkable than her friendship for her daughter-in-law is that for her husband's second wife, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, whom she despised so strongly at one time. The young Duchess has succeeded in bringing these two so completely into harmony that they often dine together at Blenheim, and the family is united and friendly in its relations to a surprising degree, especially when one considers the jars and disturbances which once made it so unhappy. The slight hardness of feeling which the Duke held toward his mother has entirely disappeared, and he is quite filial and devoted.

It is said that the young Duchess of Marlborough hasn't an enemy in England, and it is quite easy to believe when one knows the beautiful gentleness and true kindness of her nature.

PAPER PATTERNS BY THE MILLION.

MANY FACTORIES PRODUCE THESE PERFORATED GUIDES FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

It will give some idea of the extent to which women are their own dressmakers to state that in one patternmaking establishment in New York City, nearly three thousand people are employed. Both sexes, and nearly all ages are to be seen, and remuneration for the labor ranges from \$4 a week up to almost princely salary.

This house has 2800 agencies throughout the world, and millions of their patterns are sent out during the year, with instructions printed in English, German, French and Spanish. One would scarcely expect that patterns cut in New York City would find a market in China and Japan, but they do.

For models, to try the garments on, children of 4, 5, 6 and 12 years of age, and a young woman of thirty-four bust measure are used. All the other sizes are graded up and down from these standards.

The origin of the paper patterns is in the brain of the designer. In this department the women must not alone be skilled dressmakers, but have as well the artist's eye and a light, skillful touch. The garment is cut out of a good, firm piece of unbleached muslin. If it is to be tight-fitting, it is sewed up and fitted without a wrinkle; the work being just as carefully and neatly done as if every stitch was set for wearing purposes instead of being ripped out, that the paper pattern may be cut from it.

One-half of the garment is trimmed; if lace is represented, a lace that is cut out of tissue paper is fulled on. If passementerie, applique, or fur are to be used, these are counterfeited in paper.

The productions of the paper manufacturer are wonderful. On a model you can see a silk shirt waist, linen collar, satin necktie, leather belt, all made out of paper—not to mention the gold buttons of the same stuff.

But to return to the designer. One-half of the garment

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BATTLE OF THE SAP-BUSH.

HOW TWO BOYS AND A BIG DOG PROTECTED VALUABLE PROPERTY.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"And—I wouldn't be in your shoes, not for nothin' you could offer me," said old Abner, significantly.

The young men to whom he expressed this discouraging view were busily engaged in unloading a heterogeneous collection of pans and kettles, stacking them in a pile behind the cumbersome boiler, now sinking in the snowdrift.

They paused as the driver spoke, and looked about them. Certainly it was dreary enough this February day. The grand trees in the "Sap-Bush" close by, scarce moved a twig in welcome. The chimney of the cottage before which the sled was standing had not shown token of warmth for years.

"Guess our shoes ain't worth a thought, anyways," laughed Bob with a glance at a new slit in the uppers consequent of being in touch with a broken kettle.

"Waal, you're jokin', Bob Jones, and I ain't. Them "Crick Squatters" ain't no jokin' master. Pete and Jerry they're big 'nough to swallow slim slips of lads like you be. And I don't know as the old man (a regular old turkey cock, he be,) ain't wust of all."

Mat pointed to a huge St. Bernard lying comfortably in the snow, almost buried to the tip of his nose.

"He can't abide gobblers," said he, briefly.

"Waal, but there's bars, too. I seen their tracks not fur from here; and you ten miles from town—and them Crick Squatters!"

"We have got a gun for the bears," said Bob, still exuberant. "It's a painful process for the one who fires it off, he's a kicker and no mistake; but we shall take the lamining in turn."

"Anyway," said Mat, "the bear won't know what we are going through for his sake!"

This was too much for Abner. He gathered up the reins, chirked up his horse and bumped back along the wood road, leaving the young men to their new and solitary surroundings.

Mat and Bob Jones were well-grown youths, but decidedly lean. Their clothes, patched and threadbare, were much outgrown. Since fall when the factory shut down, the hands being dismissed until better times should dawn, the boys had been out of work. From this time they had been dependent on their mother for everything, and she, a widow with five children, could scarce provide for the appetites of growing boys. The "slim" forms objected to by Abner were very suggestive of hard times.

The boys, always on the alert, one day heard a discussion on the splendid "Sap-Bush," belonging to Hiram McCosh, the storekeeper.

"He can't work it himself, and it don't pay him to send out trusty men an' pay out wages."

Brief exposition of the situation, but enough for the boys.

Hiram, the rich man of the village, was seated astride a barrel in the store, expounding his views to an indulgent public, when Mat and Bob, afire with eagerness, entered the wide open doors. A Scotch ancestor of Hiram's had left the family shrewd blue eyes as a useful legacy, and Hiram's keen glance took in everything about the enterprising speakers from their honest faces to their outgrown garments.

He let the lads talk, and air their views, their hopes of success, their desire to rough it rather than be idle on their mother's hands.

Hiram nodded his head at each point they made. "Want to work it on half shares, eh?" said he, presently. "You give the work—and I'll provide the plant, and see you get out there all right. I can sell the sugar right enough when you've made it. 'Tain't play, though," he put in, "there's bars up to the Sap-Bush, and wuss—them Crick Squatters has roped it in, been workin' it straight along. Don't pay for me to be watchin' and trailin' out on them roads, nohow. But if you want the chance of doin' a little somethin', why I'll do all I can to help you along."

"There ain't any charity in the world to come up to givin' spirited boys a chance," said Hiram, when the happy lads had rushed off to tell their mother the good news. "There's a lot of things a person can do that way and never hurt themselves a mite."

So he gave up the old kettles, and provided his deputies with food and arms. Also he sent them in charge of his old storeman.

Abner departed, the boys, left alone in the wilds, also felt that there was a time coming which might not be all play. But their courage rose rather than fell, as they realized that at last their chance had come to show themselves men.

"Let's clean house," said Bob, as Mat looked round at him a little dubiously, "and then we'll have supper. Say Mat, he's sent us a bar'l of pork."

"No!" incredulously from Mat.

A few minutes later the cottage was brushed and hustled into comparative tidiness; a huge fire roared in the chimney, and the kettle was put on to boil.

Darkness came somewhat suddenly. The boys had not noticed that the sun had set; so they left their "plant" stacked outside, locked the cottage door and drew the strong bolt across the shutter that stood in place of glass in the small window. When they sat down to their first meal in the heart of the "Sap-Bush" the St. Bernard took his place between them and had a full share of the good things his master had provided for the boys.

After supper they sat by the fire, planning the next day's work, when suddenly noisy voices were heard in the distance.

"The Crick folks already," said Bob. "Well they have not lost any time in coming to pay us a visit."

The voices, seemingly raised in dispute, came within earshot, and a thin wavering note strove to throw oil on the waters.

"Well, well, let's we clear 'em out first; time enough then to decide when to start in at old Hiram's 'sap. Pete, he says the sap's begun to run, Jerry, he says it ain't. What you tumblin' into now, you Pete? Can't ye keep on yer feet; should think they was big 'nough."

Pete did not join in the laugh evoked by this witty-

cism. "Can't see in the dark where I've got to. Feels like a kettle," growled he. "Most mashed my head, and broke my nose. Can't you give me a hand, Jerry, instead of larfin' like a Tom-noddy as you be."

Mat and Bob meantime took a glance at their defenses; then one armed himself with a gun, the other held the dog close. Presently there came a loud thump on the door, simultaneously with an attack upon the shutter.

"Open the door, or we'll make ye!" cried hoarse, menacing voices.

No answer was necessary from the boys, for the St. Bernard gave tongue; "the awfullest bark" he had. Hiram said, as he included him in the defense arrangements. It more than filled the cottage, pervading the frosty air outside, and bringing peculiar sensations to the attacking party.

There was a movement, a hurried consultation in the enemy's camp.

"Shall we open the door?" asked Mat, amiably. "Perhaps you'd as soon we did not. You've heard of Hiram's dorg, ain't you? He's a prize St. Bernard, 'bout as big as a lion and strong according. He's a curly one, fierce as they make 'em."

"What you doin' here, anyway?"

"Come to work the "Sap-Bush" for Hiram, "was the laconic answer, carelessly given.

"Now you hear to reason, boys," said the old man with a threat in his voice. "We don't want to hurt you nor yours, but we've took to this bit of bush sence Hiram dropped it, and kind of worked it in with our own. Now you jest hearken. There won't any sap flow into your palls—you may bet your bottom dollar."

"Anything more?" cried Bob, boldly.

"Shet that critter's mouth so we can speak," was the rude demand of Jerry from the window.

Mat's gentle hand on the dog's muzzle obtained temporary quiet.

"Now we don't know how many you be, nor we don't care," cried Pete. "All we care for is old Hiram's bush, an' we know how to keep it. Now you take this an' you better believe it. We give you till 9 o'clock tomorrow mornin' to vanoose, dog an' all. Ef you ain't out by that time, you'll hear from us pretty lively. So now you're warned and can act according."

The boys permitted the St. Bernard to answer for them. The men outside, however, as they departed heard a shill cock-a-doodle-do, and a turkey's gobble, above the clamor of the huge animal. It was Bob's way of expressing his feelings, and undoubtedly a challenge to the enemy to do its worst. If the Crick Squatters said any more, the boys lost the words in the volume of sound of that "awfullest bark." By the time the St. Bernard had quieted down and was content to enjoy the fireside again, there was no doubt the men were gone. The situation was serious; Mat was barely 19, and Bob younger, and they had to fight for their rights with three full-grown men and a pack of snarly dogs, some of which could be heard yapping in the distance.

Fortunately the cottage was strongly built, the door and window spaces narrow. With gun and dog they hoped to defend these two vulnerable points. Presently they stole out and carried every portable object of Hiram's into the cottage. Then wrapping themselves in their blankets, with the dog between them, they lay down by the stove and fell into dreamless slumber.

They rose before sunrise, got in a supply of wood and water, and felt provisioned for a siege. Then they tried to hoist up the boiler, but it was frozen and must wait the sun's rays to thaw it out. After this they lighted a fire and enjoyed a good breakfast. Then they cautiously allowed the fire to die out, muzzled the dog, barred the defenses and piled some wood on the floor so that they could keep their eyes to the cracks in the shutter. The dog, with difficulty kept from pronouncing his views, climbed upon the stack and peeped also.

"Mat, I hear them."

"Hush." Bob hugged the St. Bernard to keep him from whining. Footsteps and rough laughing were heard.

"They've cleared. Guessed they would," said the old man, trying the door. "It's all locked as usual and they've carted off the palls as was lying round last night, wust luck. Looky here, they've bin tryin' to heave up the kettle, eh, boys! It's froze. Guess they was only boys, or they'd have got it up. They acted bold when we was talkin' yesterday, but they wasn't the first nor they won't be the last as we have seen skedaddle out of this here "Sap-Bush."

The three men, with their hands in their pockets, and noisy dogs at their heels, swaggered round the cottage, each giving the big boiler a kick as he passed.

"Say," said old Mose, "we jest as well cart that biler over to our camp. More convenient like, oun's most wore out. And ef Hiram wants it back, why he can fetch it, eh!"

The sons laughed boisterously at their father's wit.

"Here you, Pete, jest lift it, that's you, and you, Jerry, heave this end. It's gallows heavy—old as the hills. Guess Hiram's granddaddy biled his sap in it. Now off you go—and I'll—oh, glory! Great Scott! I've got a wild beast on to me!" Pete, Jerry, help, help, I'm chokin'."

The boys, unobserved, had thrown open the shutter as the men stooped over the boiler, and the enormous dog, unmuzzled, was permitted to launch himself with one tremendous leap on the enemy. He caught the old man, bearing him to the ground by his weight, and sat on him so that his arms were pinioned. Then the St. Bernard expressed his views of the question in deep, sonorous tones that terrified the cowardly long-tailed curs into flight, and set the echoes ringing through the forest.

The surprise of the attack paralyzed the swaggering enemy. The huge sons dropped their load simultaneously, and so hurriedly that Pete sat down under his end, as the double weight struck his knees, and his big head and staring eyes just projected above the brim of the boiler, which he clutched with both hands, his long legs sprawling beneath; Jerry meantime drew his knife and turned to help his father, when his eyes caught the glisten of the gun, the barrel of which drew a bead on him.

"Move a step further, and I'll fire on you," cried Mat, boldly. "You're a set of robbers carrying off Hiram's property; and we have a right to defend ourselves. We mean to do it, too. We warned you not to come blusterin' round last night."

"Come out, you boys, and tell us what you'll take to git out of this," said old Mose, insinuatingly.

"That's easy done from here," said Mat. "We've come to work Hiram's "Sap-Bush," and we're going to do it. We've got a dorg you dessent touch, or Hiram says he'll hunt you out with the Sheriff. Ain't he a daisy at holdin' on?" A groan from the old man.

"An' we've got a gun. Twas Hiram's granddaddy's an' its a curious kind of a piece—shoots steady, but lets

out a lot of small trash, so you're sure to hit something when it fires. Might just as easy reach him sitting under the boiler as you, Jerry."

Pete made a frantic effort to rise, but the incubus settled more heavily on his legs.

"Ef I ketch you, Jerry Brown, leaving your own brother in this fix," he yelled.

"What you want, boys!" cringed the old man, with the fiery eyes of the dog at his face.

"One thing first and last, and tee-to-tal. You're to go."

"Call off this critter, then," cried Mose, "there ain't anything I'm aiming at better nor that."

"Time enough when I'm done talkin'," said Mat, coolly, while Jerry sat down open-mouthed, staring at the Solomon at the window and the gun barrel by turns.

"You said there wouldn't no sap flow into our pails," said Bob. "You take that right back. We're going to work that sap bush for all its worth. Nights the dorg will be round. He likes nothing better than to camp out in the snow, and if you're up to any tricks why he'll let us know. First bark, Mat and me'll out with the gun, and we're plum sure to hit something and we'll be improving right along."

"We don't want nothing to do with you or your "Sap-Bush," growled Jerry. "Got more'n enough to do with our own. It's the old man there allays for grabbing."

A fierce war of words followed this cowardly speech, drowned by the dog, which joined the battle and won the field. Presently, however, the animal was quieted by the voice of Mat, and in the silence that followed a distinct understanding of future conditions was arrived at. This done, Mat called off the dog, and Mose rose to his feet. What he meant to add either in modification of the terms or in defiance was never said, for as Jerry, reinforced, courageously drew his knife out of his boot, the St. Bernard made another amazing leap, giving tongue in that "awfullest bark" of which the boys had boasted.

And the Crick Squatters took to their heels and fled. The boys ran out laughing so heartily that they could hardly call back the dog. And the wretched Pete, forsaken by his family, still sat nursing the boiler, glaring after his affectionate relatives in impotent wrath.

With some difficulty the boys lifted the heavy iron vessel off the prostrate giant. Pete's eyes still followed the fugitives.

"Where you want that kettle," he said, brusquely, eyeing the slender lads with rough admiration of their victory.

"Why, over to the bush, yonder," replied Mat.

"Guess I'll give you a hand," was the abrupt reply, and the giant again shouldered the burden with such aid as the lads could give him. Then he straightened himself up and stared hard at the boys, something in their faces took his fancy. He gave a grunt, and then turned about and built up the stand for the boiler, accomplishing in a few minutes what would have cost inexperienced hands hours of labor.

"Say, boys," he said, roughly enough, "ef you get into a tight place, why you come over to our camp, I'll help you out of I have to fight the whole caboodle of 'em over there."

With these clumsy overtures the giant departed, and thus ended the battle of the "Sap-Bush."

ADA M. TROTTER.

HOW CHICKENS TALK.

LANGUAGE USED BY FEATHERED FOLK THAT HUMAN BEINGS CAN UNDERSTAND.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

It is in a language that human ears learn readily to comprehend. For the most part it is instinctive. A fuzzy toddler six hours out of the shell, has five distinct calls. The first and loudest of them is the lost note, uttered when he loses sight of his mother, or finds himself out in the cold. It is loud and very shrill: "Pee-ee-oo! Pee-ee-ee-oo! Pee-eee-oo!" The second, the hunger note, is as shrill but more plaintive, running somewhat thus: "Yeap! Yeap! Yee-eap!" As soon as eating begins it changes to a sort of satisfied chittering: "Wit-wit! Wit-wit! Wit-wit-weet!"

After eating they grow sleepy, and cry to be hovered. The note is somewhat like that of hunger, with a peculiar tremolo breaking it in the middle: "Yee-pl-eep! Yee-pl-lee-pl!" does not fully represent it, but comes as near as the limitations of vowels and consonants admit. Very rarely do the mothers disregard it, though they may be eager to go foraging over grass plots or down hedgerows. Sometimes, if they themselves are still hungry, they run about at a great rate, clucking strenuously. In that case the sleepy chicks huddle and tumble about their feet, and the most agile among them fly upon the mother's back, while she is still in motion. That generally fetches her to terms, though occasionally she shakes down the saucy fellow, and pecks him roundly for his impudence.

The fifth note, the chirr-r of fright or astonishment, is the quaintest of all. The chicks themselves appear to find something in it distinctly humorous. When they are a few days old, if a big wriggling worm, or a fat, juicy bug, be thrown to them with their usual food, they will first draw away from it, chirr-r-ing in concert, then after eyeing it a minute, seize upon it, and toys it about with faint, immature chuckling cackles. This chirr-r develops at last in the grating call of warning, at sound of which from their mothers, even the youngest scatter and scatter to cover.

Anything, a bird, a kite, even a very small passing cloud, sailing in the sky overhead, will evoke this warning cry. Let one hen sound it, every other will take it up. Often, oftener than not, indeed, the alarm is a false one, but centuries of hawks have impressed upon each feathered mind that "danger cometh out of the air" and they govern themselves accordingly.

Everybody knows how hens cluck to their broods, but it may be news to many that, though a hundred hens may be clucking in the same inclosure, the voice of each will be individual and unmistakable to her immediate family. A chick just out of the nest may not be able to discriminate, but let him follow for a day, and he is past making mistakes. Even more wonderful is the hen's ability to differentiate her brood, from all the rest. With spiteful, ill-tempered fowls this often leads to pitiful barnyard tragedies. An intruder, feeding peacefully among chicks of his own size, shape and color, has often been slain with one single blow of a sharp and angry beak.

Upon finding food a hen calls her chicks somewhat thus: "Co-cu-co-cu-cu-cu-ee!" The cock calls his wives about him too share in some dainty, with nearly the

same notes, but deeper and more resonant in the beginning, and running at the end into a high-pitched treble. There is something clownish in his cackle. He cackles only to express a pained astonishment, or else by way of chorusing the hens, with whom cackling is a favorite diversion, quite independent of the matter of egg-laying.

A cock, especially a game cock, or one of the Spanish breed, has a wonderful variety of crows. By means of them, indeed, he runs the whole gamut of expression—hope, fear, defiance, triumph, love, hate, rage, vanity and a fine ineffable conceit. He has beside a sort of wheedling scowl, for use against such of his wives as are especially trying. He sidles up to the culprit, or calls her to him with a make-believe worm, and when she is close at hand gives her a sharp peck, at the same time raising the upper feathers of his crest, and uttering the wheedling scowl. The make-believe worm is a very common trick. Young cocks often resort to it in the effort to draw to themselves the mates of "the cock of the walk."

It is the hens without families, though, who are the true barnyard gossips. Any fine day, outside moulting time, you may see them standing in groups, their heads close together, chattering and chattering like so many black birds, or else wallowing in light earth, pecking lightly as they scratch and wallow, and evidently finding it good sport to throw dust well over each other. A hen, save when sitting, will never wallow alone. And when sitting she is not normal, but a ragged, unkept, and very ill-tempered shadow of herself, scowling and pecking at whatever comes near her.

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

REGISTERING GROWTH OF PLANTS.

AN APPARATUS ANY BOY CAN MAKE THAT WILL RECORD THE HOURLY GROWTH OF PLANTS.

(BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

Any boy possessing any ingenuity can construct a device which will enable him to watch a plant growing. He may actually see the plant moving upward as it grows, if the recording apparatus is made with accuracy. The various parts of this apparatus are to be found in any well-regulated household. First, you need an empty spool, next a clothespin, then the leaden weight off of a dippy fish line, a short length of board, a wooden stick and a rye or wheat straw. These form the principal parts of the recording instrument.

A glance at the illustration, which almost explains itself, will show how these things are assembled. The spool is secured at right angles to the end of the wooden stick by means of a round nail. The spool should turn easily on this nail. The stick is thrust firmly into the flower pot containing the plant. The clothespin should be nailed or glued to a wooden base, so that it will stand points upward. It is to be used as a fulcrum support for a lever. The lever is to be made of a straw. It should be firm and strong and about one yard long. At about two inches from one end it should be secured between the arms of the clothespin by thrusting a strong pin through the arms and straw in the manner shown in the illustration. See that it see-saws easily on its pivot.

You will observe that if the short end of the see-saw moves up or down an inch the long end will move up and down nearly a foot and a half. This exaggeration will be found most useful. It enables us to see the plant growing. For instance, if you tie a string to your plant, run the string over the spool-pulley and let a dippy weight on the other end of the string rest on the short end of the straw, the plant in growing will let down the weight gradually. The weight will push down the straw, the long end of which will rise up with an exaggerated movement which will show the rate of growth, magnified. If you wish to record this growth you can draw a scale on a flat piece of board and note how high your plant rises each day. Of course your dippy weight should just overbalance your straw, otherwise you stand in danger of having the top of your plant cut off.

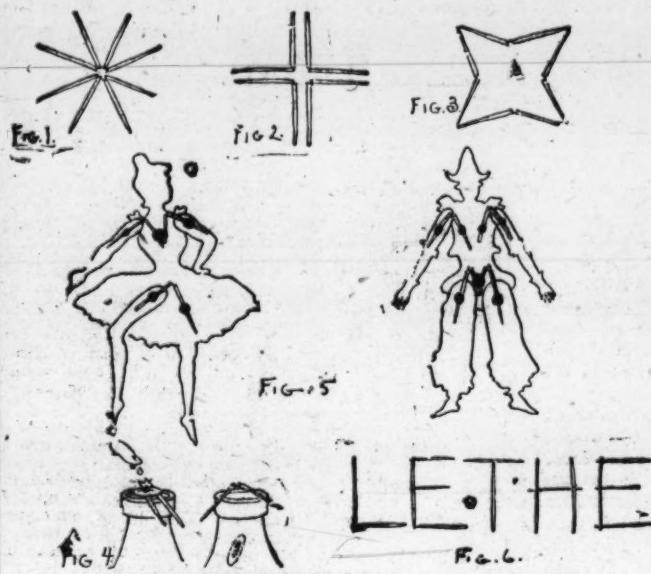
In order that you may get some visible movement of your straw pointer, you should experiment on a quick-growing plant. The lily, the narcissus and the common union are all very fast growers. Perhaps the onion would be the best of the three, because it is the most common. Select an onion that is about to flower. The end of the flower stalk will be slightly bulbous and the neck of this bulb will make a good place over which to put a slip noose on the end of your string. Adjust the weight so that your straw pointer will point to the bottom of your scale and then await results. An onion will grow over an inch in a day at certain periods of its life. This being the case, your pointer will rise eighteen inches in a day. But the onion will not grow uniformly at this rate. It will grow faster at one period of the twenty-four hours than at another. You may keep a record and find out how much it varies. It will not be too much to expect that your pointer will rise an inch an hour at certain periods of the day. Experiment with all the plants at your command and find out which are the quickest growers.

THEODORE WATERS.

INTERESTING TRICKS WITH TOOTHPICKS.

Some very interesting tricks with common toothpicks are possible if you only know how to go about them. Here are several founded on the simple principle that if a toothpick be bent so as to break only partly it will try to straighten out again if water is dropped on the broken part. Take four toothpicks and bend them. Place them with the partly broken parts together as in figure 1, and then drop a few drops of water on them from a glass, or with your finger as the dropper, and immediately the bits of wood will straighten out, and first form figure 2, then figure 3. If six or eight toothpicks be arranged in the same way, these, too, will form pretty figures.

Another interesting experiment may be tried by placing one toothpick bent in the same way on top of an open bottle. Lay a penny on the toothpick, and then drop a little water on the broken end from your finger.



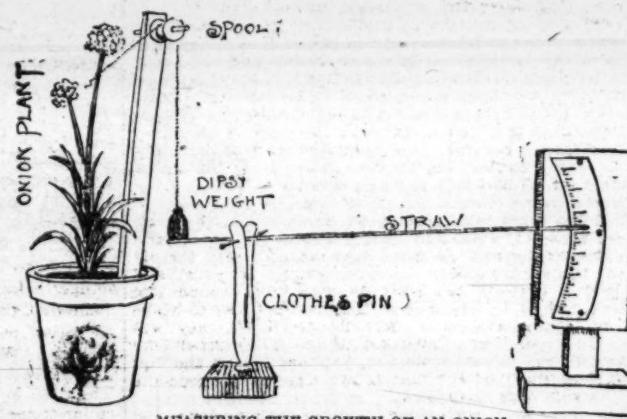
The parts of the toothpick will open, dropping the penny into the bottle. (Figure 4)

A more elaborate and mysterious experiment for those not in the secret is to take some stiff paper and cut out some figure like these of a dancer, clown and rooster. Cut the arms and legs, which are to be moved separately. Now take some toothpicks bent as before, and stick them to the paper figures with sealing wax, one end being fastened to the body, the other to the leg or arm, as you wish. Now lay the figures with the part on which the toothpicks have been pasted on, on a plate covered with a thin layer of water and the limbs will move most comically. After they stop moving the figure can be carefully dried and it will then repeat the performance. Any number of animals and birds can be cut out on this plan, and if properly made will afford endless amusement and mystify the spectators not initiated.

Dry though toothpicks seem, it is easy to make a river which is well known, yet has never been seen by living man, if you only have fifteen of them—thus, LETHÉ.

ARTIFICIAL CATS.

Householders are familiar with the shortcomings of even the best of family cats; the way Tom and Tabby will scratch the baby, steal from the cook and make war upon bird cages and aquariums. Now, here is a new



MEASURING THE GROWTH OF AN ONION.

style of cat guaranteed never to whine or eat, be clean, is a stay-at-home, frees the house of mice, is a general all-around domestic comfort.

It is an animal in plaster, or in potter's earth, which is covered with a cat's skin, and which is left in the society of cats during a certain time, after which its eyes are smeared with sulphur of calcium to render them phosphorescent at night. Then, it suffices to place this inert feline in the cellar or in the garret or wherever one fears the coming of mice.

The inventor affirms that these latter on seeing the shining eyes of their hereditary enemy, or smelling the presence of the cat, quickly scamper away, and that, after some days of this management, all the mice change their dwelling and emigrate to a distance.

This industrial cat is truly a chef d'œuvre of ingenuity. It will figure without doubt at the approaching exposition.

But I should like to know, also, the opinion of the mice as to the new cat of 1898.

MUSCULAR POWER IN BEETLES.

The following anecdote of a three-horned beetle, the oreutes marmon, will give some idea of its vast strength of body.

A beetle was brought to the writer, who, having no box at hand in which to put it until he could dispose of it, clapped the creature under a quart bottle of milk, which happened to be upon the table, the hollow at the bottom of the bottle allowing the insect to stand upright.

Presently the bottle began to move slowly and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned beetle, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times greater than its own.

A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of 15 to be im-

posed under the great bell of the cathedral, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.

PASQUOTANK PERQUIMANS.

[Washington Star:] He was a little darky, not much bigger than a lump of coal and not much whiter, and when I called him up to do an errand for me across the street his eyes snapped as if they were electrified.

"What is your name?" I inquired.

"Tank, boss," he answered, with a bow and a grin.

"That's a queer kind of a name. Your people aren't temperance folks, are they?"

"Deed boss, I dunno. Dey calls me Tank, but my name's Pasquotank Perquimans."

"Oh," I laughed, "that's a name enough for two kids like you are. Where do you come from?"

"I'se fum Norf Caliny, boss."

"What are you doing so far from home?"

"Doin' de best I kin, boss."

"How much have you made today?" He stopped for a moment to study.

"When I gets de 10 cents you's gwinter gib me," he said, with a shrewd little smile—I had not agreed upon a price at all—"an' gets 10 cents mo' I'm de nex' gem-man, it'll make 20 cents, boss."

"Is that all? You can't live on 20 cents a day, can you?"

A shadow, if a shadow could show there, came into the little black face, and with it a hard line as of determination.

"I'se gotter lib, boss," he said. "I cain't die, fer der ain't nobody but me ter take keer ob mammy, an' she's might po'ly mo' ob de time."

Possibly Pasquotank Perquimans was working on my sympathies, and his story may have been told many times before, but I think not, and I know that his revenue for that day was more than 20 cents.

Wheat Meal Aerated Bread.

It is far superior to other breads in its nutritive and digestive qualities, being rich flesh-formers, fat and phosphates. We use the best flour, finely ground, and free from an excess of wood fiber, and thus the nutrient of the bran is utilized and the beneficial results of its mild, mechanical stimulus on the intestines without undue irritation. It is especially adapted for those having weak stomachs and dyspeptics, as the dough is made without ferment. It goes into the machine then the large baking ovens—without being touched by the hands. All physicians recommend it.

We are the only ones making the Aerated Bread on Pacific Coast.

Meek Baking Co. Largest Bakery on the Coast. Tel. M 822. Sixth and San Pedro Sta. RETAIL STORE—226 W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 1011.

NOTHING REMINDS ONE MORE FORCIBLY



Of the old and time-worn adage that, "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined," than to see a lady otherwise beautiful or a gentleman otherwise handsome and manly, with stooping shoulders and contracted chest which could be so easily overcome. For this trouble and weak back our CHEST EXPANDING SPIN-L BRACE is well nigh infallible. By improving the form a more perfect fit is obtained in clothing.

Renewed

Health

Must be the natural outcome of expanded chests and correct breathing and walking. They are better and cheaper than patent medicine.

Children's \$1.25. Ladies' and Men's \$1.50. By Mail, 15c for Postage.

ARTHUR S. HILL,

Trusses, Braces, Surgical Instruments.

319 S. Spring St.





THE FIRST ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT SINCE
THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

THE first electric road in the United States, built in Denver in 1885, was, strangely enough, an underground trolley system, almost exactly like the one now adopted as the last development of electric railroading in 1899. There is always difficulty in a correct statement of priority of invention. Millions of dollars are spent every year to establish this claim in behalf of patents. I happen to know the facts about the first electric railway commercially operated in this country, because I built it. I designed the cars, made and wound the motors and ran the line at a time when the cable was being substituted for horse power on the surface roads of Philadelphia—now the great overhead trolley city of the country. An overhead trolley even was then unknown. The steam cable, which had been in successful operation in Cincinnati, San Francisco and perhaps other American cities, was generally considered in 1885 to offer the most efficient substitute for horse cars.

I was led to a different conclusion, although I was then only 27 years of age, and by no means willing to pit myself against practical railroad experts. I was convinced electricity could be safely and securely harnessed. I had made experiments with the electric current from boyhood, having first had my curiosity excited by watching sparks leaping over the break in a lightning rod. I was brought up, I may say, along a railroad, my father being superintendent of the Little Miami line, running from Columbus to Cincinnati.

Soon after my matriculation in the Ohio State University in 1875, I was fortunate enough to make a friend of the manager of the Western Union telegraph office in Columbus. He permitted me to use the company's cast-off apparatus, and I became expert in telegraphy.

In the basement of the college building, Denver, I constructed from my own designs an electric railroad. The motors were unlike any other ever built, and the two cars which I built, wood, metal and all, were for some time operated on this track, a single line, with turnouts, and were ridden in by many people. This was in 1884.

Some understanding of what an electrical motor is becomes necessary when one would comprehend just what

Denver for three years. There was one motor to each car geared to the axle. The slot was only half an inch wide, and in the extreme cold winters of the Rocky Mountains this slot would contract until it almost closed, thus interfering seriously with traffic. There were no sewerage connections in the streets, and the problem of drainage bothered us. Yet the road was, in spite of all, a commercial success. It paid. The condition of the streets in the respect mentioned was the only reason why a cable was, after some years, substituted for this sub-trolley, and overhead trolley afterward for the cable. At that time the Budapest sub-trolley system, which with improvements, is now the one adopted by the Metropolitan Traction Company in the city of New York as the best in the world, was not in existence. But the Denver sub-trolley was an actual successful commercial operation.

Nor is it strange that a Rocky Mountain city should have been the first American community to use electric street traction. The electric light was generally in use in Rocky Mountain towns long before it was introduced in the Middle and Eastern States. The streets of Butte, Mont., then the greatest mining camp in the world, were lighted by arc lights in 1881, actually before there was a steam railroad within many miles of the camp. People who arrived in old-fashioned Rocky Mountain stage coaches were surprised on alighting to find the street brilliantly illuminated by electricity.

Returning to Columbus in 1886, I built two miles and a half of overhead trolley in that city from the North High-street railway to the fair grounds. Shortly after that the overhead trolley was put in operation in Richmond, Va., built by Frank J. Sprague.

Since that time I have devoted myself especially to electrical railroading, and have constructed trolley lines in St. Louis, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Boston, Kansas City, Rochester, Muskegon, Johnstown, Norfolk and San Francisco. In the year 1898 there was scarcely a town of commercial size in the country that hasn't its electric railways. Yet fourteen years have barely elapsed since the first one was built. It is as a result of my own experience that I am confidently looking to see the operation of trunk-line railroads of standard gauge by electricity.

Yet it must by no means be supposed that the application of electricity to street railway traction was made entirely successful in the brief period outlined here. Nor am I disposed to maintain that electric street railway traction has even now reached a state of perfection. And yet within the lifetime of the generation now living, equal progress should be made in the application of electricity to the hauling of trunk-line railroads on long-distance railroads.

The problem is a fascinating one, involving almost a revolution in our social life. So great is the gulf between fifty and one hundred and fifty miles an hour. This would be the crowning achievement, or rather the supreme result of the labors of those pioneers, who, like Robert Davidson, foreshadowed as long ago as 1838 what might some day be realized. Just half a century has elapsed since Davidson moved by electricity a ten-foot car, equipped with forty cells of primary batteries, at the rate of four miles an hour.

In 1879, at the Berlin Industrial Exhibition, Siemens & Halske exhibited an electrical railroad. In the fall of 1883, Leo Daft operated an electrical locomotive called the Ampere, on the little railroad up Mt. McGregor, New York. In 1884 E. M. Bentley and W. H. Knight ran experimentally in Cleveland, O., an electric railroad with motors under the floors of the cars. The great Thompson-Houston system was founded on their patents and on those of Van De Pele.

The result of my own investigations has inclined me toward the separate equipment of each car with electric motors, according to what is now called the multiple-control system, rather than to the construction of a heavy electrical locomotive, which should draw a number of unequipped cars. Yet each of these systems has its special uses and advantages. The motors and generators used on the pioneer line in Denver were modifications of the famous Brush arc-light machines made in Cleveland. The motors were first placed on a separate truck and suspended independently of the springs which carried the car body.

The next or second conduit road constructed in the United States was laid on the Bentley-Knight system, in Allegheny, Pa., and in 1887 the third commercial electric railway was installed by F. J. Sprague in Richmond.

By this time it was evident that electric railways were successful and popular, and three companies, the Thompson-Houston, the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company and the Short Electric Railway Company, began the manufacture of electrical railway appliances.

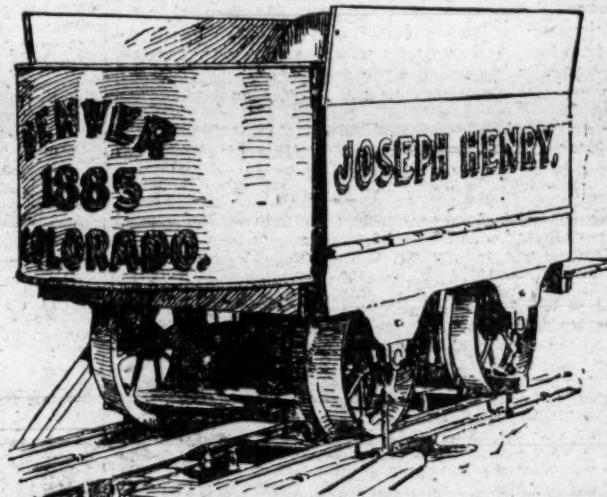
In 1890 the Edison General Company absorbed the Sprague interests, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company took up railway work. Improvements were making constantly. Mild steel was found to be the best material for motor construction, its permeability being double that of cast iron, so that an equally strong magnet could be made of half the metal. The Short company now began producing a motor which operated directly on the axle without the use of gears. By a spring system the armature could start suddenly without encountering the inertia of the entire car. The Walker Manufacturing Company evolved motors so much more powerful, and at the time so much simpler, than any heretofore in use, that long-distance railroading came to be regarded as the next great problem to be overcome by electrical engineers. The enormous electrical locomotives designed to pull heavy railroad trains through the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel

in Baltimore were built and equipped with the Short gearless motors. The problem of long-distance railroading seemed one step nearer solution, for these electrical locomotives haul the heaviest freight trains with ease. The Pennsylvania Railroad, on its Burlington and Mt. Holly branch, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, on its Nantasket Beach and other branches, introduced electrical traction for standard-gauge cars, equipping each car at first with its own motors. The Brooklyn Elevated Railroad is now being equipped with the heavy Walker motors, and the introduction of electricity on the New York Elevated Railway systems cannot long be deferred. The achievements of the past fourteen years read like a fairy tale. But it would not be strange if men now living breakfasted in New York and lunched in Chicago.

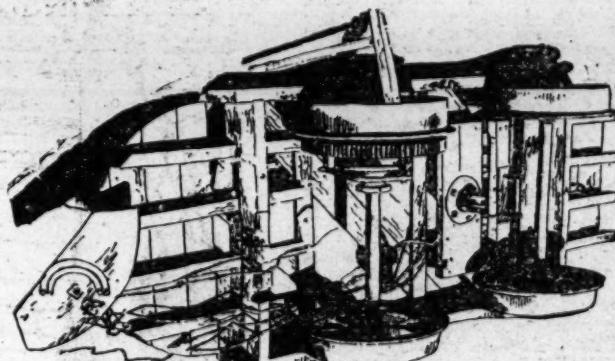
S. H. SHORT.

SUBSTANTIAL JUSTICE.

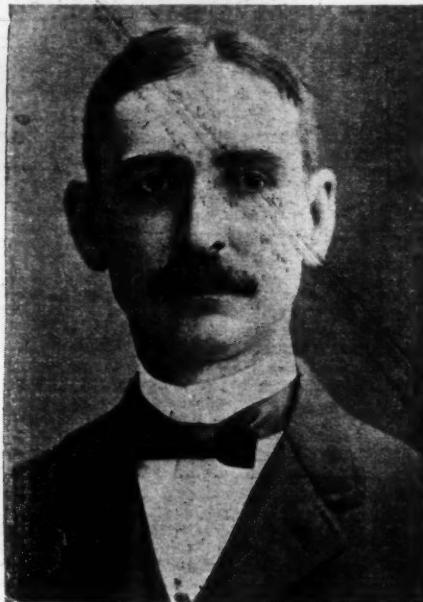
[Pittsburgh Times:] Squire Henry Grelle of Belzhoover is attracting some attention as a magistrate. He administers justice impartially in his homely way, and while some of his decisions may not be according to the books, still they carry the force of originality. Squire Grelle does not like lawyers. He believes that they stir up too much trouble by dragging musty old books into his office and insisting that he follow the precedents they dig from them. He has the full approval of his constituents. His justice is the sort that is equitable between man and man, and not that misnamed stuff that



THE FIRST ELECTRIC CAR.



SIMPLE MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION
OF THE FIRST CAR.
BOTTOM VIEW.



PROF. S. H. SHORT.

takes place in a car moved by electricity, and how and why the car moves.

Everybody knows that two magnets, placed near each other, attract each other. Each exerts a distinct force, which can be measured. Now a motor is two magnets. One of these magnets is fixed, and is called the field. The other magnet revolves, and is called the armature. When a pole of the armature or revolving magnet approaches a pole of the field or fixed magnet, the latter pulls the former toward itself. When the two get into line, the electric current is changed by the commutator into another pole of the armature, and the same process is repeated. The more poles, the greater the pull. Now when the armature is fastened to the axle of a car, naturally the axle has to move when the armature moves, in obedience to this pull; and when the axle moves, the wheels must revolve, and when they revolve the car moves ahead. And it is always to be borne in mind that these magnets are only magnets while the electric current is passing through them, so that, as soon as the connection is broken, they cease to exert their force. In other words, they are electro-magnets.

The vast possibilities of electric railway traction gradually grew on me. In the mean time I went to live in Denver, where I accepted the professorship of physics and chemistry in the University of Denver. There I built the Joseph Henry, a double trolley car, with five-horse power motors, and ran it on an elliptical track. So impressed were the capitalists then interested in my experiments that the Denver Tramway Company was at once organized. A closed conduit system was therewith installed in Tremont street, and in Fifteenth street from Capitol Hill to North Denver, in the summer of 1885. The municipal ordinances will show the exact date.

Five regular standard-size street cars, with a controller on each platform, were operated on this line in

depends on the technicalities of law books for a standing.

One of Squire Grelle's early cases was brought against a friend of his, who was accused of cruelty to animals. The man had been bothered by a vicious dog, and he shot at it. The bullet cut a piece off its tail, but did no other harm. The trial attracted a large crowd. There was conflicting evidence as to the dog. Some of the witnesses said it was a gentle animal, and others declared that it ought to be killed.

"I will reserf my decision until next weeg," said the Squire after he had heard the testimony.

He was not satisfied as to the dog, and while he had the case under consideration he made some inquiries in the neighborhood. He learned that the dog was a bad one. But the maiming of it by depriving it of part of its tail was undoubtedly a cruel act, and he did not see how he could get over that, even to favor his friend.

When the day came for him to give his decision it was evident to the crowd that had gathered in his office that he had made up his mind. He called the defendant up.

"You admid shootin' this dog?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, Squire, but that dog is—"

"Dot will do. Sid down," and he called the owner of the dog forward.

"Your dog is a bad dog," he said to him.

"No, he isn't, Squire," said the man; "he's as gentle as—"

"Dot will do. Sid down. I haf my mind made up. I fine the defendant \$1 and gots for shooting dot dog."

There was applause from the side of the room on which the friends of the dog were gathered.

"Order! Order!" commanded the Squire. "I haf not finished. I vill fine the defendant \$1 and gots for shooting dot dog, but I will gif him von more shot at the dog."

HIS HOPE.

[Washington Star:] The man who reads other people's literature and forgets to return it happened to find his friend busy with paste and scissors.

"Ha, ha," said the caller. "Going to keep a scrap book, are you?"

"Yes," was the unsmiling reply. "I guess I'll manage to keep it. Nobody ever wants to borrow scrap books, you know."

THE COMING CENSUS.

WONDERFUL ELECTRIC MACHINES WHICH ARE TO BE EMPLOYED.

By a Special Contributor.

IF ANYBODY thinks that it is an easy matter to count 75,000,000 of anything, let him try counting up to 1,000,000 as an experiment. He will find that by the persistent and regular expenditure of breath and energy for twelve hours a day he can reach that result in a week. The entire task, therefore, would keep him steadily engaged for more than a year.

This simple test will give an approximate idea of the enormous proportions of the task involved when the 75,000,000 units are scattered over some six million square miles of the earth's surface, and when it is necessary not merely to enumerate them, but to find out a dozen different facts about each one. Yet this is precisely the task that the directors of the next United States census must accomplish. Practically all the work of collecting the material will be done in the course of three months next summer. To carry it out in that time the census authorities are now engaged in collecting a force of nearly fifty thousand men—a number greater than our standing army. Of this number the majority—the enumerators—will be employed only for a few weeks, or at most for one month, but the clerical staff, comprising several thousand men, will be kept busy for two years or more in compiling the results and publishing them.

In the last two censuses, those of 1880 and 1890, the publication of the results occupied from five to seven years. In that of 1890 the last of the volumes on population was not off the press until seven years after the date of beginning the work. In that of 1880 the last of the volumes was published in 1889. This represented a fair rate of speed, considering the dozens of bulky volumes required to contain the data collected by the enumerators. It seriously impaired the value of some of the most important statistics, however, since they were out of date by the time they came into the possession of the public.

In the act providing for the census of 1900, Congress has stipulated that the four principal reports—those of population, mortality, manufactures and agriculture—must be published by July 1, 1902. This demands a rate of progress four times as great as that of the last census. To meet the requirements of the act, preparations are being made on a much larger scale than ever before. The plans of the census officials contemplate the erection of a great building in Washington to be occupied exclusively by the census bureau, and the employment of a larger number of clerks than were ever before enrolled for the purpose.

"We regard ourselves," began Mr. Wines, "as being for all practical purposes simply a manufacturing concern. A great publishing enterprise has been turned over to our charge. The work, however, is one of vast proportion, and if the requirements of Congress are to be complied with, we must go at it on a large scale and with all necessary facilities. That is what we are now planning for to the best of our abilities, and we believe that we shall succeed."

The first requirement is a sufficient force to carry on the work. That means that we must have more than were employed in 1890. We have estimated the necessary clerical staff here in Washington at 3000, and there will be plenty of occupation for fully that number.

"It is equally necessary that these employees should be competent for the special line of work which they are to undertake. For our purpose an incompetent man is worse than none, for it is a costly and difficult matter to remedy mistakes. Absolute accuracy is required in the work or it loses all its value. The general requirements are much the same as those demanded of an efficient bank clerk. Rapidity is in a high degree desirable.

"The other requirements for efficiency carrying on the work are, a place suited to its demands in which to carry it on, and absolute control and authority over the employees, without outside interference.

"The law provides for the examination of all applicants for places above the grade of unskilled laborer. These examinations will probably begin next week in Washington. The result of the examinations will be supplemented by means of recommendations based on the previous experience and records of candidates.

"The third test of efficiency will be actual experience. All employees will be taken on trial. If they prove to be unfitted for the work they will be dropped. They will be paid according to their pecuniary value, as shown by their work, and promotion will be on the sole ground of merit.

"The actual work of the census divides itself into two parts—collecting the information and compiling it for publication. For the former purpose 40,000 enumerators will be employed. They will gather all the data relating to population, except in institutions where special enumerators will be appointed from among the officials of the establishment. The data relating to manufactures and mechanical industries will be gathered by special agents, who will be of a higher grade and more liberal compensation than the enumerators. The third method of gathering information will be by correspondence, and the examination of printed documents of all kinds. This will be carried on in the central office.

"The enumerators will be local appointees in all parts of the country. There will be one for each township, or, in the case of cities, for each ward or district. Their pay will run as low as \$50 in some cases, and will average probably about \$100. Their work will have to be com-

pleted in from two to four weeks. They must be men of ordinary intelligence, able to ask questions and record the answers correctly in a legible hand.

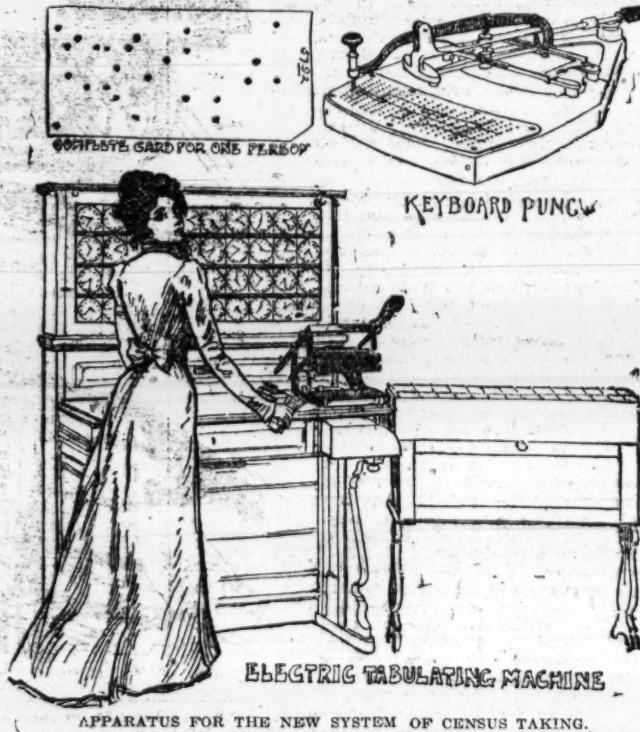
"The whole country will be divided into 300 districts, for each of which a supervisor will be appointed. The supervisors select the enumerators and are responsible for their work.

"The supervisors' districts correspond roughly to Congress districts, but each of certain larger cities will form single district. Massachusetts will have but one supervisor, because in that State there is a bureau qualified by long experience in both State and Federal census work, and which has at its command a large force of trained enumerators.

"While it will be impossible to formally examine the 40,000 enumerators scattered in every part of the country, their competence will be tested before they are finally appointed. Each one will be supplied with a blank schedule, to be filled out from a printed list of ideal families, containing all the necessary information. These papers will be returned to Washington, and if not properly filled out, the applicant for an enumeratorship will be rejected. In this way we probably shall get a better set of enumerators than ever before. This is a matter of primary importance, for if the information supplied by the enumerators is faulty or incomplete, no amount of care in the central office can remedy the defect.

"The agents appointed to report on special industries will be selected on the basis of skill and experience, and their employment will be in the nature of expert work.

"When the machinery for the gathering of information is ready for operation, the blank schedules, in the form of portfolios, will be sent out to all enumerators. They will go about from house to house, jotting down in proper order the name, age, sex, nativity, color, occu-



APPARATUS FOR THE NEW SYSTEM OF CENSUS TAKING.

tion, etc., of each person. When the enumerators have thoroughly covered their territory the portfolios will be returned to Washington, and the facts transcribed to cards for compilation.

"The old method of computing the facts contained in a census was by a laborious system of hand-tallying. Every fact relating to each person was indicated by a pencil mark under the proper heading, on big sheets provided for the purpose. This plan was clumsy, slow and exceedingly liable to error. Toward the end of the last census it was superseded by the new method of mechanical compilation. Every process formerly executed by hand is now carried out by the Hollerith machine, many times more rapidly and with much greater accuracy. Their highest recommendation, however, is that they enable us to count combinations of facts.

"In compiling the results of the enumeration, every person in the United States will be represented by a card. The facts recorded concerning each person are shown by holes punched in the cards. Experience has shown that the average number of records that can be transferred from the schedules to the punch cards by each clerk in one day is 700. It is the intention of the census authorities, as soon as the schedules are received to set 1000 clerks at work with the punching machines. This will mean something like 700,000 punched cards per day, and should exhaust the entire number of 70,000,000 or thereabouts in approximately one hundred working days. Of course a little longer time may be required, or a little less.

"The punching machine, which is the principal time and labor saver of the new apparatus, is something like a typewriter in appearance. The punch is attached to a movable key, which plays over a perforated keyboard arranged like the keyboard of a typewriter. It contains over two hundred symbols, and is an exact duplicate of the cards employed to contain the statistics of each person. For the most part these symbols consist of figures, and easily understood abbreviations, and the labor of learning to operate the machine is hardly any greater than that of mastering the typewriter.

"As fast as they are punched and sorted according to sex, nativity or color, the card will be taken to the machine-room and run through the electric-tabulating machines. To take off all the information contained on the cards they will be run through the machines four, or

possibly five, times. Each instrument is capable of disposing of about five thousand cards per day, and it will therefore require 140 of them to keep up with the punching machines.

"Roughly described, the electric counting machine consists of a box of needles set on spiral springs. These needles descend on each card as it passes through the machine. Where there are holes they pass through and dip into a cup of mercury placed underneath. This completes an electric circuit and sets in motion an indicator upon a dial, which moves forward exactly like the second hand of a clock, the various dials thus enumerating all the facts and combinations of facts wanted. From the indicator dials the figures are copied off on 'result slips' and filed for the compiling clerks.

"It is estimated that each of the tabulating machines compiles and registers information that would require the services of twenty clerks under the old system of tally-sheets. A consideration of even more importance is its greater accuracy. The machine automatically throws out any card that is wrong.

"For example, if one of the details, say sex, has not been indicated on the card, the plunger will not register and the bell at the side of the machine which rings to indicate the correctness of each card remains silent. It is then a comparatively easy matter to go back to the schedules and supply the missing information, whereas on the tally-sheets such a mistake would hardly be discovered.

"The third stage in preparing the facts and figures for publication is the tabulating. This will be in charge of a force of 1000 clerks and copyists, whose work will be the preparation of statistical tables, and copy for the printers. The fourth and final stage is the typesetting, printing and binding from which the bulky volumes will emerge ready for distribution.

"Not only will the coming census have superior mechanical appliances for preparing its results, but it will probably be the first in this or any other country to have the advantage of a building constructed especially to meet the needs of census work. The plans for the building are already drawn, and its erection, it is hoped, will begin within a short time.

"The lack of such a building was one of the impediments to the work in the census of 1890. At that time the Census Bureau paid out in rents more than \$150,000. It occupied a number of different buildings and different floors of buildings, none of which were especially adapted to its use. The lack of a suitable home in the past has made the proper supervision and control of the census work impossible, and has resulted in serious delays and inconveniences, as well as in the loss of property and records.

"At the recent session of Congress no action was taken on the question of a building, and no appropriation for the purpose was made. We think, however, that private capital will undertake the erection of a building according to plans prepared by ourselves. The rent of such a building, constructed to meet our particular requirements, will be less than the cost of securing a sufficient amount of room in any buildings now available for the purpose in Washington.

"The building will be of brick, one story high, except in the portion devoted to the administration. It will be lighted almost entirely by skylights. One wing will contain the punching room, 150x250 feet, with accommodations for the 1000 clerks employed in that department. The other wing will be occupied by 1000 tabulating clerks. Between the two will be rooms for the schedules, for supplies and for the counting machines. In the rear will be a room for the counting machines, with a small printing establishment for the use of the bureau in printing its own cards, bulletins and circulars.

"Around the large rooms will run galleries for the storage of materials, and these will also accommodate a few clerks engaged in special work.

"The matter of proper supervision is of great importance in work of this kind. For example, the 3000 clerks employed in the bureau will each receive an average salary of about \$900 per year. They will not be paid so much at the start. This will involve an outlay of \$2,700,000 per year for clerical work alone. The employees work six and one-half hours per day, so that the loss of one minute per day in the work of the bureau would cost the government \$7000 per year. This example is only one of many illustrations that could be given of the importance of having efficient and rapid work.

"Taking into account the saving of time and the increase in efficiency, a building costing \$150,000 would pay for itself in one year, and in five years, or the duration of one census, would save to the government three-fourths of a million dollars. There is some reason to believe that if the new building is found to meet the requirements of the bureau, it will be purchased by Congress for the permanent home of the census.

"While it is impossible to estimate beforehand the expense of taking the census, it is pretty certain, on the most economical basis, to amount to more than \$10,000,000. That is the minimum of what it will cost us to learn how great we have become as a nation."

WONDERFUL.

Isn't it wonderful when you think
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing for grass blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till doomsday shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed, asleep,
Out of the earth new life will bring,
And carefully upward green?
A seed we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed—
But all earth's workmen laboring,
With all the help that wealth can bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Commonplace is a bird alway—
Everywhere seen and heard—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till judgment day,
Never could make a bird.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think
How little baby grows,
From his big round eyes that wink and blink,
Down to his tiny toes?
Common things is a baby, though,
All rivel the baby's part—
But all the whirling wheels that go
Flying round while the ages flow,
Can't make a baby's heart.
—Julian S. Cutler in Jewish Comment.

The Development of the Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

A New Roller.

A NEW road roller, invented by William Wildman of Los Angeles, who was road overseer in Los Angeles county for twelve years, has been strongly endorsed by the City Engineer, the Street Superintendent, the chairman of the Board of Supervisors and by several members of the City Council. The problem of getting a heavy roller over bridges and culverts on country roads is solved by making a large light cylinder, which can be filled with water when weight is needed.

Santa Barbara Improvements.

THE work of building an iron boating and swimming pier at the Country Club at Santa Barbara has gone on rapidly and now the pier extends over three hundred feet into the surf. The piling of the structure is all iron, as are other parts of the framework. The floor is of planking. At the outer end the pier widens into a broad platform and stairs will lead from here to the water. No traffic is to be done over this wharf and it will be used purely for pleasure's purposes. Its erection will give a stimulus to channel sports of all kinds and the \$4000 or more expended by the club in its completion will be well spent.

The work on the new college building being erected at the old Santa Barbara Mission has also gone on rapidly of late. This is to be a structure of considerable dimensions and will be used for a college connected with the mission and conducted by the mission priests. The entire structure will be of stone.

Wool.

CONSIDERABLE amount of wool has been clipped in the section east of Chino, in San Bernardino county. Shearing was completed a couple of weeks ago, and the Chino Champion estimates the total output of the various camps east of Chino at 75,000 pounds, one of the camps now having 16,000 pounds of wool on hand.

The Pasadena Cycle Way.

ROUND having at last been broken for the cycleway between Los Angeles and Pasadena, that interesting enterprise may probably be regarded as an assured fact. The growth of improvements between this city and the Crown of the Valley is certainly one of the most marvelous features of the progress made by this section during the past few years. Fifteen years ago, the communication between Los Angeles and Pasadena was supplied by a stage coach, which made infrequent trips between the two cities. Today, there are three lines of steam railroad, running frequent trains, and an electric line, which runs cars from early morning until late at night, every fifteen minutes, this interval being shortened to seven and a half minutes during the busy hours of the day. Now comes another link in the chain, which is to connect the two places in the shape of a cycleway. From a description of this enterprise, published in the Pasadena Star, the following extract is made:

"The cycleway will be a floored bicycle path, ten feet wide, and inclosed on the sides with wire netting. Throughout the entire distance from the center of one city to that of the other this cycleway will cross at grade neither street, road nor railway track, but will have uninterrupted right-of-way, passing over all obstruction, including streets, tracks, gullies and ravines, at sufficient elevation to maintain a certain floor level. This elevation, according to the plans of the company's skilled engineers, varies from three feet to fifty feet, while the maximum grade in the distance of nine miles will be put 3 per cent, and that for only 2000 feet. Elsewhere the grade averages 1 1/4 per cent. How nearly level this is and how little exertion would be required to propel a wheel on a smooth, hard floor up such a grade, may be realized by remembering that on Broadway, in Los Angeles, the rise from Fourth street to First street is about one foot in a hundred, or 1 per cent.

"The construction of such a cycleway must be a success by reason of the demand for better cycling opportunities here, and because, for reasons stated, an ordinary cycling path cannot be so located and maintained as to make travel over it between the two cities safe, easy and pleasant. The projected cycleway will allow plenty of floor room for four riders abreast; the side rails (of base board and wire netting,) will be five feet high, affording ample protection against accidents, yet allowing a full view of the country; the floor itself will be of the best Oregon pine, an inch and a half thick; and great care will be taken to place the structure upon strong and well-braced supports. The posts will all be charred at the base and filled in with cement, to protect them from decay. The floor joists will be 2x12 inches, and all the lumber used in the cycleway, estimated at 1,250,000 feet, will be Oregon pine. The woven wire sides, to construct which eighteen miles of this material will be required, will give the structure a light, airy appearance, as may be observed by the cut. When the entire cycleway is painted a dark green, the effect cannot but be pleasing, and when it is brilliantly lighted

from end to end by incandescent lamps, placed 200 feet apart, over the center of the wheeling space, a trip over it at night will be a delight new to cyclists."

A Lime Deposit.

A VALUABLE deposit of lime rock has been made in Santa Barbara county. The Santa Barbara Free Press says:

"The Lewis brothers, owners of a claim on the summit near Painted Cave, expect to fire their first kiln of lime about May 15. The discovery of an inexhaustible ledge of lime rock in the mountains back of their cabin was made about two months ago, and tests proved it to be the finest quality. Since then they have built a road to the ledge, erected a kiln to hold about one hundred and fifty barrels, and on last Saturday hauled the first load of the rock. They expect to be able to supply the entire local demand for lime; this will be of considerable benefit to the city, as heretofore the greater part of the lime needed in Santa Barbara has been shipped from a distance, at an expense of about \$1 per barrel for freight alone.

"Another incidental benefit of the discovery will be the building of a new wagon road to Painted Cave, as the present one is too narrow and too steep to be used in heavy hauling."

Lemon Juice.

REFERENCE was recently made in The Times to a process by which it is claimed lemon juice may be preserved for a long time. According to the San Diego Tribune, the inventor of this process, Col. C. C. Brandt, has carried out his intention of establishing an extensive plant for the preparation of the juice in San Diego. A number of local grocers are handling the product, and an effort will be made to create a market for it in the East.

Deep Oil Wells.

IT IS believed by some that the oil production of the Fullerton section might be greatly increased by deepening the wells. It is likely that an effort in this direction will soon be made. The Anaheim Plain Dealer says:

"The belief gains ground daily that deep wells will bring better wells than Southern California has yet produced and that if sunk deep enough the drill will fetch oil in the very town itself. Experts say that La Habra Valley will some day teem with deep well derricks and that all the country about it good working ground. It is understood that arrangements have almost been completed for the bringing of deep well machinery, such as is used in the eastern fields, where there are few wells under 1400 feet deep, and many are 3000 feet down. When suitable machinery is secured a test well, it is believed, will determine beyond a doubt the richness of this section for deep work and make it the greatest oil-producer in the West."

A Mold Pattern.

A LATE addition at the Hall of Inventions, on East Second street, is a device, termed a "collapsible mold pattern," the use of which is claimed to effect a great saving in the manufacture of structural building iron-work in foundries. Castings are being made by this process at the Baker Iron Works and the Llewellyn Iron Works in this city, both of which firms recommend it. The patentee is a Los Angeles man, Milo A. Baker, of the Baker Iron Works.

Turquoise.

A NOTHER find of turquoise has been made in San Bernardino county. The San Bernardino Times Index says:

"Yesterday Mart Anderson of this city was exhibiting some specimens of what is claimed is as good turquoise as has ever been mined.

"The specimens were brought in by E. M. Ames from a claim he and Mr. Anderson have located in the northern part of this county. It is something over one hundred miles from this city in an almost northerly direction.

"Mr. Anderson does not know what will be done with the claim; in fact, he does not know for a certainty that the turquoise is of the best quality, although experts in this city claim that few better shipments have ever been seen.

"There are some turquoise mines in the northeastern corner of this county that are proving immensely valuable. Work has been going on in them for some time, and has long since passed the limit of development work and they are now being operated for what there is in them.

"Should the new claim prove to be as rich as expected, there will doubtless be much more prospecting done for the precious stones in that locality."

Cutting Alfalfa.

R Eference was made last week to the somewhat remarkable fact that in this exceptionally dry year a large quantity of alfalfa is being cut for hay in Santa Barbara county. The Santa Barbara News has the following further particulars in regard to this:

"Harry Hollister has during the past few days had his men at work on the Santa Rita ranch cutting alfalfa for hay. The whole 10,000 acres of the ranch are knee deep with this fine feed, and there is not a single head of stock on the whole place to eat it.

"On several hundred acres the growth is particularly luxuriant.

"Mr. Hollister says the grass is so long and so thick that it is almost impossible to walk through it. One is constantly tripped, as the grass is so long that when it is stretched out it is almost up to one's shoulders.

"This alfalfa, when properly cured, makes a very

good hay. While it is green it has no rival as a feed and when dry, horses eat it eagerly. It is fully as nourishing as alfalfa and does not need to be planted.

"This is the first instance in twenty years of its being cut in any large quantities, the fact of its luxuriance shows that the county feed crop is in excellent shape. Stock men indeed say that the county was never so well off for feed before."

Citrus Fruit By-Products.

A N INTERESTING feature of the citrus-fruit industry in Southern California, to which comparatively little attention has yet been paid, is the utilization of by-products of the orange and lemon—fruit and tree—from which a large number of valuable commodities are made in Europe.

Five years ago, S. M. Woodbridge of South Pasadena began to experiment in extracting citric acid from lemons, this article having never yet been made in the United States. Following this lead, citric-acid factories were established at San Diego and South Ontario. The latter is reported to have been sold recently to Andrew McNally, of the well-known Chicago publishing firm of Rand, McNally & Co. In the Orange News, I. J. Rockhussen tells as follows of how Mr. McNally will manufacture citric acid and other by-products, on a commercial scale:

"Among these by-products is jelly, from both orange and lemon. From thirty to forty pounds sugar added. Jelly is made of the juice alone, but marmalade from the whole fruit. The seeds are taken out and some of the peel is retained. The peel can first be candied, or peel and flesh can be chopped up together. Wholesales from 1 to 15 cents per pound. Dried orange and lemon peel—About 35 per cent. of the fruit is peel. First the fruit is quartered. Then the whole rind is taken, peel and rag together. It is dried in the atmosphere; better in the shade. This will take from two to four weeks, according to the dryness of the air. Every day the rind is turned. It is used medicinally and wholesales for about 2 cents per pound. Orange wines, cider and vinegar—From the juice. How much sugar shall be added depends on the sweetness of the fruit. It varies from 5 to 15 per cent. The Washington Seedless usually takes 10 per cent. An orange contains 50 per cent. of juice. Of the juice 90 per cent. will be wine. It wholesales for 50 cents to \$1 per gallon, and is mostly sold to the makers of patent medicine.

"If cider is wanted the fermentation is arrested, so as to generate carbonic acid; and less sugar is added. The bottles should be strong, so as to be able to stand the strain of fermentation. The same percentage of juice becomes cider. As the stronger bottles required, so-called champagne bottles, cost more, cider wholesales for a somewhat higher price than wine. More skill is also required in making.

"Vinegar—also made from the juice, 10 per cent. sugar added. It contains 6 to 7 per cent. acid. In kegs it wholesales for 5 to 8 cents per gallon; bottled, for 40 cents per quart bottle.

"Three gallons of either wine, cider or vinegar are usually made from 100 pounds of oranges.

"Candied oranges—All candying is done in syrups, and the same syrup can be used over and over again.

"After any of the above by-products, or more than one, is made from the fruit, there still will be left a refuse. From that refuse can be manufactured pyrolytic acid, acetylene, wood alcohol or mythalated spirits, acetic acid, charcoal and tar. All concurrently. To make the manufacture of these last-named articles profitable one should have about two tons of refuse per day. The process takes twenty-four hours. Out of a ton of refuse about \$8 at least can be made of the articles. Much depends on how slow the fruit has been pressed, how much water is left, etc.

"To sum up: By utilizing the fruit for every possible by-product, one can from any 100 pounds of either oranges or lemons realize from \$1.50 to \$2.00. At an expense of 25 cents per 100 pounds, if operating on a scale of from three to four tons of raw fruit per day. And any sound fruit, although culls and not marketable, will answer the purpose.

"This is a fact which Dr. Woodbridge has scientifically discovered and proven by experimental tests, and which Mr. McNally is now going to turn up to commercial account at La Miranda, in Los Angeles county, on the border of Orange county, a 2400-acre fruit and grain ranch. To that ranch he is about to move the Ontario plant and add to the machinery. He has, in order to house and operate it, put up a two-story brick building. On the ranch are 175 acres in lemons, and 25 in pomelos. Also many olive trees, etc.

"Mr. McNally intends to utilize all the waste product of the ranch and of the neighborhood. The ranch itself is under the management of E. D. Neff, son-in-law of Mr. McNally. The factory under that of Louis Blatz, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, who has studied science at diverse schools in Germany and conducted extensive experiments for determining the medicinal qualities of grape fruit and for extracting oil and acid from citrus fruit.

"For the extraction of the oil from lemons Mr. Blatz has invented a very ingenious machine, a patent for which was last month issued at Washington, D. C.

"Olives will also be pickled.

"The building will contain a well-equipped chemical laboratory, and is located near the railroad station.

"Mr. McNally has the means required for bringing to a successful issue the enterprise wherein he is engaging. His ranch, like Mr. Emery's, which at one point it touches, is well managed without extravagance and without penuriousness. He also has developed artesian water at a similar depth. And on his 2400 acres he employs labor in proportion. Also paying fair wages and paying them promptly.

"Besides oil and acid, Dr. Woodbridge manufactured other by-products from citrus fruits. Mr. McNally will do so likewise; but commercially and on a larger scale.

"Such by-products are: 1. Orange and lemon cordial out of the juice of the fruit, with extract from the peel, and some sugar and alcohol added. A portion of the juice is first fermented by itself. From twelve to fifteen bottles of cordial—twenty-three-ounce bottles,

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commercial quarts—are made from 100 pounds of oranges. A little more from the same weight of lemons. It wholesales for \$10 per dozen bottles. 2. Bitters from both oranges and lemons. About one-tenth of the oranges should be bitter oranges. They are also made from the juice, by a process similar to that followed in making the cordials, but less sugar and more alcohol is added. The same quantity of the fruit produces of the bitters a little less than of the cordial. Wholesale price the same. 3. Marmalades of both oranges and lemons."

Developing Water.

AMONG other sections of Southern California which are doing active development work in bringing water to the surface is San Diego. The National City Record says:

"On every hand the question of the development of water is uppermost. The Land and Town Company has a triple pump at work in Sweetwater, and is digging several wells, and probably within ten days will be furnishing water for irrigation. Mr. Stokes, in Cholias, has a 7-foot well down about thirty-five feet and is tubing still below, and his six-horse Fairbanks-Morse engine is capable of lifting 50,000 gallons per day. The object is to get the well deep enough to furnish a full supply of water constantly. The quality of the water he is getting is soft and palatable. Lemon Grove and La Mesa are converting the flume water into the choicest sort of strawberries.

"Messrs. Brown & Drake, Sweetwater, are preparing to put in a water system of their own, as the flow from the dam cannot reach their upper levels. Last year they tanked water at the rate of 400 gallons per tree to 3000 trees, and the task is too great to repeat another season. They have superior grape fruit from three-year-old buds that are the Imperial, the best selection they could make after most thorough test and examination of noted varieties. They are immense, and if they could have had sufficient water the entire crop would have been as some of it was that ran thirty-six to the box, and was worth in New York \$13 per box. The lack of water has wrought them untold loss. They have the only good piece of growing grain in the district; it is in the river bottom, and looks as if it might yield a couple of tons or more to the acre. It is all a mistake to report that there will be any hay of consequence in the immediate bay region, if rain should come it would make little difference. It is too far gone to make much more than 'taking,' and in some places that will be short.

"D. P. Stepzelberger, Bonita, is putting in a point well and tank of 4000 gallons capacity. He has only to drive about six feet to water, and if the flow proves constant, it is estimated that a 2½-inch point well will furnish the 4000 gallons in four and one-half hours. Mr. Stepzelberger finds his health improving, and has purchased an additional piece of land adjoining his own."

Placer Gold Mining.

CS. PEER has been working up a mining deal in Lytle Creek Cañon, back of Rialto, in San Bernardino county, and has interested Ira E. Ashby of Pomona in the project. It is said that the property controlled by these men will be at once developed on an extensive scale, the hydraulic process of work being utilized. The San Bernardino Transcript recently had the following on this enterprise:

"Plans for the beginning of the biggest mining venture that has taken place in this county for years has just come to light, and the Transcript is able to make the first public announcement of the big scheme, which will either makes millionaires or paupers of the backers.

"A good while ago, C. S. Peer, the mining engineer, began the work of laying plans for the development of the rich placers along the middle fork of Lytle Creek, until now all the ground has been properly entered and all plans perfected to give the scheme a practical test.

"Away up on the middle fork of Lytle Creek, five miles from the mouth of the cañon, the company has control of altogether nearly three hundred acres of land. Every foot of this area is flecked with placer gold. The ground has been gone over foot by foot by many experts, and their estimates of the value per cubic yard has in every case exceeded the estimate of the members of the company. There was no doubt but what the yellow metal was in the ground, but the great question was how to get it separated from the soil. To be worked properly and successfully it was necessary to interest capital. Capitalists, a very few, investigated the proposition, with the result that a company was formed, and which will be shortly incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. As an indication that the men who are interested believe that they have a cinch on a pile of wealth that would dazzle the eyes of even a millionaire, they have absolutely no stock to sell. This is something very rare in the organization of mining companies. There are only four men interested in the enterprise. They are F. M. Potter, a wealthy capitalist of Cleve-

land, O., Mr. Venable of Redondo, Mr. Ashley of Pomona and C. S. Peer of Colton.

"The company has had a few men at work for some time up the cañon casually picking out nuggets ranging in value from 50 cents to \$11. But it has been slow work, and no especial effort has been made to get rich in that manner. But, within ten days there will be between forty and fifty men busy as bees erecting bunk-houses eating-houses and other buildings in the cañon, in preparation for the beginning of the active mining work. Mr. Peer, the engineer of the company, leaves on the 28th of this month for Chicago to purchase the hydraulic machinery, and the roar of the water washing out the pay dirt is expected to be heard within four months.

"Experienced mining men have said that \$3,000,000 can be washed from these claims, while members of the company place their estimate at \$750,000.

"The camp in the cañon will be known as the Black Eagle mining camp.

"All Lytle Creek Cañon is more or less rich in placer gold, and a great many men have made a good living washing the pay dirt out by hand. So the possibilities of the use of improved hydraulic machinery are believed to be great and the result of the venture at the Black Eagle camp will be watched with interest by all men who are prone to dabble in the mining business."

Lumbering in the Mountains.

THE lumber interests of the San Bernardino Mountains are by no means unimportant. The lumber men are preparing to get their mills ready for the summer sawing. The San Bernardino Times-Index says:

"In the average year the snow is not off the mountains at this time of the year, and consequently no work can be done with the exception of getting the machinery or the mills into shape and repairing the buildings, but this year there has been so little snow that work can be commenced at once.

"It is common talk that there are no more trees fit for lumber on the mountains, but this is nonsense, for the mills are now sawing timber that was formerly considered worthless. There is also some large timber still standing around Suverkrup & Hook's mill. Last year one of the largest logs ever run through the saw was cut. It measured between six and seven feet in diameter and the quantity of lumber obtained from it was enormous.

Baker's mill is also getting into shape, and will continue to saw box lumber. Almost any pine tree can be sawed for box lumber, and the trunks are used way up past the first limbs. Last year Baker sawed nearly all of the box lumber used in this city.

"William Guernsey will also operate the old Wilson mill, in what is known as Box Factory Cañon, which is just to the north and several hundred feet below Squirrel Inn. He has taken up a steam road wagon, or traction engine, and will make an attempt to haul logs with it instead of with oxen.

"Altogether the mountains will be a lively place this summer, and will furnish employment to a large number of men. There are two other mills, Fleming's and the Highland mill, but neither of these will be run."

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

A Big Pump.

UNtil recently, it was generally supposed that if there is any section of California that is assured of an ample and permanent flow of water it is Kern county, where the trouble in the past has been generally with too much water, rather than too little. Even Kern county, however, felt the pressure of the two dry seasons through which we have passed, and this is strikingly shown by the fact that some of the big farmers of that section are going into the development of water by pumping, in a wholesale manner. One of these, E. M. Roberts, has recently started up a monster pumping plant, concerning which the Bakersfield Echo says:

"The fact that Mr. Roberts will hereafter pump water out of the earth to irrigate his farm is of more than ordinary importance, as for the greater part of the past twenty-five years he has been a resident of this county, he has been identified with some of the largest canal-building enterprises of our magnificent water system. The Calloway, the largest canal in the State, the Beardsley and the Eastside, as well as a number of the smaller canals, were constructed in whole or part under his direction, and it is putting it mildly when said that there are none in the county today, from a practical point of view, who understand the irrigation business better than E. M. Roberts, and now that he has adopted the pumping-plant system, few will be timid about following the example he has set.

"At 11 o'clock yesterday morning the throttle of a big

engine on his place near town was pulled, and in a few seconds a stream one foot in diameter was pouring from the huge centrifugal pump, and the task of moistening the withering fields of grain and grass was begun. Everything worked along very smoothly, and the water was rapidly covering the highest field of his fine ranch, when one of the new levees broke on the north bank of the McCord canal, and the immense body of water rushed over the brow of the hill, bringing down tons of earth and obliterating a few rods of one of the newly-constructed ditches.

"The engine was shut down, and a few bolts tightened up, etc., the water pipe turned into another ditch, and the machinery put in motion again.

"We will endeavor to give our readers an accurate description of this plant, the cost of construction and running the same. One item we wish to call special attention to, and that is fuel. In answer to the question of how much wood would be consumed every twenty-four hours and the cost of the same. Mr. Roberts replied that it would take three cords to each twenty-four hours, and as he has thousands of cords of wood on his ranch, it would cost him \$1 per cord to lay it down at the engine, and that he was only keeping track of the actual money paid out. With the assistance of one man for the night shift, he expects to handle the work at the pump-station.

"Five 13-inch wells were sunk, three to a depth of thirty-four feet and two to twenty-eight feet, and all are ten feet apart in a straight line, and one peculiarity was that a different formation of earth was found in each well, and in some of them they had to bore twenty feet through cobble stones or coarse gravel.

"A suction pipe seventy feet long extends over these five wells and into each one is dropped a pipe which extends close to the bottom of the well, to prevent, if possible, any air from entering the pipe. The great suction causes the water to swirl around, making an air-hole that extends for some distance down along the pipe. If air gets into the pipes it greatly decreases the volume of water handled by the pump.

"Near the end of this 70-foot pipe is the 12-inch centrifugal pump, with a capacity of ten cubic feet per second.

"The forty-five-horse-power engine, a magnificent piece of machinery, is set thirty feet from the pump, on a solid foundation of hard-burned brick, laid in cement. A fifty-horse-power boiler, brand new, furnishes the steam to propel the machinery.

"In order to reach the higher lands the water is elevated ten feet and carried through a No. 14 steel pipe 120 feet long, and is run from there through the different checks. On the lower lands the water is dropped right out of the pump, and conveyed in newly-constructed ditches to different parts of the ranch.

"Mr. Roberts will irrigate his 330-acre ranch from this one pump, and expects to cover eight acres per day. The plant is located on the north side of the McCord canal, near his residence, and cost, in the neighborhood of \$2000. Mr. Roberts says that it will cost him \$5 per day of twenty-four hours, or 62½ cents per acre to irrigate his ranch. At the present time the pump is not running at its full capacity, as considerable sand is being lifted up. Yesterday the pump was throwing out about one-half of its capacity.

"Mr. Roberts was asked if he was pleased with the trial made, and he answered that he was more than satisfied, as he had the vexing water problem solved for all time. He said the supply was inexhaustible, and he had no fear but what he had water enough for his own use and probably some to sell.

"Everything about the plant looks as solid as the 'Rock of Ages,' and the construction of the works were under the supervision of a competent engineer. To use the words of Mr. Roberts, it is one of the finest plants in the State, and we believe that he knows what he is talking about."

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JOHN A. SMITH, Phone Brown 706, 707 South Broadway.

MAY 14, 1899.

THE FORE-HANDEDNESS OF SELINA BATES.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS on Selina's seventeenth birthday, and while she was washing the breakfast dishes, that her mother said to her:

"Now, Selina, it's about time you began to make your white clothes; my mother began hers at 16 and I did the same, everything in dozens with night-caps to match, and all the sheets and pillow-cases in pairs. I told your pa and he has ordered a piece of sheeting and another of cotton cloth of lighter weight, and it's our birthday present to you, for we want you to have a good setting-out."

Selina looked surprised, for there was no prospect of her marrying, but she said: "Thank you, ma, but I guess there ain't no gret hurry."

"No one knows," replied Mrs. Bates, as she moulded her loaves of bread, and placed them in the pans; "it's allers best to be beforehand, but I do wish you didn't favor your pa; it's well enough for a man to have red hair, but it looks kinder bold in a woman."

Selina cut out the first garment for her trousseau that very day, and as the weeks went by she found a certain pleasure in it. When each garment or sheet was finished she laid it away in her mother's wedding trunk, placing a sprig of lavender between the folds.

There was a great deal to be done in the farmhouse, so that Selina did not find as much time for her new work as she wished, but then as she often said, "There ain't no gret hurry, ma."

When she was 19 a man came to the village and opened a singing class in the schoolhouse; the term was to consist of twelve lessons. Selina and her friends all joined, but as she had the best voice the teacher soon began to show signs of interest in her, and during the last few weeks of the term he called for her and escorted her home from the class; on Sunday evenings he frequently dropped in, "to take a dish of tea," as Mrs. Bates expressed it, and go to meeting with Selina. The happy girl worked all the time that she could spare from her other duties upon her mysterious white garments.

The last night of the singing school came, and as he walked home with her, her heart beat fast.

"Selina," he said, "I have been a-wanting to tell you something; but somehow I never get to it."

Her cheeks grew as red as her hair as he continued:

"I'm a-going to be married in the spring."

"You don't say!" she ejaculated, with a little nervous giggle. She wished that she had begun her "setting out" when she was 16, as her grandmother and mother had done.

"Yes," said he, "she and I have been keeping company for a long spell back. She's right pretty, with brown hair, but her voice ain't as strong as yours; she works in the cotton mills up to Lowell, and I guess that's bad for her throat."

So that romance ended, but still Selina sewed on, for it takes a long time to make everything in sets of dozens with night-caps to match.

When she was 27 her mother died, and her last injunction was:

"Don't wear any of them garments; your unbleached is good enough, and add to your stock as you get time. It's allers best to be fore-handed."

When she was 31 her father died, and the farm was hers; but oh! the loneliness of her life. Hiram, "the hired help," whom her father had employed, carried on the farm for her.

The years came and went until at last her thirty-seventh birthday dawned. She went up to her trunk that day (she always aired the contents of it twice a year, and renewed the sprigs of lavender.)

"Twenty years ago today," she said, rather bitterly, as she unfolded the garments, "I cut out the first one, and they are all done, and have been for years, with caps to match! Twenty years! But as mother said, 'It's allers best to be fore-handed,' and I'm that if I ain't nothing else."

When she was washing the few tea dishes that night, she heard a knock at the kitchen door. Drying her hands on the roller she opened it, and there stood Silas McCabe, who had recently returned from the far West.

"Well, Silas, walk right in and set while I do up my dishes. I am awful glad to see you."

"Law, now, Selina, this 'ere does look homelike! I've come to settle down, and so I'm callin' round to see the neighbors."

"That's right, Silas," she added, "and you must feel kinder lonely now that Sairy Ann is dead."

"Yes; I lost her nearly a year ago, and as we never had no children I'm all alone."

"That's hard lines for you, Silas."

"Yes, and your pa and ma is gone, too, ain't they?"

"Yes, I'm all alone," she replied.

When he rose to go he said: "Well, I'll drop in again, Silas; I'm staying at Cousin Pete's, and it's none too lively there."

"Do call again," she said sweetly.

On his way over to the farm the next night he thought to himself: "Sairy Ann never had no faculty for gettin' on, and Selina seems real fore-handed; the year is nearly up, and I'd kinder like to be married when the anniversary comes around."

He found everything very neat in the little kitchen, and Selina seemed glad to see him. During the evening he drew his splint-bottomed chair up close to hers and said:

"Say, Selina, the year is nearly up; could you get ready by that time?"

"How soon is it, Silas?"

"Bout ten days, I reckon; I allers cared for you, Selina, in school more than I did for Sairy Ann, and I wish I hadn't minded your hair then; I think its real pearl now; and somehow Sairy Ann never seemed to have any faculty for gettin' on."

"Well, I guess I'm fore-handed enough to get ready in that time," replied the blushing Selina.

As she blew out her candle that night she said to herself: "Only ten days! Well, Miss Clark can make over ma's green silk and I'll get a new alpaca; that'll be all I'll need, for my trunk of clothes is all ready. Ma was

in the right when she said 'It's allers best to be fore-handed,' even if pa did say it was gal's foolishness."

CAROLINE FRANCES LITTLE.

ABERRATIONS.

GINGERSNAPS AND HARDTACK.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

I mournfully sing

To the poor, little thing,

Who wails in affright, "We don't want any king!"

Don't cry, little frog,

For the day of King Log

Is gone where the whang-doodle shrieks in the fog.
Stay close to your mamma, oh, babes in the wood,

And yell all you want to, 'twill do your lungs good!

How many more incidents like that of Newnan, Ga., before this question will become a national one?

It is an indisputable fact that the negro and the white Southerner will never assimilate. Already the black man has been, practically, the cause of an awful war; and, in all the long catalogue of murders, outrages, lynchings, and in the excitement following upon the discovery of a fresh outcropping of inherent barbarism, we see but the logical harvesting of the trouble which was propagated by our American forefathers. While we revere the Americans who laid the foundations of our grand republic, yet we have also seen the harvest and recognize the evil of the one deplorable inconsistency which allowed slavery to exist in a land where "all men were created free and equal."

Muffle the throb of the murmuring drum,
Bare every head when they silently come;

Not as they went, to the roar of the gun,

And the ring of the bugle—their labor is done!

Toll—toll—toll—toll.

'Tis the mourning bell echoes the last long roll!

To the falling of tears,

Oh, brave volunteers,

Come home to thy mother and lie down to sleep,
Where the warm poppy-blankets will cover the deep!

The flag of thy country is under thy head—

Rest thee in peace.

Rest thee forever, brave volunteer dead!

We've got our harbor. Now let us all get vaccinated against an epidemic of boom. The pock-marks of other booms still dot the San Joaquin Valley in the shape of tumble-down brick blocks and burned-up tracts of fertile, but dry, dry land. Less boom and more irrigation systems.

Just because a cigarette-case is found, bearing the name of a certain Princess, a jeering and irreverent world charges her with being a cigarette-smoker!

Reminds me of the old darky who saw a halter-strap protruding from a companion's pocket, and at once decided that Mose had swallowed a horse!

No, my dear; we shall not have a king; but we will have a government that shall command the respect of nations. We will also demonstrate to the world that, having put our hands to the plow, there shall be no turning back.

News comes from San Francisco that a whistling buoy has gone astray. If by any means it shall be found to be the whistling boy who wakes me up about 11:30 p.m. I will give thanks and pray devoutly that he may stay lost.

Nicaragua is to inaugurate a new style in this season's revolutions. The groundwork is to be much the same as in those of last year, but the trimmings are to be paid for by American merchants. I am lost in admiration!

With the advent of oil-sprinkled roads we may look for some startling innovations in footwear. Over in Summerland they wear gunnysacks wrapped around their feet. Gives the place a sort of foreign look.

The Rural Populist says: "Suckers may be removed at any time during spring or early summer."

What's the use? First gold brick that comes along the suckers will be as thick as ever.

"Where would we escape to?" wails the Filipino. Too late, he realizes that he occupies the position of a flea in a covered pot—no matter how actively he may hop, he gets burnt just the same.

The earth had a bad chill up about Sacramento the other day. No wonder. Doubtless the recent wonderful law-making feats up there have made old terra firma sick at the stomach.

Gen. Luna regrets having to kill Americans, but says it is his business. The time will speedily arrive when he will wish most fervently that he had chosen blacksmithing.

The excited African who is so unfortunate as to abide in Georgia wipes the cold sweat from his clammy brow and nervously wonders, "Whither are we drifting?"

With a half-dozen nations clamoring at her gates, China bids fair to give, soon, a "correct imitation" of a degenerate civilization undergoing a renovation.

Nothing in this world is without its attendant tragedy. The universal success that has attended our arms through two wars brings with it the sadness that

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(The "Jewel" Song—The "King of Thule"—The "Love Duet")

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WORLD'S GREATEST LADY ACROBATS.

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Al The ANDERSONS Mamie
Entirely New Minstrelsy Sketch.

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Marvelous Ring Acrobats.

Prices—Best seats, 25 and 50 cents; gallery, 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Any seat 25c cents; children 10 cents. Tel. Main 1447.

Simpson Auditorium—

Evening, June 2, Matinee, June 3.

The Kneisel Quartet IS COMING.

our hearts feel when some of our boys come home to lay their heads in the bosom of the country they died serving. Sleep well, brave fellows. A life spent in your country's behalf is never thrown away!

The glass-bottle blowers have gone out on a strike; but the anti-administration blowers are still doing business at the same old stand.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

DIDN'T LIKE THE ROOM.

[New York Tribune:] A German woman, arriving for the first time in England, drove to a first-class London hotel, asked for a room, and was shown into a very small, scantily-furnished one. She said, in a determined manner, and in very broken English, "I will not have this room." "No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the first box. "Man!" she repeated, emphatically, "I will not have this room!" "No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the second box. She thought her faulty grammatical construction was the reason of the porter's continued obstinacy; "Man, I will have this room not have!" "No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the third box, whereupon she left the room indignantly; but the porter drew her hurriedly back across the threshold, pulled a rope, and to her intense astonishment the lift went up.

THE WORST THING ABOUT TOBACCO.

[Boston Transcript:] Mrs. Stepper. I am going to make an address before the Anti-Nicotine Society tonight, Mr. Smarte; and I want you to tell me the worst possible thing to be said against tobacco.

Mr. Smarte. Well, I don't think you can say anything worse than to tell your hearers that there are times when there is no tobacco to be had.

A DEFINITION OF A BORE.

Of dullness vast and wisdom small—
(His conversation shows it!)
A bore is one who tires us all,
And never, never knows it!

—John Ottwell in New York Tribune.

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LAMBARDI'S GRAND ITALIAN OPERA CO.
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